

# MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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Vol. XXIV

Contents for October, 1912

No. 6

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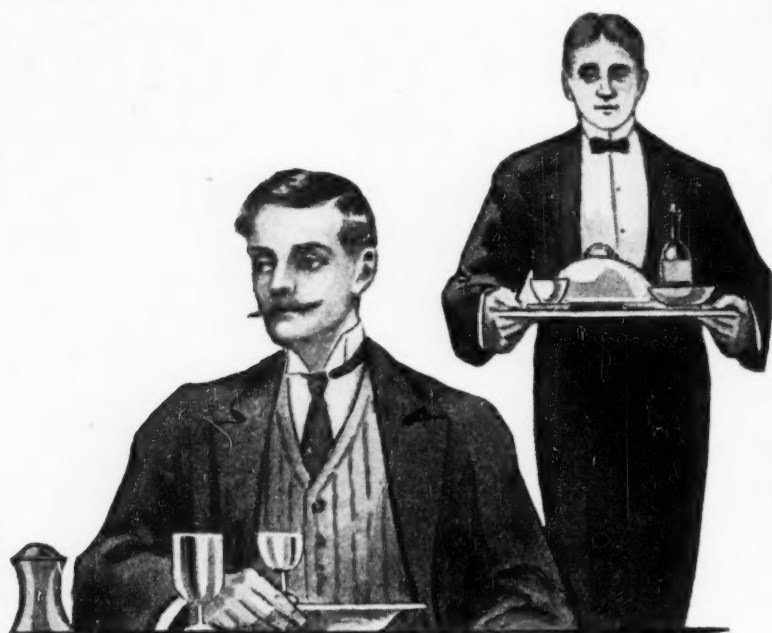
## REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

- A Department Devoted to a Synopsis of the Leading Articles Appearing in the Best Current Magazines of the World. An Effort is Made to Cover as Wide a Range of Subjects as Possible in the Space Available, and to this end the Excerpts Quoted are Carefully Summarized. In Brief, Readable Reference is Made to the Leading Magazine Articles of the Day—a Review of the Best Current Literature ..... 125

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## NEXT MONTH

# NOVEMBER MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

MANY of the leading magazines no longer devote space to editorial announcements. As we pointed out some months ago there are disadvantages in the forecasting of articles which are slated to appear. Often magazines, by a combination of unforeseen circumstances, find it impossible always to adhere to their schedule. Again it has been the practice of some publications, usually of the weekly variety, to profit by the announcements of the monthly magazines and attempt a hurried treatment of the subjects outlined in advance. These considerations have weighed heavily with the standard monthlies in meeting the situation by abandoning the forecast department. While MacLean's Magazine has suffered somewhat in recent months in announcing contemplated subjects, only to have them seized upon by rival publications which are anxious to court popularity, it has not entirely discontinued its policy of giving readers a foretaste at least of what might be expected in the issues of the immediate future. We shall probably adhere to our practice in this regard though somewhat guardedly insofar as leading articles are concerned.

### Pure Food Problems

One feature which we have in hand for November touches the question of pure foods in Canada. Readers are no doubt aware that a great campaign is being waged in the United States in the interests of pure food and against the adulteration of food supplies. But while from the perusal of articles which have appeared in American Magazines and journals, Canadians may be familiar with the situation across the border, comparatively few realize that the

problem is likewise a vital one in this country. In a powerful but impartial article which we have secured, every aspect of the question insofar as it concerns the Dominion is set forth and the outcome cannot be other than a new impetus in behalf of the pure food movement in Canada.

### A Trio of Fixtures

There are three regular fixtures in which MacLean's Magazine publishers take particular pride. These are: the series of articles on "The National Political Situation," by Mr. E. W. Thomson; the Smoke Bellew series of stories, by Jack London; and the Success series, by Dr. O. S. Marden. If readers will look over any other magazine published they will not find three better features appearing from month to month than are these; undoubtedly they constitute the best and most expensive regular offerings which have ever characterized a Canadian magazine in the course of a single year.

### The Best in Canada

Speaking of the merits of these articles, and, indeed, of the magazine in general, we received during the past month an unsolicited letter from a gentleman—one of the leading authorities on public affairs in Canada—who gave us a frank opinion of MacLean's Magazine. "After having gone over the issues of the past few months very carefully," he wrote, "I unhesitatingly state that in my opinion the magazine has not been approached by any similar publication ever issued in Canada." We can only wish that we were at liberty to divulge the name of the writer but we are not. It can be added, however, that the name would be known to practically all of our readers.





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NEXT MONTH  
**November MacLean's Magazine**

Continued from Page 5

### Three More Stories

Another correspondent in a note this month expressed appreciation of the Smoke Bellew stories, asking in how many more issues the thrilling tales would appear. The tenth tale in the series is published in this number. There are still three others—thirteen in all—and thus the series will continue through the November, December and January issues. Many expressions of commendation have been received in regard to this popular feature. A magazine which has a Jack London story in each of thirteen consecutive issues should surely prove a winner with a very considerable class of readers who delight in tales of adventure such as only London can write.

### The Political Series

The third of Mr. E. W. Thomson's political articles will be featured in November. As the close of the year is approached the national political situation in Canada grows in interest. Hon. Mr. Borden and his colleagues have returned from England, a naval defence policy is being formulated, vital issues are pressing for settlement. Parliament will be summoned late in the year or possibly early in 1913 and in all probability the ensuing session will take rank among the most notable in the history of the Dominion. MacLean's Magazine is fortunate in having at the capital a representative so eminently qualified by talent, connection and training as is Mr. Thomson. He is in closest touch with the political leaders, as also with the feeling of the country for he has just completed a tour of the Dominion, and will be able to handle the situation as it develops in all of its

varied and interesting phases in a manner which will leave nothing to be desired. The political articles in magazines are becoming more and more a power in shaping national policies and moulding public opinion for they must be sound and reasonable, unbiased and independent, critical and trenchant—the highest products of publicists.

### Christmas Offerings

It is somewhat early to remind readers that Christmas is coming? No doubt some will think that we are rather premature. But the fact of the matter is that magazine editors must work a long time in advance of the calendar. By the time this October issue reaches subscribers our November number will be in type, and after November will come December. We say this merely as a reminder to contributors that manuscript intended for the Christmas issue in December should be submitted without delay. It is our intention to handle all manuscript promptly in order that those whose offerings are rejected may have an opportunity of submitting them to other publications while the subjects are timely. This, then, may be taken as an intimation that we are prepared for the commencement of the usual shower of Christmas remembrances in manuscript form.

### Exhibition Exhibits

In this issue a great deal of space is devoted to the exhibits of the National Exhibition at Toronto. Much that is of interest and also of value will be found in the descriptions of the various booths and their products. The displays this year were particularly attractive and elicited numerous favorable comments on the part of spectators.



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*Advice regarding your advertising problems is available through any good advertising agency, or the Secretary of the Canadian Press Association, Room 503, Lumsden Building, Toronto. Enquiry involves no obligation on your part—so write if interested.*

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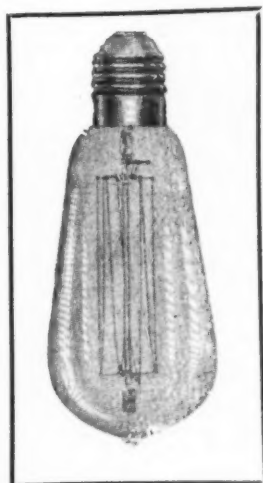
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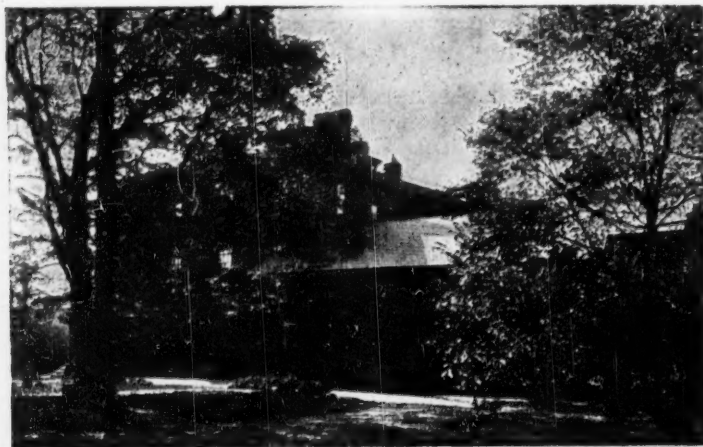
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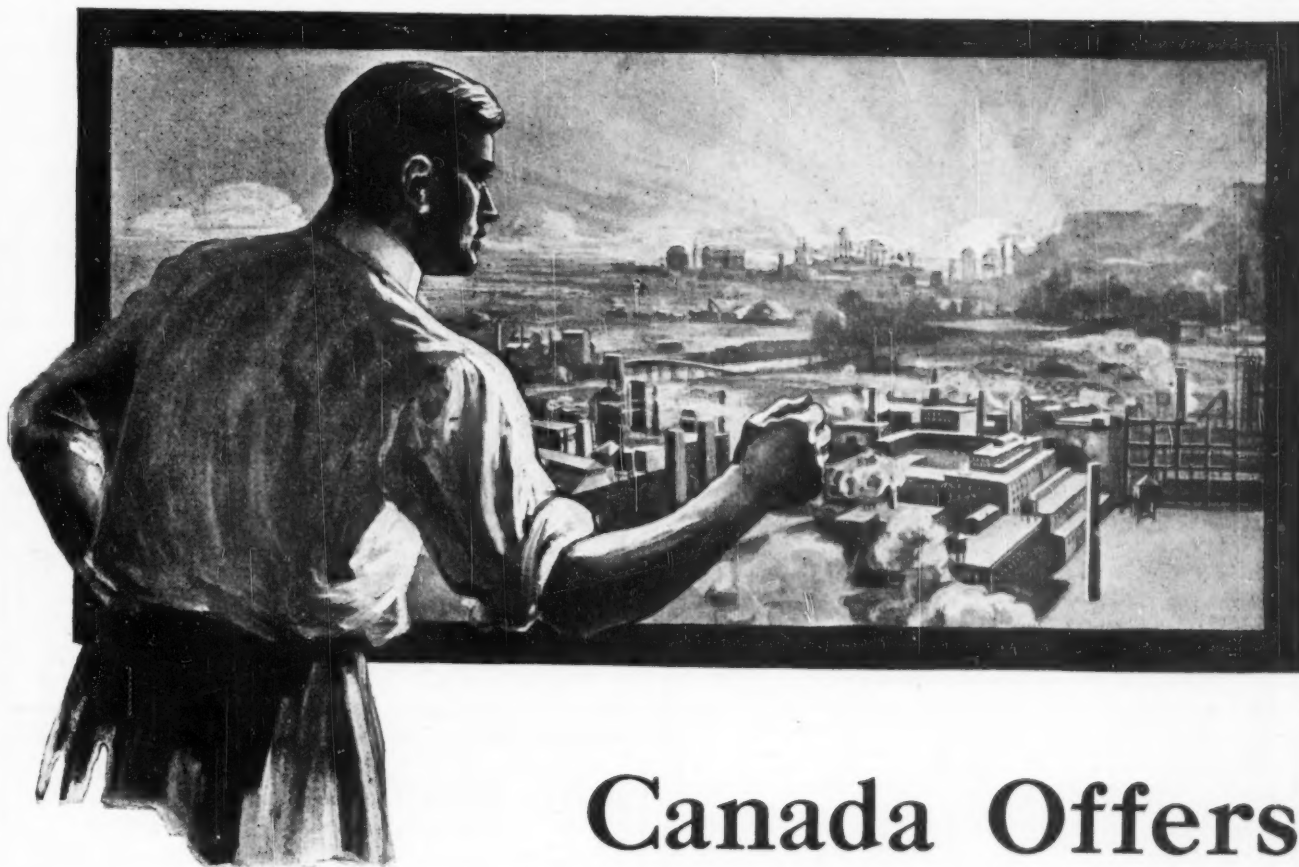
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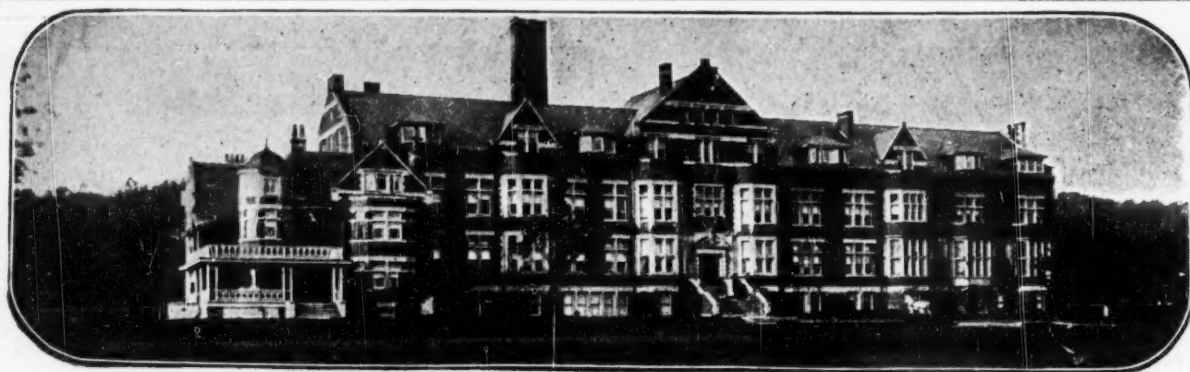
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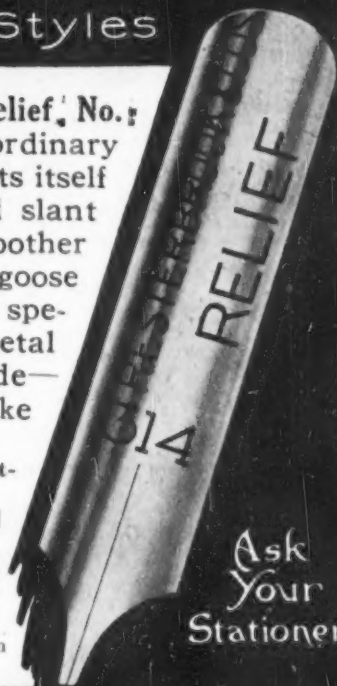
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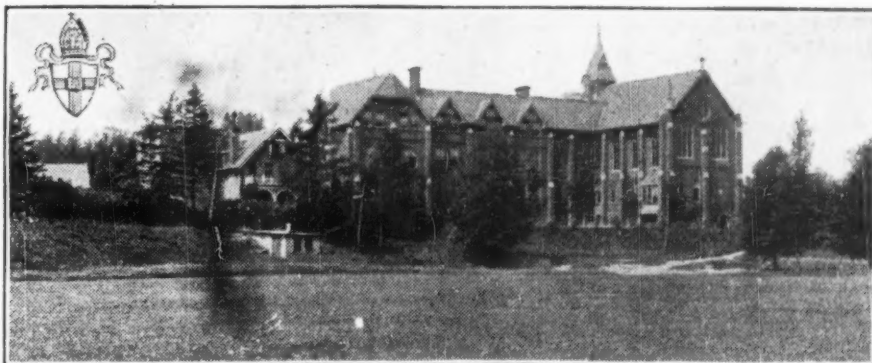
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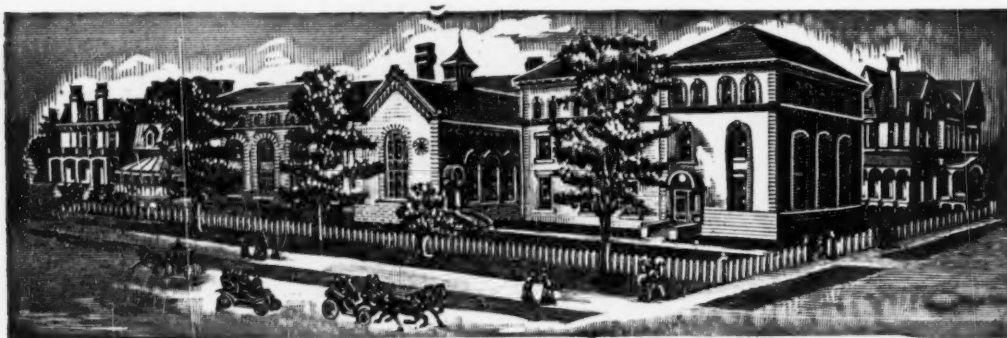
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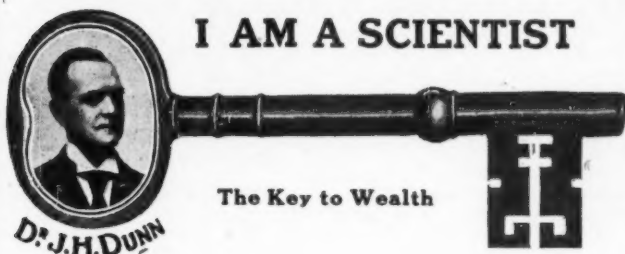
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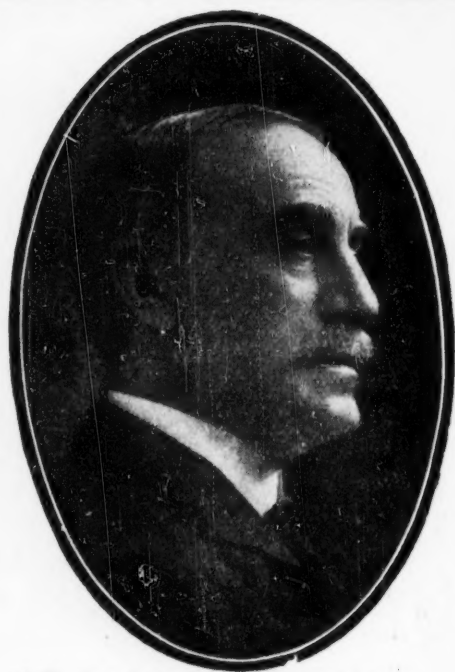
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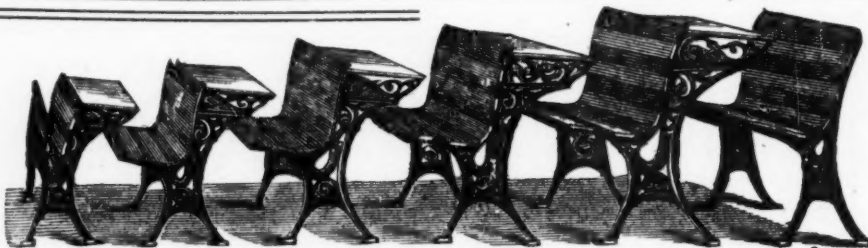


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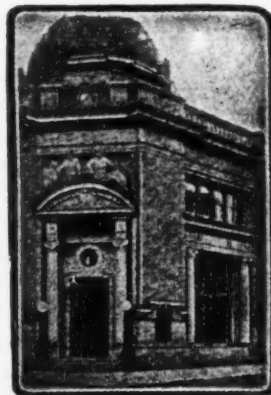


# MacLean's Magazine



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The following extracts from letters recently received by The Post indicate that The Post does appeal to investors, and the interest created through its news columns brings results to its advertisers. The first letter is from our Winnipeg Office, the second from a representative real estate firm in Regina.

Apr. 19, 1912.  
"J. M. \_\_\_\_\_, Manager of the J. M. \_\_\_\_\_ Co., told me that he sold a block of land in Highland Park, Regina, to G. McL. \_\_\_\_\_ and J. A. \_\_\_\_\_, Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, for \$8,000 as the direct result of advertising in The Financial Post, as The Post was mentioned in the correspondence. Mr. M. \_\_\_\_\_ is highly delighted with The Financial Post."—L. C. H.

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(Signed) \_\_\_\_\_ & Co.

Below is a copy of a letter received from one of the buyers mentioned in the first letter:—

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# MacLean's Magazine

Vol. xxiv

Toronto, October 1912

No. 6



SIR ISAAC BROCK,

The hero of the Battle of Queenston Heights, fought one hundred years ago, and in which he lost his life while leading in a charge against the American invaders.

**The MacLean Publishing Co., Ltd.**

Montreal

Toronto

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The striking beauty of the country surrounding Queenston Heights, which was the scene of the American invasion one hundred years ago.



The village of Queenston, which at the Battle of Queenston Heights one hundred years ago, consisted of but a few stone houses.

"With Brock at Queenston Heights."—See Page 33.



# MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XXIV

Toronto October 1912

No. 6

## The National Political Situation

THE VOLUNTARY EMPIRE—UNITY OF OUR FOREFATHER PIONEERS  
—UNDER THE VOLUNTARY PRINCIPLE ALL WENT WELL—WHY  
NOT RECAST OUR POLITICAL STATUS?

By Edward William Thomson

This is the second article in Mr. E. W. Thomson's notable series on "The National Political Situation," in which the outstanding problems of Canadian politics are being discussed from month to month in a way that will be of interest to every reader of the magazine, whether laborer or millionaire. In this number "The Voluntary Empire" is considered. Whether or not readers agree with Mr. Thomson's conclusions, they will at least appreciate the value of his writings, will delight in his vigorous style, and will admire the independence with which he treats public questions. In justice to the publisher, Col. MacLean, perhaps it should be said in this connection, that he is not responsible for the views expressed; as a matter of fact, in the article last month, opinions directly opposed to his own were presented on the tariff question. In this magazine, however, as in all of his publications, it has been the policy of Col. MacLean to engage the best writers to deal with all phases of public issues, regardless of whether or not their views meet his own.—Editor.

THE situation of Canadians, in view of the increasing armaments the world over, most of which have relation to attack or defence of the British Empire, brings to memory the condition of our early pioneer kinsmen or forefathers in America. They wished to be undisturbed in fishing, fur-trading, clearing forests, agriculture, providing roads, and making homes for descendants. From such tasks they were almost incessantly distracted by alarms. Lest scalping parties might surprise them they took

guns with axes to their wood chopping. They ploughed as weaponed men alert for the warwhoop. They anxiously awaited packet-ship news, fearing that France, Spain, Holland might be swift to take England's colonists unawares. Because they persisted in such armed labors we have inherited vast regions of peace. Had they shuddered back home from the land of alarms, or rested in fatalistic opinion that Indians might not arrive, and that European foes were too far away to hurt them, what part

could their descendants have now on this continent?

The armaments of our industrially-minded foregoers, compared with their little wealth, were as an army of fifty-thousand regulars, a coast defence of forts and torpedo stations and protective ships, a navy of twenty dreadnaughts would be to the present resources of Canada. Though they were of penurious disposition, valuing money with the sad wisdom of striving folk who know how hard to get and how heavy to keep is gold, they obeyed, even extravagantly, their deeper sense that liberty to maintain and promote the ideals, language and customs of their kin was of more account, not only than rubies, but than plenteous food and clothing.

#### COLONIAL GENEROSITY.

Such was the liberality of the American colonies to the Crown that Edmund Burke's fifth resolution, on occasion of his immortal speech for Conciliation with America, set forth:—

"That the colonial assemblies have at sundry times freely granted several large subsidies and public aids for His Majesty's service, and their cheerfulness and sufficiency in the said grants have been at sundry times acknowledged by Parliament."

Then Burke specified:—

"To say nothing of their great expenses in the Indian wars, and not to take their exertions in foreign ones, so high as their supplies in the year 1695, and not to go back to their public contributions in the year 1710, I shall begin to travel only where the journals of the House give me light, and to build myself solely on that solid basis. On the 4th of April, 1746, a committee of the House came to the following resolution:—'Resolved, that it is just and reasonable that the provinces and colonies of Massachusetts Bay, New Hampshire, Connecticut and Rhode Island be reimbursed the expenses they have been at in taking and securing to the Crown of Great Britain the Island of Cape Breton and its dependencies.'"

Those expenses, enormous for such colonies, were more than two million sterling. Burke went on to instance numer-

ous other expenses and grants to the Crown, which had put the colonists in debt more than two million and six hundred thousand pounds sterling when Grenville asserted a right in Great Britain's parliament to tax them arbitrarily.

Previously they, claiming independence of the London Parliament, had taxed themselves to aid its purposes, identifying these with those of the Crown, to which alone they gave allegiance. Their generosity gave rise to a London belief in their wealth, to London cupidity, to London's attempt to tax them, not by requisitions as formerly—requisitions which they could disregard if they choose—but without their consent. This is all well worth remembering, now that imperial conferences and sub-conferences have developed into a novel and subtle form of requisition, and while schemes for an imperial assemblage empowered to supplant requisition by taxation are being assiduously broached. The moment attempt was made to depart from the voluntary principle as an imperial basis, that moment trouble began, and the dissolution of the then Empire soon followed.

#### SIR WILFRID'S WORDS.

To illustrate this was not my prime purpose in quoting Burke. His lesson for Canadians came to mind by reflecting on a recent utterance of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, one seeming to signify in him a profound sense, unlike that of our pioneer predecessors or forefathers in America, that the main interests of Canada are separate and diverse from those of Great Britain. It is with no design to impute aught against Sir Wilfrid—whose steadfastness to the cause of reciprocity I particularly admire—that his words shall be quoted. They indicate his continued stand at a point of view common to Canadian statesmen of both parties when he was a boy. In the lifetimes of our fathers, grandfathers, great grandfathers, Great Britain's wide power was not threatened dangerously, and still less her free existence. Therefore they could be decently absorbed al-



most solely in thoughts for development of Canada.

Sir Wilfrid defined the "German peril" as due to "the mad race for armaments," which was not denying that peril's actuality. He went on:—

"Shall we in Canada go into the mad race for armaments, or shall we continue to settle our difficulties by arbitration, as we have for one hundred years in the past?"

There he accorded with a past presumption that the United States, with whom alone we have arbitrated, continues to be the sole power from whom we can have aught to dread. Yet Sir Wilfrid himself made the widest possible departure from that assumption when he sent Canadian troops to South Africa. Canada had no "difficulties" with the Boers. They were on the other side of the world. There was no shadow of anything to arbitrate between us, as Canadians, and them, as South Africans. He sent our young men there in his and their capacity as subjects of the Crown, on presumption that the Monarch's enemies are necessarily his and ours. If it was a sound and proper presumption in case of a small, poor and at first supposedly feeble enemy, to what would we descend by sneaking away from that presumption with the Crown threatened by a great, rich, most formidable people? I submit that Sir Wilfrid so definitely committed himself to the theory that the foes of Great Britain are foes of Canada, that it can never be possible for him to retire therefrom, save by avowing that he erred in the South African case, and erred again in passing a Navy Act which gives the Governor-in-council authority to send Canadian armament to London control without pre-consent of Canada's parliament. The latter move clearly abandoned the traditional view of Canadian statesmen in general that Canadian forces should be solely for Canada's defence. That view was surrendered by legislating to put Canadian force beyond our territory, on the high seas, at the London Government's discretion for use against all and sundry.

That proceeding does not consist with his apparently profound inward sense of vital separation of interests between the Old Country and the New. He disclosed it in saying:—

"The British Empire is composed of different nations, and the problems of these nations differ from one another. The problems you (referring to Englishmen then present) have to deal with in Great Britain are far different from what we have to deal with in this country. You think all the time of armaments, and you spend half your revenue in armaments. We think of railways, of canals, of transportation, and these are the things on which we spend most of our revenue. After all, the best thing is to stand on the principle of autonomy on which the present system of government in Canada has been built."

There he evinced a mind bred by circumstances in the older or past generations of Canada. Sir John Macdonald, Galt, Blake, Alexander Mackenzie, many of their contemporaries could be quoted in the same sense. It was natural and proper to Canadians in a world where Great Britain's sea-supremacy was unchallenged. That was why we did not think of armaments—we did not have to. Not only could we then safely leave them to Old Country brethren, but they would have stared at us as bumptious had we offered them sea-forces, and considered us possibly rebellious had we proposed defending our own coasts. It was as protected, unthreatened, contented dependents that we could gloat solely on railways, canals, transportation, commerce, profits, and the grandeur of Old Country suzerain brethren in keeping armaments, and thoughts thereof, to themselves. How has the situation changed! They now look to us for help to defend them! It has changed very swiftly since the little time ago when they told us that if we undertook our own defence that would be all the relief they desired.

#### MILITARY WITNESSES.

The plain truth may be that alleged by military and naval critics, as by Mr. Kipling. They declare Great Britain to be in danger, that her

people and statesmen feel and acknowledge it; that they can set that danger at defiance only by taxing their idle and luxurious rich to any degree necessary to provide for multiplication of her sea forces, and for training of her people to general soldiering. The idea of so proceeding scares both sets of her party politicians. They dread opposition from the money, brains and exertion of her luxurious wastrel classes on the one hand, and from the don't-want-to-be-conscripted masses on the other. Her military and naval men roundly declare the nation to be soft and shrinking in body and brain, by generations of factory work, unmitigated commerce, and devotion to its Gods of Comfort and Luxury. Her politicians seek to put off the dire day for committing the people to hardening exercises, wholesome sacrifice, and radical German-like or Japanese-like cure. They seek to postpone that day by trying to induce Canada and the other Dominions to arm and train, on behalf of the Old as well as the New countries. Just so Old Rome, when decaying by luxury, called on the provincials.

#### FACE THE FACTS.

In this situation it is folly for us to dodge the facts. We have not merely to recognize, as our predecessor or forefather pioneers in America did, that our fate is largely bound up with Great Britain's, but to decide whether we shall secure ourselves, and set the Old Country brethren a needed example by taxing our own luxurious for armaments, providing these so amply that we may be able to help Old Countrymen against the enormous disaster which their own soft condition courts.

Would not such Canadian decision delight the wealthier elements in our cities, they who continually do hurrah "Dreadnaughts for Great Britain! Hang the expense!" Are they not sensible, as well as ultra-loval? If so, they cannot but reflect that heavy direct federal taxation on their incomes and enjoyments would do them a lot of good. So much so that an affectionate public

might well lay it on them with purely philanthropic design. The autocars of our dear country have cost some sixty million dollars. Eighty per cent of them are of no more productive use than armaments to the same cost would be. Thousands of men who might, in a public sense, be well employed in plowing, sowing, reaping, lumbering, fishing, mining, are wasted in constructing those equipages which distract thousands more men, to say nothing of women, from useful labor to idle pleasure. Think of the scores of costly Canadian hotels which employ cohorts of men, women and boys to furnish useless magnificence to the thousands who could not but be better in health, pocket and morale, if taxation on gadding about kept them at home. Consider city clubhouses, golf clubs and grounds, race courses, strings of blood horses, country clubs, extravagantly big houses stuffed super-abundantly with foolish furniture, expensive yachts and motor boats, gorgeous railway cars, thousands of attendants for the whole of these and other superfluities, all most proper objects for direct taxation, and that heavy enough to compel many thousands of wasters to economy, the simple life, and productive exertion. The proceeds, if devoted to armaments, would amply supply Canada with needed coast defences, and leave something handsome over for delightful contributions to the North Sea fleet. True, it would be rather amazing to tax Canadian wasters into wholesome workaday courses in order to save their exemplars in England from paying for armaments designed to protect themselves. But what a noble example! How gladly should it be welcomed by those elevated Classes who most languish to see Canada adding dreadnaughts to the Old Country navy.

#### RECASTING POLITICAL STATUS.

There is an alternative. Sir Wilfrid's words seem to hint at it. If freedom to go on thinking of railways, canals, transportation be desired and blessed.



we may obtain it by recasting our political status. Autonomy—O word beloved by hankers after independence who are afraid to say so!—autonomy no longer signifies to Canadians the condition of a protected dependency authorized to deal with its internal affairs. We are urged not merely to our own defences against enemies of our suzerain brother, but invited to aid in defending him in his home. We are invited to join his bodyguard, he retaining sole power to choose with whom and when and where we shall fight. The only alternative to compliance seems to be extension of our "autonomy" to our foreign affairs, i. e., independence. Was Sir Wilfrid Laurier thinking so when he lauded "autonomy," after dwelling fondly on the sweetness of freedom to think solely of railways, canals, transportation. I don't believe he really meant to point Young Canada forward. He seemed to be merely entertaining a notion that new times are as old times when he was a boy in the best of all possible dependent worlds, and intimating that there can't be any sense in bothering with notions that distract from contemplation of the politically beautiful. The deuce of it is that circumstances impel us to reflect that the only obvious possible way to remain addicted to lovely thoughts of transportation, and avoid ugly ones of armaments, is to rid ourselves of liability to be automatically engaged in British wars. On this parlous thought follows promptly a perception that independence would necessarily put us to armaments for self defence. Really there seems no way to evade horrid thinking on armaments.

#### WHAT OF INDEPENDENCE?

Let us talk of independence, even though our hair stand on end with fear some in Toronto may be scandalized. They might not be if once they could get it through their skulls that independence would not necessarily imply forsaking allegiance to the Crown, nor abandoning our priceless system of responsible government, which cannot be

worked without a hereditary irresponsible Executive Head, Figurehead, or Monarch. At that cost the status could not be worth taking up, even if it would surely enable us to revel forever solely on thoughts of railways and canals.

But independence need imply no more than such a change, such an extension of autonomy, as would set the King's Canadian subjects as free from subjection to his Old Country subjects as they are of us. In that condition no tie of affection need be severed; we should remain as free as now to join Great Britain in war, while the perfect voluntariness of such action would add to its impressiveness and value. By gaining liberty of choice in that vital business we should escape the indignity of liability to be dragged into bloodshed and cost by a parliament in which we have no "say." Mr. Borden himself recently pointed, in England, to the absurdity and wrong of our present Canadian situation, which were indicated more obscurely by Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the speech I have quoted.

#### PROPOSED BY AUSTRALIA.

The idea of such independence under the Crown was, so far as I know, broached first, (if not distinctly entertained by New Englanders of the eighteenth century), by the Australian Royal Commission first charged to report on plans for the Australian confederation. That report said:—

"British colonies, from which imperial troops have been wholly withdrawn, present the unprecedented phenomena of responsibility without either corresponding authority or adequate protection. They are as liable to all the hazards of war as the United Kingdom, but they can influence the commencement or continuance of war no more than they can control the movements of the solar system, and they have no certain assurance of that against an enemy upon which integral portions of the United Kingdom can confidently reckon. This is a relation so wanting in mutuality that it cannot be safely regarded as a lasting one, and it becomes necessary to consider how it may be modified so as to afford a great security for permanence. . . . It has been proposed to establish a council of the

Empire, whose advice must be taken before war is declared. But the measure is so foreign to the genius and tradition of the British constitution, and presupposes so large an abandonment of its functions by the House of Commons, that we dismiss it from consideration. There remains, however, we think, more than one method by which the anomaly of the present system may be cured. . . . It is a maxim of international law that a sovereign state cannot be involved in war without its own consent, and that, when two or more states are subject to the same crown, and are allies in peace, they are not, therefore, necessarily associated in war, if one is not dependent on the other." Here the report cites Vattel, and other authorities on that matter. "If the Queen were authorized by the Imperial Parliament to concede to the greater colonies the right to make treaties, it is contended that they would fulfill the conditions constituting a sovereign state in as full and perfect a manner as any of the smaller states cited by the jurists to illustrate the rule of limited responsibility."

#### BETTER ALL ROUND.

The report then argues that other sovereign states would recognize neutrality of such independencies under the Crown. Then it says:—

"Nor would the recognition of the neutrality of the self-governing colonies deprive them of the power of aiding the mother country in any just and necessary war. On the contrary, it would enable them to aid her with more dignity and effect; as a sovereign state could, of its own free will, and at whatever period it thought proper, elect to become a party in the war."

In short, Canadian independence under the Crown—the King being duly declared King of Canada, and advised exclusively by the Canadian Premier in Canadian affairs, foreign and domestic—would imply a perpetual league of peace with Great Britain, all our present liberty to help her, and that increased power to do so which could not but come of our independent development of such armaments as might be proper to our independent situation. The British union, being preserved by common fealty to one Monarch, would constitute a loose league of independent nations, each capable of entering into separate commercial relations with one

another and with all English-speaking or other communities. The Union would not be embarrassed by such vast, cumbrous, jolting, and generally paralyzing political machinery as seems contemplated by every sketched scheme for imperial federation. Might we not better trust to the peculiar aptitude of English-speaking men for truly common purposes?

Edmund Burke, greatest of all philosophic statesmen, regarded "the right of Great Britain, and the rights of her offspring as just the most reconcileable things in the world." He said:

"You will perhaps imagine that I am on the point of proposing to you a scheme for representation of the colonies in parliament. Perhaps I might be inclined to entertain some such thought, but a great flood stops my course. *Opposuit natura*. I cannot remove the eternal barriers of creation. The thing in that mode I do not know to be possible. . . . However, the arm of public benevolence is not shortened, and there are often several means to the same end. What nature has disjoined in one way, wisdom may unite in another. . . . In my private judgment a useful representation is impossible."

#### UNION IS OF THE HEART.

In this matter the Australian Union delegates to England, opposing Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's contention that retention of appeal to the Privy Council would strengthen the bond between Great Britain and the Commonwealth, wrote:

"The delegates reflect with pride that there are sentiments which will constitute eternal links of empire, but are quite unable to understand how there can ever be the least hope that we can, merely by insuring uniform interpretation of the law throughout the Empire, facilitate that unity of action for the common interests which will lead to 'a real federation' of the Empire. The 'unity of action' and the 'uniform interpretation of law' seem to them wholly unrelated. The consciousness of kinship, the consciousness of a common blood and a common sense of duty, the pride of their race and history—these are the links of Empire, bands which attach, not bonds which chafe. When the Australian fights for the Empire he is inspired by these sentiments; but no patriotism was



ever inspired or sustained by thought of the Privy Council."

Nor did any ever arise from a reflection of Canadians that they, who rejoice to be subjects of the Crown of their fathers, continue, past all timeliness or reason, legally subjected to their not more intelligent brethren, the electors of the United Kingdom.

#### ALL FOR ENGLAND.

Burke again said, after observing that each colony should reserve its money and strength for possibilities of war in its own section of the world;—

"Wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom they will turn their faces toward you. The more ardently they love liberty the more perfect will be their obedience. . . . Do not dream that your letters of office, and your instructions, and your suspending clauses, are the things that hold together the great contexture of this mysterious Whole. These things do not make your government. Dead instruments, passive tools as they are—it is the spirit of the English communion that gives all their life and efficiency. It is the spirit of the English constitution (which imperial federation would destroy) that, infused throughout the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, vivifies every part of the Empire, even down to the minutest member. . . . All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical to the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians who have no place among us; a sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material, and who, therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of Empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine. But to men truly initiated and rightly taught, these ruling and master principles which, in the opinion of such as I have mentioned, have no substantial existence, are, in truth, everything and all. Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom, and a great Empire and little minds go ill together." Again he said: "My idea of it is this, that an Empire is the aggregation of many states under one common head."

A voluntary aggregation of many states is now the essential nature of the Dominions of the King's empire. The more voluntary it has become, by expansion of freedom or autonomy or in-

dependence in the parts, the more united it has become. This has long been a truism. We become so accustomed to frequently repeated truths that we commonly fail to appreciate freshly their significance. Hence we too much tend to decline from their guidance. Contrary to all teachings of experience many good men try to draw the Dominions backward, into new formal bonds, more particularly for military and naval purposes. That seems to me precisely the wrong way to attain what they, and what we who oppose their schemes, really desire.

#### FREEDOM THE SOLUTION.

It is clear that each Dominion promotes all manner of works the better in proportion to its freedom, its independence of all manner of interference by the parliament of the elder brother. Now, surely, a prime interest and necessary work of each Dominion is so to develop its own forces, military and naval, that it may be at all times well prepared, not only for self defence, but to act effectually in the elder brother's aid when he may truly need it, more especially at sea. If this be true, is it not reasonable to believe that Canadians will the more recognize that truth, and act up to it, if made as completely responsible in respect of armaments, war, peace, treaties, as in respect of all our their proceedings?

Here the subject may be presently abandoned, possibly for resumption in the November number. Meanwhile the Premier, who seems to me to have deserved general applause for his judicious and manly bearing in England, may have given some inkling of his intentions on the great and pressing business of defense for Canada against enemies not directly her own, but who may become hers solely through the nature of her present subordination to the Old Country people and their Parliament.

## The Auto Driver

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With my motors all a-drumming, you can hear me coming,  
coming,

Till in smoke and dust and vapor I go swirling madly by,  
While the wheel my hands are gripping, as around the turns  
we're whipping,

And I toss the miles behind me as the vivid seconds fly;  
For I know the others follow, swooping over hill and hollow,  
With their motors' sharp staccato keeping rythm with the  
race,

And my racer leaps and lurches as I fling past towns and churches,  
Where a blur of trees and fences marks the swiftness of the  
pace!

Every nerve and muscle's straining as in speed I'm gaining,  
gaining,

And the wind that rushes by me makes a roaring in my ear,  
And the car is rocking, jolting, in its frenzied thunderbolting,  
And I pray my lucky angel that the course is free and clear;  
For the slightest break or faulting sends a racer somersaulting,  
Turns the snapping, snorting engine to a heap of smoking  
scrap,

And although I take my chances under any circumstances  
I am not exactly yearning for my everlasting nap !

Yet it's great to have the making of a record record-breaking  
And to feel the car responding as you "throw 'er open wide,"  
With the motor singing cheerful, though the pace is something  
fearful,

And you're running like a cyclone that is roaring as you ride;  
If you lose, or if you win, you feel the fever throbbing in you,  
And you never will recover from the motor-racing thrall,  
With its chances—glad or tragic—with its glamor and its magic,  
With its stress and strain and danger and the glory of it all!

BERTON BRALEY in *Popular Magazine*.



# With Brock at Queenston Heights

GRAPHIC PORTRAYAL OF EVENTS MARKING DEATH OF GALLANT  
GENERAL—"I AM LEADING THIS CHARGE AND WILL REMAIN  
UNTIL WE REACH OUR GOAL"—CIRCUMSTANCES UNDER  
WHICH HE WAS SHOT DOWN—THE INVADERS  
REPELLED ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

By Lyman B. Jackes

The battle of Queenston Heights was fought one hundred years ago this month. The result of the struggle meant much to Canada and Canadians in the repulsion of an invading foe and the supremacy of British arms. But vital as are these considerations, by almost unanimous consent the first place in the story of the battle, as also the highest honors marking its history, are accorded to General Brock, who led the British forces to victory, even at the cost of his own life. The incidents attaching to the charge up the Heights, by which Brock and his followers won imperishable renown, are briefly reviewed in this sketch.

IT was a scene worthy of a master's brush. Two immense logs snapped and crackled on the stone dogs as the tongues of fire darted toward the chimney. The fire-place was such as pioneers only know how to construct; it consisted of huge boulders cemented together with mortar as rude and rough as the masonry and the builders, and a mantel shelf of large flat slabs such as may be found on the south shore of Lake Ontario near the Niagara River. A military officer was seated in a far corner of the room, writing rapidly by the aid of a quill pen, his work illuminated only by a candle and such light as could force its way through the group of officers sitting around the fire on rough, strong benches that harmonized with the logs used in the construction of the floor, four walls and roof of the building. The cheerful aspect of the picture ended with the barrack room for outside the weather was damp and chilly, such as might be expected during the second week of October.

B

The group around the fire-place were at their ease. Some smoked, some sat in silence gazing at the pictures in the fire, and others told yarns to the youngest members of the company; as many of the latter were mere boys tasting their first battle horrors.

The officer engaged in writing was a young man, perhaps six and twenty, clean shaven like his colleagues in the room, and the possessor of a physique that at once stamped him as a pioneer or the son of a pioneer. From time to time he ceased writing to make comparison with notes hurriedly made on slips which he drew from a leather wallet lying on the table before him. A close examination of the clasp used to fasten this wallet would have shown the Royal Arms of His Majesty King George III. He was evidently preparing a report, for presently he turned to the group and said "Sheepscot, did you say ninety eight full kegs of powder?" Receiving the answer in the affirmative he continued writing for several mo-

ments, then laid down his pen with the air of a man who had performed an important task and proceeded to read what he had written. Evidently satisfied with his perusal he again took up his pen and folding the papers, placed them in a wrapper, and addressed the package to Major General Sir Isaac

the ruddy glare of the fires burning on their hearths and the light from this source was sufficient to dimly illuminate the sentries pacing the top of the high, formidable earth-work that surrounded the fort. He quickly walked toward the earth-work and in a moment was looking across the Niagara River to the



The Queenston Landing Stage.

Brock. Then he left the room with the packet and wallet.

It required but a partial glance to notice that the semi-quiet behavior on the part of the group before the fire was occasioned by this man and his work, for at his departure their conversation became much louder and the topic changed when the large door, studded with nails, had again shut out the night. As the officer left the barrack room he became aware that it was raining for large drops struck him in the face and made the night still more dreary. The various buildings around him, excepting the powder magazines, all showed

fort on the United States side. Examining the river on both sides as best he could in the dim light, he placed his hand to his ear as though endeavoring to concentrate the sound; but no sound could he detect except the falling rain and the footsteps of the approaching sentry.

"Who goes there?" came the quick reply accompanied by the leveling of a loaded musket.

"It is I, Major Evans. Where are the other sentries?"

The sentry recognized the voice and shouldered his musket. "My companion Sir, he comes now. The others, as



best I know, are on the other three ramparts," he replied.

"Good; take a message to them saying that this is such a night as the enemy will use to cross the river. Be doubly watchful and report on the slightest suspicion."

#### COUNCIL OF WAR.

The sentry saluted in acknowledgment and Major Evans descended the slope and a few seconds later exchanged passwords with the sentry on guard before the private quarters of General Brock. As he entered he noticed,

er of his uniform and the mud from his boots. As the clock gave a little creak, preparatory to striking nine, General Sheaffe, Colonel Macdonell, Thayendanegea, Captain Jacobs and Glegg with one or two others entered. They were all seated as the clock struck nine and Porter, after ascertaining that nothing further was required of him for the present, withdrew from the most historic council meeting that has ever been held in Canada.

From time to time the new sentries that had come on duty at nine cast a glance toward the private quarters;



A rare photograph made about 1855 from above Lewiston, showing the cliff by which the United States riflemen scaled the heights and for a few hours gained possession of the Redan. This cliff is now nicely wooded with small cedars and other shrubs.

through the half open doorway at the end of the room, General Brock seated in his bedroom enjoying a cigar. Porter, the general's body servant, was busily engaged in the preparation of the council-room, but when the officer entered he removed the rain splatterings from the polished metal and leath-

they could see but little through the wet small windows, but it was well on toward one o'clock when they noticed the door opened and General Brock dismiss the company with a pleasant good night. The candles in the council-room were extinguished, but those in the General's room remained lighted.

## THE AMERICAN ATTACK.

Sentry duty is not pleasant work even when the atmospheric conditions are at their best and these men pacing around Fort George in the very early morning of October 13th, 1812, were thoroughly wet by the rains, but at two they noticed that the falling rain had ceased and a slight mist, that attached its moist October chill to the earth, began to rise and clear. A quarter of an hour later the sentry walking south on the eastern rampart noticed a slight rift in the clouds through which a few stars could

light in the direction of Queenston. A few seconds more and he heard the report of three large guns at the landing stage in that village. The three flashes soon grew to hundreds and the sentry was about to give warning by the discharge of his musket when Porter rushed out from the council chamber toward the stable that housed General Brock's horse. A moment later the General himself came to his doorway, fully dressed, and shouted to the two sentries on the south rampart to open the gateway. Then jumping into his saddle,



A powder magazine which figured in the War of 1812.

be seen; it was a welcome sight to him for it brought a message of possible sunshine for breakfast time. As he reached the end of his short track he took one more glance at the cloudy rift and as his gaze was momentarily directed to the south before he turned he was surprised to see three brilliant flashes of

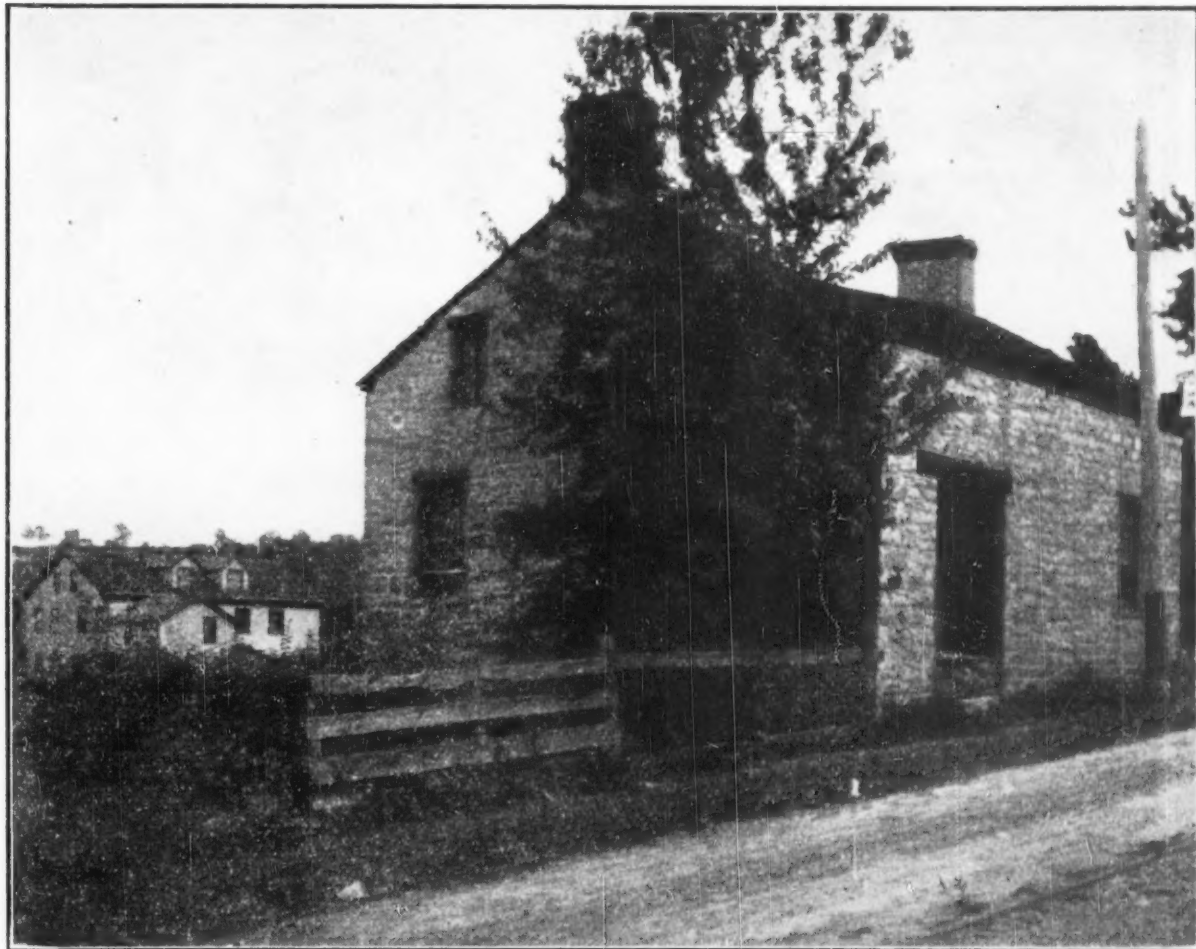
he held his horse in check as he gave some hurried instruction to Porter regarding the officers that had sat at council meeting with him but a few hours since, and then started for the half open gateway. As he cleared the portal he was met by a dragoon, covered with mud, who reigned up his horse just



in time to call out that the enemy had landed at Queenston.

There is a time when an animal that has been kindly treated seems to realize that his actions are important in moments of extreme danger; it was probably this that caused Alfred Brock's noble charger, to speed up the river

would never see on earth again. During this momentary delay several small bands of volunteers passed him, all armed, steadily marching up the river road to Queenston to defend Canada and their homes. The short delay had been sufficient for Alfred to regain his breath, for the second stage of the



The stone house to which Brock's remains are said to have been removed following the battle of Queenston Heights.

road in such a manner that the clatter from his hoofs, as he struck fire from the stones, brought many a pioneer's face to the window to see the General hurrying by in the misty light of an early October dawn. On the roadway near Fort George he was the first to be stirring, but as he neared the residence of Captain John Powel, his fiancée, Miss Shaw, was awaiting him with a few home-made biscuits and a cup of boiling hot coffee. The general reigned up to partake of his last breakfast and to wave a good-bye to the woman he

journey was accomplished even at greater speed than the former. As General Brock neared the lower end of the village of Queenston, which at that time consisted of a few stone houses, day was near to breaking and by the slightly increased light he saw at a glance the entire scene of trouble.

#### IN THE MIDST OF BATTLE.

Mighty shells were bursting around the redan on Queenston Heights, several boatloads of troops floating in the river from the United States, were the

target for the large guns at the landing stage and even as the General looked he saw a shell burst against one of these and scatter its human contents into the rapidly rushing waters. The eighteen pounder on the redan, on Queenston Heights, was pouring volleys of murderous metal into Fort Grey, above Lewis-

praise to these soldiers and rode into the village. Here he was met with a ringing cheer from the men of the 49th, which he acknowledged in his usual modest manner, and rode out of the village toward the redan. This would allow of a survey toward the north. The gunners in the redan in-



According to accepted stories, Brock's body, on being brought to the stone house, of which this is an interior illustration, was laid on the floor before the fire-place.

ton, and below this fort were several more boat loads filled with members of the enemy's ranks who appeared somewhat timid about launching into the stream and exposing themselves to the fire of the large guns on the Queenston landing stage. Several boat loads of the enemy were being escorted up the roadway toward the village as prisoners of war and even as the General made a closer examination of the situation from his saddle a small company of prisoners passed him under the care of five Canadian troopers and an officer. General Brock spoke a few words of

formed him that one or two boatloads of the enemy had landed and were concealed somewhere in the bushes by the river bank; he noticed that one or two boatloads had gained the landing stage and that the Canadian gunners had withdrawn into the thicket in preparation of firing on the landed enemy. He pronounced the situation favorable in the extreme and turned to give a few words of encouragement to the gunners when a badly directed shower of bullets, fired from the rear, whistled over the redan.

The redan gun was about to be re-



loaded by its eight attendants, but the general, taking in the situation at a glance, ordered it spiked and the artillerymen to retreat down the slope with all possible speed. This was quickly accomplished and before the enemy had time to reload their muskets the party of nine rushed down the slippery heights, General Brock being last in the procession. They were soon out of range of the enemy, who, by this time were in possession of the redan and as the General and party looked up the hill they could see marked evidence of the disappointment of the troopsmen when the spiked gun was discovered.

#### ATTACKING THE HEIGHTS.

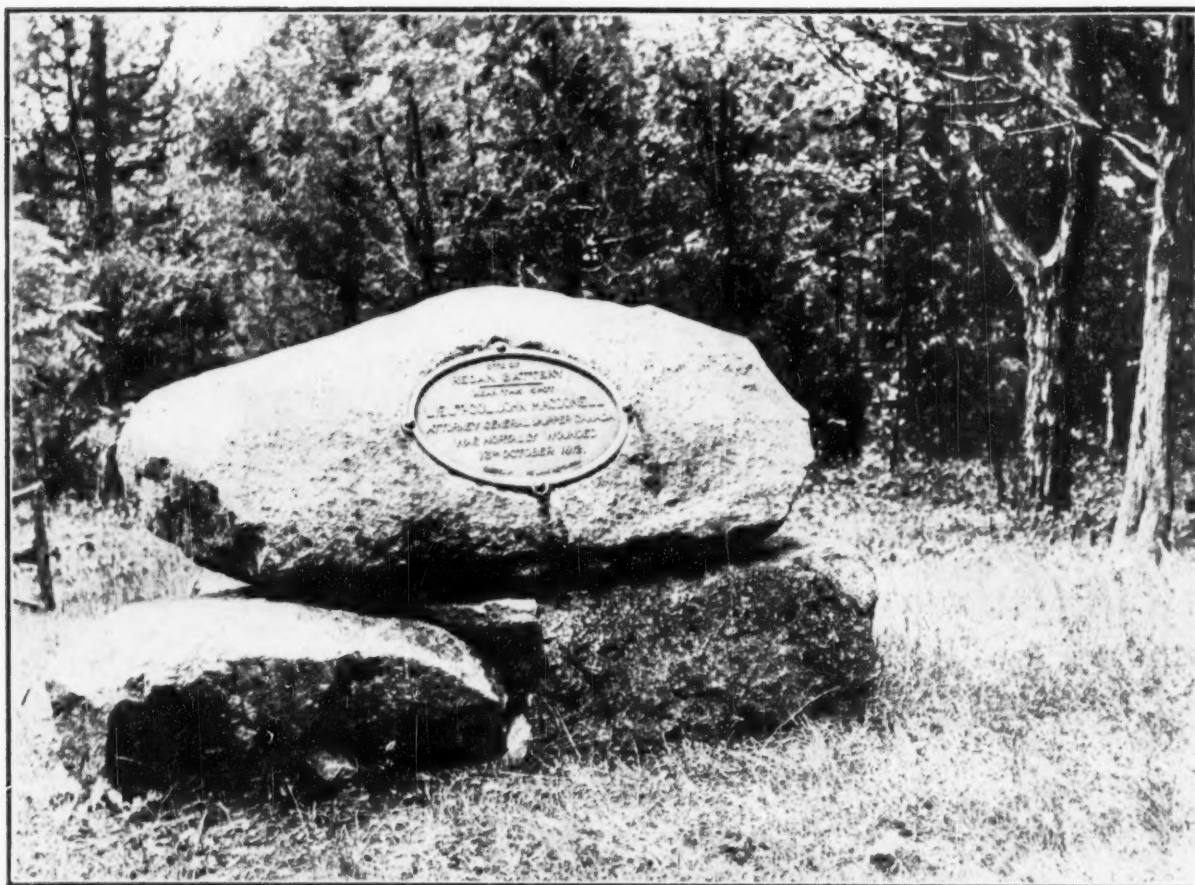
A few troopers and officers had joined the little group on the edge of the village, among whom were Macdonnell and Glegg. Turning to an officer mounted on a fleet-footed horse, General Brock ordered him to ride swiftly to Fort George and instruct Major Evans to wreck the fort on the other side of the river and send every available man to him at once. "Now my lads," he shouted to the group that was fast increasing around him and now numbered seventy, "I have heard of your splendid work this morning and



Monument which marks the spot near which Brock fell while advancing to repel the invading enemy.

This was a time when the quick-thinking brain of General Brock would be given ample scope for its adaptation to so serious a situation, for as the enemy at Lewiston saw the Stars and Stripes float out over the redan they began to fill the awaiting boats and row across the river in a vast body.

the trying time you have had. Now, as you know a large body of the enemy has stolen a march on us, by climbing over the cliff above the redan. It is our duty to retake the gun and drive those men in the redan back over the cliff by which they came. The footing is slippery, so use all the shelter that



Site of the Redan on Queenston Heights.

you can, and when you get the order to fire, shoot low and then charge bayonets and we have them. There is a foreign flag above the redan and a British gun. It must not stay there. All ready, follow me on the double. Forward!" and with a hearty cheer for this gallant man, the little party started up the hill.

From rock and crag, from log and wall, and from fence and furrow the party steadily advanced against the rapid fire from the enemy on the hill, General Brock in the lead waving his sword above his head and shouting words of encouragement to the volunteers behind. As the rise became steeper the firing became more acute, and as the brow of the second hill, just by the wire enclosure, was reached, the attacking party faltered. General Brock, feeling that he was alone, turned. "This is the first time that I have ever seen the 49th turn their backs, surely our record will not be tarnished now," he shouted, and the ranks again closed

in for the final charge. As they had momentarily looked down the height and had seen the course of the long, hard climb, many of them, including the general himself, became aware of the vast beauty of the scene that may be observed from this point, and also that reinforcements were coming up rapidly behind them.

#### BROCK'S HEROIC DEATH.

One or two of the officers who had reached Brock's side spoke a few words of warning to him regarding the manner in which he was exposing himself to the sights of the enemy's muskets. "Sirs" quickly responded the gallant general, "I am leading this charge and will remain in the lead until we reach our goal. Should I fall there are others who will take my place." The officers received this statement with a salute and took their places on the outflank.

They were getting to close quarters now and the redan lay less than a hun-



dred yards ahead. A deflected bullet struck the General on the wrist, but he checked the flow of blood with his kerchief and again waved his sword to show his indifference. He called out to reserve fire and rush the enemy, when a scout stepped out from a thorn bush and fired directly at him. Several of the 49th noticed the foul deed but owing to the slippery footing could not shoulder their muskets in time to make prevention. The bullet struck the General on the chest, tore an ugly, gaping wound through his body close to the heart, and he fell backwards on the wet ground. "My fall must not be noticed by my brave companions," he softly said to the two officers that held up his head. "They must push on to victory. Tell my sisters—that—" and he expired with the unspoken message on his lips.

It was a foul murder and worthy only of a fouler rifleman. The General was without firearms and the marksman deliberately fired at his victim, hiding in the shelter of a thorn bush in an equally deliberate manner.

For a short space the General's body lay where it had fallen, by the large stone that now marks the spot. Even the enemy in the redan was palled by this deed and firing ceased for a sufficient time to allow Brock's followers to tenderly pick up the corpse and carry it down to a stone house, now in ruins, where lived Canada's future heroine, Laura Secord, and wrapping the remains in a blanket, lay them on the floor before the fireplace.

#### BRITISH ARMS TRIUMPH.

It was a dismal company that met the reinforcements outside the door of this little house and Macdonell, who had witnessed the entire sad drama from below, ordered the defeated party to close in behind his band for a second assault on the heights. But as he looked up and saw hundreds of reinforcements from Lewiston adding to the numbers of the enemy about the redan, he acted on the advice of Dennis and

the entire party withdrew to the far end of Queenston. Many plans were here discussed and at length Macdonell stepped out to the head of the party and shouting "Revenge the General" ordered the entire party to follow him up the heights. They reached within thirty yards of the redan before firing. The volley wrought havoc among the enemy and gave the attacking party a chance to lock bayonets with the enemy around the eighteen pounder in the redan. Reinforcements, however, arrived for the enemy and the second charge ended similar to the first with the exception that Colonel Macdonell was carried down the hill in a dying condition instead of, as in the case of General Brock, a corpse. The command now fell upon the shoulders of Officer Dennis, who, with his handful of followers remained under shelter until two in the afternoon, when reinforcements from Fort George arrived. The first sight of the reinforcements was discouraging to this little body owing to the absence of Indians, but Captain Derenzy provoked a real British cheer when he imparted the information that one hundred and twenty Mohawks were already in the rear of the enemy awaiting a signal to advance and that General Sheaffe was rapidly approaching the redan from the west. With lighter hearts the band again started up the heights for a third charge.

The enemy was greatly strengthened, but many of the Americans waited with considerable admiration the oncoming of this little band who were entering their third skirmish. But regrets or admirations were of no avail, for as the attacking party neared the heights the Indians broke from their hiding place in conjunction with the charge from the west. The enemy fled to the east, the only portion of the battlefield that was not presenting British muskets, and thus ended the battle of Queenston Heights on the thirteenth of October, one hundred years ago, since which time no foreign flag has floated over this historic ground.

# The Ultimate Solution

By Captain Leslie T. Peacocke

"WANTED—A respectable party, lady preferred, who knows something about philately, to act as private secretary. Fair salary. Apply to Mr. Hargreaves, Eucalyptus Grove, Santa Cruz."

"I suppose there must be dozens of people applying for the position," Lillian Eldridge mused, as with newspaper clipping in hand she pushed open the heavy wooden gate and went nervously up the broad, well kept path leading to the large gabled house, well surrounded by trees, and to which a garage in the rear, whose doors were wide open, exposing to view a big touring car, lent an added air of obvious opulence.

"Perhaps I may be one of the first to answer it in person," she continued musingly. "Oh, I do hope so! There can't be one in a thousand who knows as much about philately as I do, for not many make a hobby of collecting postage stamps. If I only get the chance of speaking to this Mr. Hargreaves I know he'll find that I know pretty well everything about every postage stamp that was ever issued. Probably more than he does himself."

Which was very likely to be true, for she had been her crippled father's sole helper in his absorbing hobby, and he had justly prided himself that his collection was one of the finest in the country.

In the terrible earthquake and fire which devastated San Francisco, his house, himself, and all that belonged to him had perished on that fateful morning, with the exception of his only daughter, Lillian, who, luckily, happened to be passing the night with a girl friend in a more fortunate part of the city.

A few hundred dollars, on deposit in a savings bank, was the only remnant

of his once comfortable fortune and all that Lillian could rely upon for future support. The bank officials sympathized with her, kindly allowed her to draw out the sum and she instantly busied herself to find something that she could do to earn an honorable living.

The advertisement, aforementioned, had caught her eye and she had hastened to Santa Cruz to answer it in person.

With a nervous hand she pressed the button at the side of the door and almost repented of her temerity in seeking the position on hearing the answering tinkle of the bell, for this was her first effort of the kind and she was fearful of what she could or should not say at the coming interview. She was not kept long in suspense, however, for less than a minute the door was opened with a flourish by a tall, sombre looking butler of advanced middle age. He was unmistakably an Englishman, pompous in manner and his solemn, haughty countenance adorned with long, pointed side whiskers, commonly known as "Dundrearys."

He swept the girl from top to toe with a questioning glance, and on her timidly extending the newspaper clipping and stating the cause of her advent he condescended to open the door to its fullest extent.

"Oh! Ah, Yes," he said, with what he considered to be the proper amount of deference to one who might perchance be a future inmate of the household. "Quite so. This way, please, Mr. 'Argreaves is in the library."

Lillian followed him across the hall, and entered the door, which, after a gentle rap, the butler had opened.

"A lady, Sir, in answer to the h'ad!"



he announced in forceful tones, and instantly withdrew, closing the door behind him.

The room into which she was ushered was large and solidly furnished, whilst around the walls high bookshelves filled with leather bound volumes denoted the sanctum of an enthusiastic reader. At the far end of the room was a glass door, open, leading into the garden and through which the gentle summer sea breeze was being agreeably wafted. Seated at a table to the right of the glass door, with his back towards her and apparently busily engrossed in writing, was a figure of a gentleman in black whose bowed and bald head was scantily fringed with snow white hair.

The girl stood timidly for the space of a full minute and then advanced timidly into the room, waiting patiently for the old gentleman to finish whatever was absorbing him so closely and then coughed slightly to attract his attention. He made no responsive movement, nor showed in any way that he was aware of her presence, so she approached closer to his chair and coughed a little louder, repeating the appeal for recognition several times.

Still he made no stir with either head or body and feeling vaguely alarmed Lillian made a slight detour towards the glass door, thus bringing her to face the rigid figure in the chair.

His arms, she noticed, were stretched in front of him across the table and his face was resting upon it, so she surmised that he must have fallen asleep over his work and thought it better to withdraw without disturbing him and to inform the butler that she would wait until he awoke.

She passed behind his chair to make her exit, when her eyes alighted upon a small object that froze her to the spot.

It was the handle of a knife or dagger, of black ebony, jutting out from between the shoulder blades of the black coated old man, and which harmonized so well with the tone of the coat that it had escaped her immediate attention.

She peered fearfully at the face resting on the table and saw that it was

ashen gray and distorted as with a sudden terror, whilst from the rigidly parted lips there issued a small red stream, still flowing; so, she instantly surmised, the knife thrust must have been very recently delivered.

She turned to the door to call loudly for assistance and then realized with horror that she was on the scene of a gruesome assault, perhaps a murder and, more likely than not, would be herself accused of it. There was no obvious evidence of the crime when she had been ushered into the room, her nervous manner would be commented on by the butler, and she had been left entirely alone with the victim!

The glass door stood invitingly open and directly upon a garden path, leading, as she could see, to a side gate and the road beyond, and after a hasty glance, which swept the garden, she was satisfied that there was not a soul in sight. With her heart palpitating with a nameless terror, she slipped through the door and borne by the wings of fear had gained the gate and was several hundred yards up the road before sheer want of breath caused her to break into a walk. She did not pause, realizing that now that she had taken the step she had, that suspicion of the dreadful crime was bound to fall upon her and the greater the distance she placed between herself and that house of ill-omen, the better it would be for her in every way.

She had brought no baggage with her to Santa Cruz, for, in case she had been successful in her mission she had intended to return to San Francisco and secure her few belongings which she had left at a temporary lodging, but the few hundred dollars which constituted her whole fortune, she carried on her person, in a little chamois purse, cunningly sewn to and secreted beneath the bosom of her shirt waist.

As far as her eye could see, the road was bare, so the chances were that her headlong flight had not been noticed, but she knew that her presence, alone on the broad road, was likely to be remarked by any passing cart or automobile and herself, maybe, recognized latter, so she branched off at the first lane way she came to, and seeing a car line

at a short distance across some fields, she skirted them by the side of a sheltering hedge and somewhat relieved at last, brought herself to a halt and awaited the first passing car.

She was not sorry to find that it was on its way from, and not, to the town, as she had feared the telephone connection and arrest on reaching Santa Cruz, and now she had every chance of baffling pursuit.

It was a short line car she had boarded and carried her only as far as the picnicing grounds at Twin Lakes, but by traversing a short block she found herself on the beach road and in a few minutes had the satisfaction of hailing a car that carried her to the pretty resort of Capitola.

On enquiring at the depot she found that a train for San Francisco would leave in about an hour, so she passed the period in a small restaurant and satisfied her hunger, then boarded the train and landed without mishap, four hours later, back in San Francisco.

Intuitively knowing that the supposed author of the crime would be immediately searched for along the Pacific Coast, she decided to make a far flitting, and having all her life had a longing to visit the glittering thoroughfares of New York and having no ties to bind her to the city by the Golden Gate, she decided to essay her fortune in the big metropolis.

She hastened at once to a booking office and purchased a ticket and then hurried to her lodging and secured her belongings. In less than an hour she was at the station and happily installed in a train that was on the verge of pulling out.

A sickening sense of fear assailed her as she entered the depot on hearing the bawling newsboys crying the inviting details of "A horrible murder in Santa Cruz!" and she bought an evening paper, but could not bring herself to glance at it until her train was some miles on its journey.

It was then she realized that she had indeed done wisely in escaping from the house as she had, for the crime had, on the butler's evidence, been, naturally, immediately fastened on the girl whom

he had ushered into the room shortly before the discovery of the murder.

The paper stated that the knife had reached the old gentleman's heart, and wonder was expressed that such a terrific thrust should have been delivered by such a slim young girl as the butler had described.

The chauffeur, from the garage window, it appears, had seen her enter the house, but no one had seen her leaving it, though it was naturally surmised she had stepped through the open glass door and so escaped. It was aptly described as an extraordinary mystery and would require a good deal of solving at the hands of the local police.

Lillian thought so, too, if her presence at the house was the only clue that was to be followed, and her mental attempts at the unraveling of the mystery kept her thoughtfully busy until she reached New York.

To a girl with Lillian's appearance and persistency, the obtaining of a position was not difficult and three weeks later she found herself on board an Atlantic liner bound for Europe as companion to an old lady, who was contemplating a lengthy stay in Switzerland.

Mrs. Elmendorf was an able woman of the world, and a traveled New Yorker, in affluent circumstances and of wide acquaintance, so Lillian was soon in a vortex of society utterly strange, but delightfully pleasant. Her employer had taken a sincere liking to her from the start and treated her more as a protegee than as a paid companion and few, if any, at the Pension Beau Sejour in which they had located themselves at their arrival at Lausanne, knew the true position in which she stood.

The old lady saw to it that she had a suitable wardrobe and at the hotel dances, which occurred twice a week, Lillian made as brave a showing as any girl in the ballroom and never lacked for partners. Thoroughly American, as she was, the many foreigners to whom she was introduced found little favor in her eyes, but there was a fair sprinkling of Americans and, amongst them, one to whom she drifted as na-



turally as if he had been mapped out to complete her existence.

Howard Montgomery was a Harvard graduate, bent on seeing all there was to be seen and tested in the Old World before settling down to earnest work in the only country he cared to claim as Home. They soon discovered that their tastes and viewpoints of life were in common after having satisfied themselves that their steps were suited in the dance and Mrs. Elmendorf lent herself readily to the budding romance and played the matchmaker to perfection. Having no children of her own she took as much interest in Lillian's "little affair," as she called it, as if she were her own daughter, and when she discovered that Howard was a young man of wealth and refinement she encouraged his presence in their daily outings and sundry excursions.

There is no spot on earth more conducive to healthy lovemaking than beautiful Lausanne and the adjacent shores of Lake Geneva, so it was not surprising that matters were brought quickly to a crisis and a wedding arranged for on their return to New York.

In the early fall they took their leave of Europe, Howard accompanying them, and Mrs. Elmendorf easily persuaded Lillian not to keep him in suspense and, of course, herself gave the bride away, having provided her with a befitting trousseau and a liberal cheque as a wedding gift.

It was not, however, until the first week of the honeymoon was nearly spent, and for which they had chosen a quiet village up the Hudson, that Lillian received the first terrifying shock since leaving the golden State of California. Her husband had announced that he was expecting a man servant, who had been for years in the employ of the uncle from whom he had inherited the bulk of his fortune; who was to act as his valet and afterwards as butler when they should settle down in their permanent home, and she was seated with Howard on the porch of the small hotel overlooking the river, after a plain but well cooked dinner, when a rig from the depot drove up and deposited the expected servant and his baggage.

"Yes, that's Skose," said Howard, peering through the gloom at the tall, pompous figure struggling with a bag and suitcase to the side entrance to the hotel, and fortunately not noticing the strained expression of horror on the face of the bride, who had instantly recognized the drooping side whiskers as belonging to the man who had haunted her waking thoughts and fitful dreams and who was the very last person on earth she desired to meet.

It was the butler who had ushered her into the scene of the crime on that fateful morning eight months before.

By what extraordinary chance he should happen to have found himself in the employ of her husband she could not conjecture and what the consequences to herself would now be she dared not think. She steered herself as well as she could, however, and ventured a question as to where he had come from?

"Oh, have'nt I told you?" answered Howard. "He was my Uncle's butler for years and was with him at the time he was killed. I have never told you about that, Lillian, as the whole thing was so dreadful. I hardly like to talk about it myself. He was awfully good to me after my father died. He was my mother's brother, you see, and he sort of adopted me and paid for my education and everything.

"I see," said Lillian, forcing a composure she was far from feeling. "And what happened?"

"He was stabbed, sitting in his chair in his library at Santa Cruz by a young girl who had gained an entrance under some pretext or other and who then made her escape by a door that was open and disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed her up. It's a most extraordinary mystery, because nobody suspected he had an enemy in the whole world."

"But, a young girl?" protested Lillian. "Surely no young girl would commit a crime like that! He wasn't robbed as well, was he?"

"No, nothing touched, so far as we know. Of course there may have been some circumstance in his past life which I never heard of and which

might have led to an act of revenge. He was an old man and had quite a career. He was an Englishman and was an officer in the English army before he came to this country with his sister, who was my mother."

"Oh, then, you're half English," said Lillian, taxing her brain afresh for some solution to the mystery, and dreading more each moment the coming meeting with the butler.

"Yes, on my mother's side, but my father's people were New Yorkers from away back. Old uncle Hargreaves bought a lot of real estate in California and did pretty well on the whole. Now, I don't want you to get any silly notions in your head about the mystery, dear, because I'm going to take you to Santa Cruz for a few months and—"

"S-S-Santa Cruz!" interjected the bride, trembling. "Where the—the—"

"Yes, but you mustn't let your mind dwell on that. Ah, here is Skose, now!"

Lillian gripped the arms of her rocker as the tall figure skirted round the pillars of the porch and greeted his employer with a deferential bow, and then raising his eyes, in so far as the dim light permitted, covertly scrutinized the new mistress of the household.

"This is Mrs. Montgomery, Skose," said Howard, by way of introduction, after he had enquired after the butler's health and the details of his journey. "I have just been telling her that when we have traveled 'round a few weeks I am going to take her for a stay in Santa Cruz. I have given her to understand what a good butler you are, too."

"Thank you, Sir," the man replied obsequiously, backing away to relieve them of his presence, with a puzzled expression on his face which Lillian was quick to note.

Would he recognize her? And if he did, what would he do? Or even if he did see a more than strong resemblance in his master's bride, would he not argue that such resemblance was but purely accidental and that not within the bounds of probability or possibility could she be the girl who, he must surely be convinced was the perpetrator of that dreadful crime?

She decided to dress her hair differ-

ently, at any rate, and to alter her appearance as far as lay in her power and trust to daily association to obliterate any such doubt or suspicion he might at first experience, but her honeymoon was completely spoiled, of that she was sure, and every moment that Howard, whom she loved dearly, should be alone with his butler, would, she knew, be fraught with danger, though she felt assured that her husband would not credit such a tale as he would have to tell, and Skose could bring forward no evidence.

As she reviewed the state of affairs, whilst replying at random to Howard's remarks, she reasoned that it was not too hopeless, and ere she retired to bed had made up her mind to carry herself bravely and to meet the butler on the morrow with as calm a manner as her innocence warranted. No matter what he might or might not think, she had done no wrong, so why should she fear him?

In broad daylight she met him the next morning as she was issuing from her room with Howard and returned his salutation coolly and graciously, but she could see that he was sorely puzzled and was staring after her, and she descended the stairs, with a thoroughly bewildered expression.

She schooled herself to meet her husband daily as if nothing was on her mind and though she was suffering tortures she never allowed him to suspect for a moment the severe strain to which she was being subjected. In fact so well did she carry out her line of action that she was practically satisfied at the end of the two weeks that followed; which they spent in traveling about and visiting various points of interest; that any suspicion the butler may have held, had been allayed, for he had made no move.

So, it was with more or less a feeling of assurance that she faced the journey across the continent to California when Howard decided to take her there to settle down for some months, so that he could devote necessary time in looking after the real estate interests bequeathed to him by his uncle, and in due course she found herself once more entering



the house from which she had made such an unexpected and undignified exit.

It was but natural, of course, that she should experience trepidation on entering the library, but that soon wore off, and in two or three days she entered it as freely as any room in the house and found much delight in scanning its well filled bookshelves.

She was beginning to feel quite secure and had banished all thought of danger from her mind, but that was more or less due to the fact that Howard was always within call, but on the fifth morning after their arrival he had to go into Santa Cruz on business and as it was raining heavily she elected not to accompany him.

The most cheery and cozy room in the house was the library, and when he had taken his departure, she returned to it and was preparing for a comfortable reading when the door opened and Skose entered without knocking and closed the door deliberately behind him. Utterly taken aback, she stared at him from the window seat she had chosen, but could form no demand with her lips as to why he had entered so unceremoniously.

There was no need for putting a question to him, however, for he advanced to where she sat and stood menacingly before her.

"I suppose you know what I have come to talk about?" he queried, in a tone far different from the respectful one he had hitherto employed when addressing her. Lillian gripped her book with both hands and bravely met his gaze.

"No," she replied curtly. "What is it?"

"You know," he retorted, "and there's no good pretendin' you don't. You thought I didn't recognize you or, maybe, thought I wasn't quite sure, but I knew you again the minute I set my eyes on you."

Lillian assumed a bewildered and indignant expression and rose from her chair.

"I don't know what on earth you are driving at, Skose, and I don't like your

attitude at all. Please explain yourself."

"Aw, go on," he answered rudely. "What's the use of trying to fool me? You're the same lady that I let into this room just before the old gentleman was killed and that was looked for everywhere. I ain't such a fool as not to know you when I see you again."

"How dare you!" cried Lillian, with well simulated indignation. "Do you know what you are trying to insinuate? Why, you must be crazy!"

"Oh, no, I'm not," he declared firmly. "You're the party all right. I ain't forgotten you, so, don't think it! I don't know where you went to after you left here, or how you come to marry Mr. Montgomery, but you're the young lady that's wanted by the police and that I'm ready to swear to in a court of law."

"Oh, is that so?" she returned disdainfully. "You may, of course, imagine you see some resemblance to the person you think I am, but you have absolutely no proof."

"Oh, 'aven't I?" he replied, slipping his hand to a breast pocket and deftly extracting an envelope. "I suppose you thought you didn't leave no clue, but I found *this*, where you dropped it, near the window there," and opening the envelope he drew forth a small crumpled handkerchief.

Lillian shivered involuntarily and the room seemed to sway under her feet. "That's nothing," she argued bravely. "A handkerchief might belong to anybody."

"Yes, but 'ow about the h'initials?" queried the Englishman, with a satisfied leer. "'Tis'nt everyone has L. E. on their 'ankerchief, and them h'initials was yours before you became Mrs. Montgomery. Miss Lillian h'Eldridge was your name and this 'ere 'ankerchief is all the proof the police'll want. 'Ow about that?"

"The—the—the police? stammered Lillian.

"That's what I said. The police. I've only got to tell 'em what I know, and you're being married to Mr. Montgomery fifty times over won't save you."

The girl's knees trembled and her face blanched. "Oh!" she ejaculated, and stared blankly at her accuser.

She was too stunned to think, but she dully realized the frightful error she had made in not summoning the household when she had made the gruesome discovery that afternoon and trusting to rightful methods to have proved her innocence. Now, her stealthy flight could but be construed to her guilt and no argument on her part would be believed. She had woven a chain of evidence around herself that it would be well nigh impossible to break.

And then, her husband! The deception she had practiced on him was brought home to her with full force. The whole outlook was terrifying.

The butler placed the handkerchief back into the envelope and returned it to his pocket.

"So, you see, I've got you," he continued grimly. "I've got you in the 'ollow of my 'and. Now, if I turns you over to the police, which I ought to do, it won't do me no good, and I should lose my place, of course. I've looked at it from all sides, and I'm going to make a proposition which you can take or leave, as you like.

"A—A proposition?" faltered, Lillian, as he came to a pause. The butler approached closer and brought his tones to a whisper.

"Yes, and one that you'll 'ave to agree to, or I'll go straight to the police this minute. If you give me five hundred dollars, I'll keep my mouth shut. I won't say a word."

"F—Five hundred dollars?" echoed the bride weakly.

"Yes, no more and no less. If you 'aven't got it, you can get it from Mr. Montgomery, if you give 'im a good excuse. If you don't, of course you can take the consequences, and you know what that means? The chair."

"The chair?" faltered Lillian. "Wh—what's that?"

"It's what the uses instead of 'anging 'em in this State," returned the butler brutally. "It's 'orrible."

The poor girl shuddered and panic-stricken she consented to his terms,

which fortunately were easy, as she was in ample funds, owing largely to Mrs. Elmendorf's substantial wedding gift and her husbands liberality. She immediately gave a check, payable to "bearer," for the stipulated amount, but failed to secure the handkerchief from him in return, and he was obdurate to all her pleadings.

For this she was soon made to suffer, for, once having made sure of his ground, he returned again and again and repeated threats, each time increasing his demands, and it was not before long that she was driven to drawing on her husband to meet them.

Her waking moments were torture, for she dreaded the frequent approaches of the butler, and she dared not let Howard suspect that she was suffering, whilst her dreams were mere fitful nightmares, so it is little wonder that she commenced to lose considerably in weight and took little pleasure in going beyond the confines of the house.

The library held a peculiar fascination for her and the greater part of the day, when alone, she spent in delving into rare volumes and poring over the wonderful collection of postage stamps, bequeathed to his nephew by the late owner of the property. The books of the popular authors she did not trouble, for she had read most of them, so the bookshelves devoted to their occupancy were for many weeks untouched. One morning, however, she turned to them, without much enthusiasm, and extracted some volumes of Dickens, more for the sake of looking at the quaint old prints than to study their pages, and had perused several in this cursory manner, when she met with an unexpected surprise.

In her hand she held the leather bound cover of David Copperfield, but within its folds reposed, not the well known story or steel engravings of the immortal Micawber, but a carefully penned diary of the late John Edward Hargreaves, which appeared to cover the period of many years.

This was indeed, a "find," and taking it to her room she read and read on, devouring each page with frantic interest until the gong sounded for lunch



and the return of Howard from his morning's work warned her to stop, but it was indeed a radiant face that greeted him when he entered the room, and the tears that welled from her eyes and coursed down her pale cheeks, as she clasped her arms around his neck, were not the tears of sorrow."

The call to luncheon went unheeded and three times did Skose have to sound the gong impatiently before they appeared, for Lillian's recital and feverish explanation of the result of her findings in the diary required some little time.

The butler was quite unconscious of the cause of their delay nor were his suspicions aroused when Howard left the table to seek the telephone in the little room off the hallway.

If he had overheard the communication which immediately took place, however, it is doubtful whether his demeanor would have remained so calm or the glances directed at the mistress of the household so sneeringly threatening.

The meal was hardly finished when a natty machine dashed up the drive, containing two stalwart men in uniform, and when Skose opened the door in answer to the impatient ringing, he found confronting him no less a personage than the Captain of Police of the town of Santa Cruz.

Howard briskly entered the hall and greeted the burly captain, then turned and pointed an accusing finger at his butler.

"That's him," he announced curtly.

The officer promptly stretched out an arm and before the astounded and terror-stricken servant had brought his senses to a focus he felt a grip of steel that pinioned him against the doorway. In answer to a call the patrolman hurried from the machine and took the butler from his chief's hands, and, then, at Howard's request, escorted him to the library, where Lillian was anxiously awaiting their appearance.

\* \* \*

"Now, I don't want to prosecute the man if by any possibility it can be avoided," said Howard, after a two

hour's cross-examination of both his wife and servant and a close perusal of the murdered man's diary. "We have got from his trunk the three thousand dollars which he took from my wife and, of course, I shall discharge him. There are not many people who employ a butler in these parts, so he'll have a hard time. There is no doubt but that he honestly believed Mrs. Montgomery was guilty and so he committed another felony by not exposing her. He blackmailed her instead."

"Yes that's it," said the Captain of Police, grimly. "We've got him on the two counts."

"Yes, I know," said Howard. "But all the same I'd much prefer to see him go free. My wife's name will be dragged into the papers and all the world will be made to know that she was suspected of the crime. As it is the discovery of this diary and the mysterious disappearance of that little wooden god explains everything. It's funny we never missed it before."

The Captain of the Police turned to the butler. "Didn't you notice it was gone?" he queried sternly.

"No, Sir," replied Skose, all his pomposity sadly lacking and his drooping whiskers looking comically lugubrious. "It was there so long amongst all them other h'ornaments on the bracket that I never took no stock of it. I never thought to look for no clues, Sir, 'cause I was so sure the young lady had done it."

"Yes, you see we had no inkling of the real perpetrator of the crime," interjected Howard. "As you can see from the diary, my uncle's life was attempted at least five or six times and it must have been his love of danger that made him hold on to that little god."

"Yes, for more than thirty years, according to his own account," said the Captain. "He had grit all right."

"Those Hindus must be dreadful people," said Lillian, shuddering. "To think of their following him all over the world in order to get their revenge! It doesn't seem possible."

"You must remember they considered it a very serious crime," Howard informed her gravely. "Of course he

was only a young officer in the army and thought it a huge joke at the time. There's no doubt if they'd caught him when he was swiping that little god from the temple they would have killed him then. As it was they never lost sight of him."

"It's funny your uncle never told you anything about it, Howard," said Lillian, looking happier now, than she had for months past.

"He was afraid of scaring me, I guess. You say you remember seeing a Hindu around the town about that time?" queried Howard turning to the Captain of the Police.

"Yes, two of 'em. They didn't wear turbans or any queer sort of clothes, and I thought they were Chinamen at first, but now that I come to think of them I can see they were Hindu's all right. So you want me to let this fellow go, do you?" The Captain demanded, with a butler. "Oh, yes; *please*," urged Lillian, placing her hand on the officer's braided sleeve. "I don't want to be dragged into the papers, and he will be

punished enough by losing a good place like this. *Please. Please* let him go, Captain!"

The guardian of the Police pondered the question deeply for a minute, surveying Skose closely with an unkindly eye.

"All right, Ma'am," he cried, at last, and then motioned to his subordinate. "Here, take him to his room and make him pack his trunk. We'll take him to the depot and see that he ships himself to San Francisco, and mind this," he added, addressing the trembling servant, "if you're ever found putting your foot inside this township again you'll be brought straight to *me*, and if you *are*, I swear by those whiskers of yours that you'll be the sorriest man in California."

The patrolman led the crest-fallen Englishman from the room and Lillian heaved a sigh of relief.

She looked up at the police captain and gratefully seized one of his hands in both of hers.

"Thank you," she cried.

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## THE COMMUNITY AS A SILENT PARTNER

Most successful men are apt to think that their fortunes have been built up wholly by their own skill and management; but the fact is, it is the people, the community, that make most fortunes possible. If New York had remained a village, the Astors and many other millionaires could not have made their fortunes out of real estate. It was the growth of New York that made a great many vast fortunes possible, not the skill of individuals. The people are partners. It is the same with the railroads. The settling up of the country made the vast railroad fortunes possible. Indeed, the only way a man can make a fortune is by partnership of the community, the partnership of the people. If Chicago had remained a little straggling Indian village, as it was seventy-five years ago, many great fortunes of its residents could not have been possible.



# Women and Their Novels

DOES THE WOMAN WRITER POSSESS A MORBID LOVE OF THE UNWHOLESOME, AND DO WOMEN READERS DEMAND THAT TYPE?—A CHARGE AND A DEFENCE

By H. B. Mortimer

What sort of novels do women readers like best? It has been said, and apparently with truth, that they themselves can best answer the question. But now comes the rather startling announcement that women writers—who are supposed to typify their class and cater particularly to women readers—possess to a greater degree than do men a morbid love of the unclean and unwholesome. The problem therefore grows in interest. What sort of novels do most women like best?

A WELL known writer has recently made the startling and somewhat daring assertion that women novelists seem to possess a "morbidity love of the unclean." As to how far this is true the writer goes on to state that the output of British novels is from two to three thousand annually; that thirty per cent. of these are written by women, and that at least half of that thirty per cent. deal with unwholesome subjects.

Obviously the mistake the writer makes is to attack women novelists as a whole. Surely the type of women who produce unclean and unwholesome books are a type to themselves? Many of the best books that have ever been published have been written by women. What book could be more inspiring than, for instance, "John Halifax, Gentleman?" But good and exceptional novels written by women are so numerous that references are unnecessary. There are many phases of life with which women are far more capable of dealing exhaustively than men.

It is manifestly unfair to make an accusation which involves a mass or body of people. That the majority of unpleasant books that are published are

written by women, that these books reflect a certain unhealthiness which seems peculiar to the feminine mind is beyond argument, but surely it is a certain type of feminine which they reflect rather than the feminine mind as a whole? While there are unpleasant people in the world there will ever be unpleasant books. To say that the minds of women writers are, as a rule, unwholesome and unclean, and that the books written by them go to prove it, is an assertion no reasonable man or woman would tolerate in silence.

## DECADE OF UNWHOLESOMENESS.

We must admit that the percentage of women writers who deal with unwholesome and unclean subjects is far greater than the percentage of men writers who produce such work. In the majority of cases it is unnecessary with these books to glance at the fly leaf to learn that a woman is responsible. The unwholesomeness is clearly feminine unwholesomeness, and probably no male writer could attain just the same effect.

During the last decade more unwholesome and unclean novels have been

turned out than during any decade previously. Glancing through these books, however, we find that half a dozen present day authoresses are largely responsible. That these women are a disgrace to their sex, and further that they are a disgrace to a profession which at one time was considered one of the highest and most honorable, there are hundreds of women writers only too ready to agree.

The harm that can be done by an unwholesome or unclean novel is indeed unlimited. One book of a particular type which "takes hold" is sure to be followed by other books of a similar type. The demand for such literature is to-day greater than ever before, and it is deplorable to note that the people who support and encourage it are mostly women readers. Recently several novels have been recommended to me by women as good and exceptional novels. Exceptional, indeed, the majority of these books are, but they belonged to the same class. Though not actually bad books, they have an unclean atmosphere about them. The sentiments are unreal; the characters hysterical or deplorably misled, while in some cases the sole object of the book seems to have been to illustrate some phase of life which would be better left alone. Surely, then, the fault lies not only with the woman writer but with the woman reader—that vast multitude of women who accept, with open arms, the sensational and so-called dramatic love story?

I do not believe that women as a whole, both writers and readers, possess "a morbid love of the unclean,"—any more than I believe that the young girl, who aspires to become an authoress, possesses a natural taste for this particular style of literature. Writers and readers are to a large extent what the publishers have made them, and journalism to-day is not as it was twenty years ago—thanks to certain Houses whose wealth and power have enabled them to partially control the market. To these Houses journalism is a mere huckstering trade, concerned only in what will sell at the greatest profits.

#### PUBLISHERS ARE BLAMED.

The young authoress, craving for success, is compelled to conform to the demands of the publishers. She learns, at an early stage, that the ordinary love story will not sell—that if she is to succeed her writings must have some distinguishing feature. Naturally, for new inspiration, she turns to the works of those who have already met with success.

It is in this frame of mind, then, that the morbid and unwholesome appeals to her; and unwholesome thoughts cannot for long retain possession of the mind without introducing the unclean.

Thus, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred the undesirable novel comes into existence. It is not, in the first place, that the woman writer possesses "a morbid love of the unclean." At an early stage in her career she learned that she must search out the sensational if she were to succeed, and had she followed her own inspirations she would have turned out better and higher work.

It cannot be denied that, at the age of twenty and thereabout—and it is at this age that writers are made or marred—the feminine mind is more susceptible to the influence of environment than the male mind. That the girl reader dwells more upon the novels that she reads than the boy reader—that the morbid and sensational makes a more lasting impression upon her, is well known to every Editor and sub-Editor who has to deal with the work of both sexes. Few young authors are strictly original; most of them are guilty of plagiarism; and that the majority of first novels published by women are drawn from unwholesome or unclean works goes to prove how great an impression these works have made upon them.

The style of literature that appeals to the boy reader is entirely different. Whereas the morbid and unclean appear, in many cases, to appeal most strongly to the girl, it is the exciting and drastic that appeal most strongly to the boy. Bad literature may land him in the Criminal Courts, it may drag him eventually to the gallows, but it



will not, at any rate make a novelist of him.

I do not believe that fifty per cent. of the women novelists are unwholesome in mind. I believe that many of them, who write unpleasant books, could equally well write pleasant ones. That so many of them are women of good education and refined tastes, and further that many of their earlier works which were never published were of a cleaner and brighter nature, goes to prove that influence rather than disposition is responsible for the evil. Here is a pitiable example:

A short time ago a well dressed woman was arrested in London for being in a drunken and incapable condition. At her trial it was discovered that she was an authoress, employed by a firm of publishers who have since, fortunately, retired from business. Her "style," was highly sensational fiction, and in a public court this woman frankly confessed that she could not meet the demands of the publishers unless in an inebriated state.

A few days later I procured a novel published by this firm—a cheap novel that held a prominent place on the news agent's stall, and which was doubtless selling readily to the servant girl class of reader. Having perused the first two chapters I did not hesitate a moment in accepting the woman's statement, but it was somewhat of a shock to learn, some weeks later, that the firm in question was controlled and partially owned by one of the best known publishing Houses in the world!

Never before was the low class reader so liberally catered for as to-day. The penny novel has leapt into popularity. The majority of these and similar works are written by literary hacks—men and women who are paid at so low a rate that they are compelled to turn out an immense quantity of work in order to keep themselves going. To attain anything like a standard of interest they are forced to introduce far fetched and highly colored features which not only excite their own imaginations but those of their readers.

But though the penny novel may be unhealthy, it is not as a rule unclean.

That sort of work is left to the "high-class" publication—the book that is written with a so-called motive. Only the better class publishers dare attempt to intrude the unclean. That is the most hateful part about the whole business—to have this sort of thing dragged before us so tempered and intermingled with sentiment that to the weak-minded it appeals as powerful and sorrowful truth.

Apart from the sale of cheap literature, the demand for good and wholesome novels is to-day as great as ever it was. No writer is more popular than Dickens; no writer is more widely read or discussed with such love and enthusiasm. His work touches upon the truth and reality of everyday life, and not a little of its humor. That is why Dickens is loved, and so long as there are men and women in the world who live their lives as nature intended, such writers will continue to be loved. Ask any well read man or woman which is their favorite novel, and they are almost sure to mention one of the name of which is almost a household word—a book renowned for its purity and simple truth. It is years since they read it, perhaps, but it lives in their memory. The modern novel may have changed the tastes of a large percentage of the reading public, and even intellectual men will tell you that they cannot wade through the old books which at one time had so great a charm for them, but the love of the true and aspiring still remains.

What does the reading public really want? It wants books that get down to the very soul of things, just as it always did. Books in which it can taste the freedom of the prairies, or the wholesome gaities of city life; books in which it can hear the laughter of little children, and now and then, perhaps, can feel the tears of those who care for them; outdoor books of the broad highways, and of real adventure, with quite a liberal smattering of real love.

It is a mistake to think that the tastes of the public have changed. They will never change so far as general motives are concerned.

# The Venturers

By O. Henry

LET the story wreck itself on the spreading rails of the *Non Sequitur* Limited, if it will; first you must take your seat in the observation car "*Raison d'être*" for one moment. It is for no longer than to consider a brief essay on the subject—let us call it: "What's Around the Corner."

*Omne mundus in duas partes divisum est*—men who wear rubbers and pay poll-taxes, and men who discover new continents. There are no more continents to discover; but by the time overshoes are out of date and the poll has developed into an income tax, the other half will be paralleling the canals of Mars with radium railways.

Fortune, Chance, and Adventure are given as synonyms in the dictionaries. To the knowing each has a different meaning. Fortune is a prize to be won. Adventure is the road to it. Chance is what may lurk in the shadows at the roadside. The face of Fortune is radiant and alluring; that of Adventure flushed and heroic. The face of Chance is the beautiful countenance—perfect because vague and dream-born—that we see in our tea-cups at breakfast while we growl over our chops and toast.

The Venturer is one who keeps his eye on the hedgerows and wayside groves and meadows while he travels the road to Fortune. That is the difference between him and the Adventurer. Eating the forbidden fruit was the best record ever made by a Venturer. Trying to prove that it happened is the highest work of the Adventuresome. To be either is disturbing to the cosmogony of creation. So, as bracket-sawed and city-directorized citizens, let us light our pipes, chide the children and the cat, arrange ourselves in the willow rocker under the flickering gas

jet at the coolest window and scan this little tale of two modern followers of Chance.

"Did you ever hear that story about the man from the West?" asked Billinger, in the little dark-oak room to your left as you penetrate the interior of the Powhatan Club.

"Doubtless," said John Reginald Forster, rising and leaving the room.

Forster got his straw hat (straws will be in and maybe out again long before this is printed) from the check-room boy, and walked out of the air (as Hamlet says). Billinger was used to having his stories insulted and would not mind. Forster was in his favorite mood and wanted to go away from anywhere. A man, in order to get on good terms with himself, must have his opinions corroborated and his moods matched by some one else. (I had written that "somebody;" but an A. D. T. boy who once took a telegram for me pointed out that I could save money by using the compound word. This is a vice versa case.)

Forster's favorite mood was that of greatly desiring to be a follower of Chance. He was a Venturer by nature, but convention, birth, tradition and the narrowing influences of the tribe of Manhattan had denied him full privilege. He had trodden all the main-traveled thoroughfares and many of the side roads that are supposed to relieve the tedium of life. But none had sufficed. The reason was that he knew what was to be found at the end of every street. He knew from experience and logic almost precisely what end each digression from routine must lead. He found a depressing monotony in all the variations that the music of his sphere had grafted upon the tune of life. He



had not learned that, although the world was made round, the circle has been squared, and that its true interest is to be found in "What's Around the Corner."

Forster walked abroad aimlessly from the Pawhatan, trying not to tax either his judgment or his desire as to what streets he traveled. He would have been glad to lose his way if it were possible; but he had no hope of that. Adventure and Fortune move at your beck and call in the Greater City; but Chance is oriental. She is a veiled lady in a sedan chair, protected by a special traffic squad of dragomans. Cross-town, uptown, and downtown you may move without seeing her.

At the end of an hour's stroll, Forster stood on a corner of a broad, smooth avenue, looking disconsolately across it at a picturesque old hotel softly but brilliantly lit. Disconsolately, because he knew that he must dine; and dining in that hotel was no venture. It was one of his favorite caravanseries, and so silent and swift would be the service and so delicately choice the food, that he regretted the hunger that must be appeased by the "dead perfection" of the place's cuisine. Even the music there seemed to be always playing *da capo*.

Fancy came to him that he would dine at some cheap, even dubious, restaurant lower down in the city, where the erratic chefs from all countries of the world spread their national cookery for the omnivorous American. Something might happen there out of the routine—he might come upon a subject without a predicate, a road without an end, a question without an answer, a cause without an effect, a gulf stream in life's salt ocean. He had not dressed for evening; he wore a dark business suit that would not be questioned even where the waiters served the spaghetti in their shirt sleeves.

So John Reginald Forster began to search his clothes for money; because the more cheaply you dine, the more surely must you pay. All of the thirteen pockets, large and small, of his business suit he explored carefully and found not a penny. His bank book

showed a balance of five figures to his credit in the Old Ironsides Trust Company, but—

Forster became aware of a man nearby at his left hand who was really regarding him with some amusement. He looked like any business man of thirty or so, neatly dressed and standing in the attitude of one waiting for a street car. But there was no car line on that avenue. So his proximity and unconcealed curiosity seemed to Forster to partake of the nature of a personal intrusion. But, as he was a consistent seeker after "What's Around the Corner," instead of manifesting resentment he only turned a half-embarrassed smile upon the other's grin of amusement.

"All in?" asked the intruder, drawing nearer.

"Seems so," said Forster. "Now, I thought there was a dollar in—"

"Oh, I know," said the other man, with a laugh. "But there wasn't. I've just been through the same process myself, as I was coming around the corner. I found in an upper vest pocket—I don't know how they got there—exactly two pennies. You know what kind of a dinner exactly two pennies will buy!"

"You haven't dined, then?" asked Forster.

"I have not. But I would like to. Now, I'll make you a proposition. You look like a man who would take up one. Your clothes look neat and respectable. Excuse personalities. I think mine will pass the scrutiny of a head waiter, also. Suppose we go over to that hotel and dine together. We will choose from the menu like millionaires—or, if you prefer, like gentlemen in moderate circumstances dining extravagantly for once. When we have finished we will match with my two pennies to see which of us will stand the brunt of the house's displeasure and vengeance. My name is Ives. I think we have lived in the same station of life—before our money took wings."

"You're on," said Forster, joyfully.

Here was a venture at least within the borders of the mysterious country of Chance—anyhow, it promised some-

thing better than the stale infestivity of a table d'hôte.

The two were soon seated at a corner table in the hotel dining room. Ives chucked one of his pennies across the table to Forster.

"Match for which one of us gives the order," he said.

Forster lost.

Ives laughed and began to name liquors and viands to the waiter with the absorbed but calm deliberation of one who was to the menu born. Forster, listening, gave his admiring approval of the order.

"I am a man," said Ives, during the oysters, "who has made a lifetime search after the to-be-continued-in-our-next. I am not like the ordinary adventurer who strikes for a coveted prize. Nor yet am I like a gambler who knows he is either to win or lose a certain set stake. What I want is to encounter an adventure to which I can predict no conclusion. It is the breath of existence to me to dare Fate in its blindest manifestations. The world has come to run so much by rote and gravitation that you can enter upon hardly any footpath of chance in which you do not find signboards informing you of what you may expect at its end. I am like the clerk in the Circumlocution Office who always complained bitterly when any one came in to ask information. 'He wanted to *know*, you know!' was the kick he made to fellow-clerks. Well, I don't want to know, I don't want to reason. I don't want to guess—I want to bet my hand without seeing it."

"I understand," said Forster delightedly. "I've often wanted the way I feel put into words. You've done it. I want to take chances on what's coming. Suppose we have a bottle of Mo-selle with the next course."

"Agreed," said Ives. "I'm glad you catch my idea. It will increase the animosity of the house toward the loser. If it does not weary you, we will pursue the theme. Only a few times have I met a true venturer—one who does not ask a schedule and map from Fate when he begins a journey. But, as the world becomes more civilized and wiser,

the more difficult it is to come upon an adventure the end of which you cannot foresee. In the Elizabethan days you could assault the watch, wring knockers from doors and have a jolly set-to with the blades in any convenient angle of a wall and 'get away with it.' Nowadays, if you speak disrespectfully to a policeman, all that is left to the most romantic fancy is to conjecture in what particular police station he will land you."

"I know—I know," said Forster, nodding approval.

"I returned to New York to-day," continued Ives, "from a three years' ramble around the globe. Things are not much better abroad than they are at home. The whole world seems to be overrun by conclusions. The only thing that interests me greatly is a premise. I've tried shooting big game in Africa. I know what an express rifle will do at so many yards; and when an elephant falls to the bullet, I enjoy it about as much as I did when I was kept in after school to do a sum in long division on the blackboard."

"I know—I know," said Forster.

"There might be something in aeroplanes," went on Ives, reflectively. "I've tried ballooning; but it seems to be merely a cut-and-dried affair of wind and ballast."

"Women," suggested Forster, with a smile.

"Three months ago," said Ives. "I was pottering around in one of the bazaars in Constantinople. I noticed a lady, veiled, of course, but with a pair of especially fine eyes visible, who was examining some amber and pearl ornaments at one of the booths. With her was an attendant—a big Nubian, as black as coal. After a while this attendant drew nearer to me by degrees and slipped a scrap of paper into my hand. I looked at it when I got a chance. On it was scrawled hastily in pencil: 'The arched gate of the Nightingale Garden at nine to-night.' Does that appear to you to be an interesting premise, Mr. Forster?"

"Go on," said Forster eagerly.

"I made inquiries and learned that the Nightingale Garden was the property of an old Turk—a grand vizier, or



something of the sort. Of course I prospected for the arched gate and was there at nine. The same Nubian attendant opened the gate promptly on time, and I went inside and sat on a bench by a perfumed fountain with the veiled lady. We had quite an extended chat. She was Myrtle Thompson, a lady journalist, who was writing up the Turkish harems for a Chicago newspaper. She said she noticed the New York cut of my clothes in the bazaar and wondered if I couldn't work something into the metropolitan papers about it."

"I see," said Forster. "I see."

"I've canoed through Canada," said Ives, "down many rapids and over many falls. But I didn't seem to get what I wanted out of it because I knew there were only two possible outcomes—I would either go to the bottom or arrive at the sea level. I've played all games at cards; but the mathematicians have spoiled that sport by computing the percentages. I've made acquaintances on trains, I've answered advertisements, I've rung strange door-bells, I've taken every chance that presented itself; but there has always been the conventional ending—the logical conclusion to the premise."

"I know," repeated Forster. "I've felt it all. But I've had few chances to take my chance at chances. Is there any life so devoid of impossibilities as life in this city? There seems to be a myriad of opportunities for testing the undeterminable; but not one in a thousand fails to land you where you expected it to stop. I wish the subways and street cars disappointed one as seldom."

"The sun has risen," said Ives, "on the Arabian nights. There are no more caliphs. The fishermen's vase is turned to a vacuum bottle, warranted to keep any genie boiling or frozen for forty-eight hours. Life moves by rote. Science has killed adventure. There are no more opportunities such as Columbus and the man who ate the first oyster had. The only certain thing is that there is nothing uncertain."

"Well," said Forster, "my experience has been the limited one of a city man. I haven't seen the world as you have;

but it seems that we view it with the same opinion. But, I tell you I am grateful for even this little venture of ours into the borders of the haphazard. There may be at least one breathless moment when the bill for the dinner is presented. Perhaps, after all, the pilgrims who traveled without scrip or purse found a keener taste to life than did the knights of the Round Table who rode abroad with a retinue and King Arthur's certified checks in the linings of their helmets. And now, if you've finished your coffee, suppose we match one of your insufficient coins for the impending blow of Fate. What have I up?"

"Heads," called Ives.

"Heads it is," said Forster, lifting his hand. "I lose. We forgot to agree upon a plan for the winner to escape. I suggest that when the waiter comes you make a remark about telephoning to a friend. I will hold the fort and the dinner check long enough for you to get your hat and be off. I thank you for an evening out of the ordinary, Mr. Ives, and wish we might have others."

"If my memory is not at fault," said Ives, laughing, "the nearest police station is in Macdougall Street. I have enjoyed the dinner, too, let me assure you."

Forster crooked his finger for the waiter. Victor, with a locomotive effort that seemed to owe more to pneumatics than to pedestrianism, glided to the table and laid the card, face downward, by the loser's cup. Forster took it up and added the figures with deliberate care. Ives leaned back comfortably in his chair.

"Excuse me," said Forster; "but I thought you were going to ring up Grimes about that theatre party for Thursday night. Had you forgotten about it?"

"Oh," said Ives, settling himself more comfortably, "I can do that later on. Get me a glass of water, waiter."

"Want to be in at the death, do you?" asked Forster.

"I hope you don't object," said Ives, pleadingly. "Never in my life have I seen a gentleman arrested in a public

restaurant for swindling it out of a dinner."

"All right," said Forster, calmly. "You are entitled to see a Christian die in the arena as your *pousse-cafe*."

Victor came with the glass of water and remained, with the disengaged air of an inexorable collector.

Forster hesitated for fifteen seconds, and then took a pencil from his pocket and scribbled his name on the dinner check. The waiter bowed and took it away.

"The fact is," said Forster, with a little embarrassed laugh, "I doubt whether I'm what they call a 'game sport,' which means the same as a 'soldier of Fortune.' I'll have to make a confession. I've been dining at this hotel two or three times a week for more than a year. I always sign my checks." And then, with a note of appreciation in his voice: "It was first-rate of you to stay and see me through with it when you knew I had no money, and that you might be scooped in, too."

"I guess I'll confess, too," said Ives, with a grin. "I own the hotel. I don't run it, of course, but I always keep a suite on the third floor for my use when I happen to stray into town."

He called a waiter and said: "Is Mr. Gilmore still behind the desk? All right. Tell him that Mr. Ives is here, and ask him to have my rooms made ready and aired."

"Another venture cut short by the inevitable," said Forster. "Is there a conundrum without an answer in the next number? But let's hold to our subject just for a minute or two, if you will. It isn't often that I meet a man who understands the flaws I pick in existence. I am engaged to be married a month from to-day."

"I reserve comment," said Ives.

"Right; I am going to add to the assertion. I am devotedly fond of the lady; but I can't decide whether to show up at the church or make a sneak for Alaska. It's the same idea, you know, that we were discussing—it does for a fellow as far as possibilities are concerned. Everybody knows the routine—you get a kiss flavored with Ceylon tea after breakfast; you go to the office;

you come back home and dress for dinner—theatre twice a week—bills—moping around most evenings trying to make conversation—a little quarrel occasionally—maybe sometimes a big one, and a separation—or else a settling down into a middle-aged contentment, which is worst of all."

"I know," said Ives, wisely.

"It's the dead certainty of the thing," went on Forster, "that keeps me in doubt. There'll never more be anything around the corner."

"Nothing after the 'Little Church,'" said Ives. "I know."

"Understand," said Forster, "that I am in no doubt as to my feelings toward the lady. I may say that I love her truly and deeply. But there is something in the current that runs through my veins that cries out against any form of the calculable. I do not know what I want; but I know that I want it. I'm talking like an idiot, I suppose, but I'm sure of what I mean."

"I understand you," said Ives, with a slow smile. "Well, I think I will be going up to my rooms now. If you would dine with me here one evening soon, Mr. Forster, I'd be glad."

"Thursday?" suggested Forster.

"At seven, if it's convenient," answered Ives.

"Seven goes," assented Forster.

At half-past eight Ives got into a cab and was driven to a number in one of the correct West Seventies. His card admitted him to the reception room of an old-fashioned house into which the spirits of Fortune, Chance and Adventure had never dared to enter. On the walls were the Whistler etchings, the steel engravings by Oh-what's-his-name? the still-life paintings of the grapes and garden truck with the watermelon seeds spilled on the table as natural as life, and the Greuze head. It was a household. There were even brass andirons. On a table was an album, half-morocco, with oxidized-silver protections on the corners of the lids. A clock on the mantel ticked loudly, with a warning click at five minutes to nine. Ives looked at it curiously, remembering a time-piece in his grandmother's home that gave such a warning.



And then down the stairs and into the room came Mary Marsden. She was twenty-four, and I leave her to your imagination. But I must say this much—youth and health and simplicity and courage and greenish-violet eyes are beautiful, and she had all these. She gave Ives her hand with the sweet cordiality of an old friendship.

"You can't think what a pleasure it is," she said, "to have you drop in once every three years or so."

For half an hour they talked. I confess that I cannot repeat the conversation. You will find it in books in the circulating library. When that part of it was over, Mary said:

"And did you find what you wanted while you were abroad?"

"What I wanted?" said Ives.

"Yes. You know you were always queer. Even as a boy you wouldn't play marbles or baseball or any game with rules. You wanted to dive in water where you didn't know whether it was ten inches or ten feet deep. And when you grew up you were just the same. We've often talked about your peculiar ways."

"I suppose I am an incorrigible," said Ives. "I am opposed to the doctrine of predestination, to the rule of three, gravitation, taxes and everything of the kind. Life has always seemed to me something like a serial story would be if they printed above each instalment a synopsis of *succeeding* chapters."

Mary laughed merrily.

"Bob Ames told us once," she said, "of a funny thing you did. It was when you and he were on a train in the South, and you got off at a town where you hadn't intended to stop just because the brakeman hung up a sign in the end of the car with the name of the next station on it."

"I remember," said Ives. "That 'next station' has been the thing I've always tried to get away from."

"I know it," said Mary. "And you've been very foolish. I hope you didn't find what you wanted not to find, or get off at the station where there wasn't any, or whatever it was you expected wouldn't happen to you

during the three years you've been away."

"There was something I wanted before I went away," said Ives.

Mary looked in his eyes clearly, with a slight, but perfectly sweet smile.

"There was," she said. "You wanted me. And you could have had me, as you very well know."

Without replying, Ives let his gaze wander slowly about the room. There had been no change in it since last he had been in it, three years before. He vividly recalled the thoughts that had been in his mind then. The contents of that room were as fixed, in their way, as the everlasting hills. No change would ever come there except the inevitable ones wrought by time and decay. That silver-mounted album would occupy that corner of the table, those pictures would hang on the walls, those chairs be found in their same places every morn and noon and night while the household hung together. The brass andirons were monuments to order and stability. Here and there were relics of a hundred years ago which were still living mementos and would be for many years to come. One going from and coming back to that house would never need to forecast or doubt. He would find what he left, and leave what he found. The veiled lady, Chance, would never lift her hand to the knocker on the outer door.

And before him sat the lady who belonged in the room. Cool and sweet and unchangeable she was. She offered no surprises. If one should pass his life with her, though she might grow white-haired and wrinkled, he would never perceive the change. Three years he had been away from her, and she was still waiting for him as established and constant as the house itself. He was sure that she had once cared for him. It was the knowledge that she would always do so that had driven him away. Thus his thoughts ran.

"I am going to be married soon," said Mary.

On the next Thursday afternoon Forster came hurriedly to Ives' hotel.

"Old man," said he, "we'll have to

put that dinner off for a year or so; I'm going abroad. The steamer sails at four. That was a great talk we had the other night, and it decided me. I'm going to knock about the world and get rid of that incubus that has been weighing on both you and me—the terrible dread of knowing what's going to happen. I've done one thing that hurts my conscience a little; but I know it's best for both of us. I've written to the lady to whom I was engaged and explained everything—told her plainly why I was leaving—that the monotony of matrimony would never do for me. Don't you think I was right?"

"It is not for me to say," answered Ives. "Go ahead and shoot elephants if you think it will bring the element of

chance into your life. We've got to decide these things for ourselves. But I tell you one thing, Forster, I've found the way. I've found out the biggest hazard in the world—a game of chance that never is concluded, a venture that may end in the highest heaven or the blackest pit. It will keep a man on edge until the clod falls on his coffin, because he will never know—not until his last day, and not then will he know. It is a voyage without a rudder or compass, and you must be captain and crew and keep watch, every day and night, yourself, with no one to relieve you. I have found the VENTURE. Don't bother yourself about leaving Mary Marsden, Forster. I married her yesterday at noon."

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## RESPECT WHAT YOU DO

Never depreciate the importance of your vocation. If you are a farmer and are talking with a congressman or a governor, do not say: "I am only a plain farmer and have not had much experience." Do not apologize for it and tell him that if you had had a chance to go to college, as other boys had, you would not have remained on the farm. You would have done something worth while.

Your business is just as important as his. No matter how high a position the man holds, make him feel by the superb way in which you do your work and by your manly bearing that you have made a profession of farming, that you have lifted it into great dignity by your scientific methods, that you have mixed brains with the soil.

You may be sure that there is always some lack, some weakness in people who are always depreciating the importance of their work. These are the earmarks which show the man is an artisan instead of an artist in his line—that he has not made the most of it.

Every man should have a superb pride in his vocation. It should be something which he loves to dwell upon, always a subject of absorbing interest to him, because it is really a part of himself. The atmosphere which surrounds his vocation indicates what is in himself. His business or profession is but his self-expression. There is an air of refinement or coarseness, of harmony or discord, of order and system, or slovenliness and slipshodness, a quality of honesty and square dealing, or of trickery and fraud, just according to the quality of his ideal which he has worked out in his specialty.



# The Making of an Exhibition

SOME FACTS ABOUT GREAT INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITIONS, HOW  
THEY ARE CONCEIVED, THE ENORMOUS EFFORT INVOLVED  
IN THEIR CREATION, AND FEATURES WHICH MAKE  
FOR THEIR SUCCESS OR FAILURE

By Brian Bellasis

Exhibitions are made and not born. There is no exception to the rule. Moreover, they are evolved at great expense and enormous effort. Few people, in hurrying through modern expositions, pause to ponder these points. Yet the inner workings of these gigantic enterprises, from the time they take shape in the mind of some genius, on through the various stages of construction, and finally to the period of fruition, constitute a subject which fairly bristles with features of interest—all unknown to the general public. This article describes the unseen part of a big international exhibition.

THIRTY-FIVE years ago Toronto had a little Fall Fair—just like a hundred “Show Fairs” that are held all over the country to-day. Since then it has grown to be something more like a big international exhibition. Winnipeg has an exhibition that is also on its way into the “big” class, so has Ottawa; so have several other Canadian cities. Toronto expects a million visitors this year, next year she may have more; but a million in a short two weeks is quite enough to put her in the same class with those big shows which were born in Hyde Park, London, in 1851, and which break out spasmodically all over the world every year.

The Toronto Exhibition, however, though it approaches the big shows in size is by way of being exceptional in that it is an annual event and has only a fortnight's life. That it is held annually gives it something of an advantage. Its buildings can be permanent, the money it lays out on parks and sidewalks and roadways is money invested in a permanency and not squandered on

a short five months of life; moreover, it is assured of a regular, permanent and always increasing attendance and experience has taught it how to foresee its future pretty well from year to year.

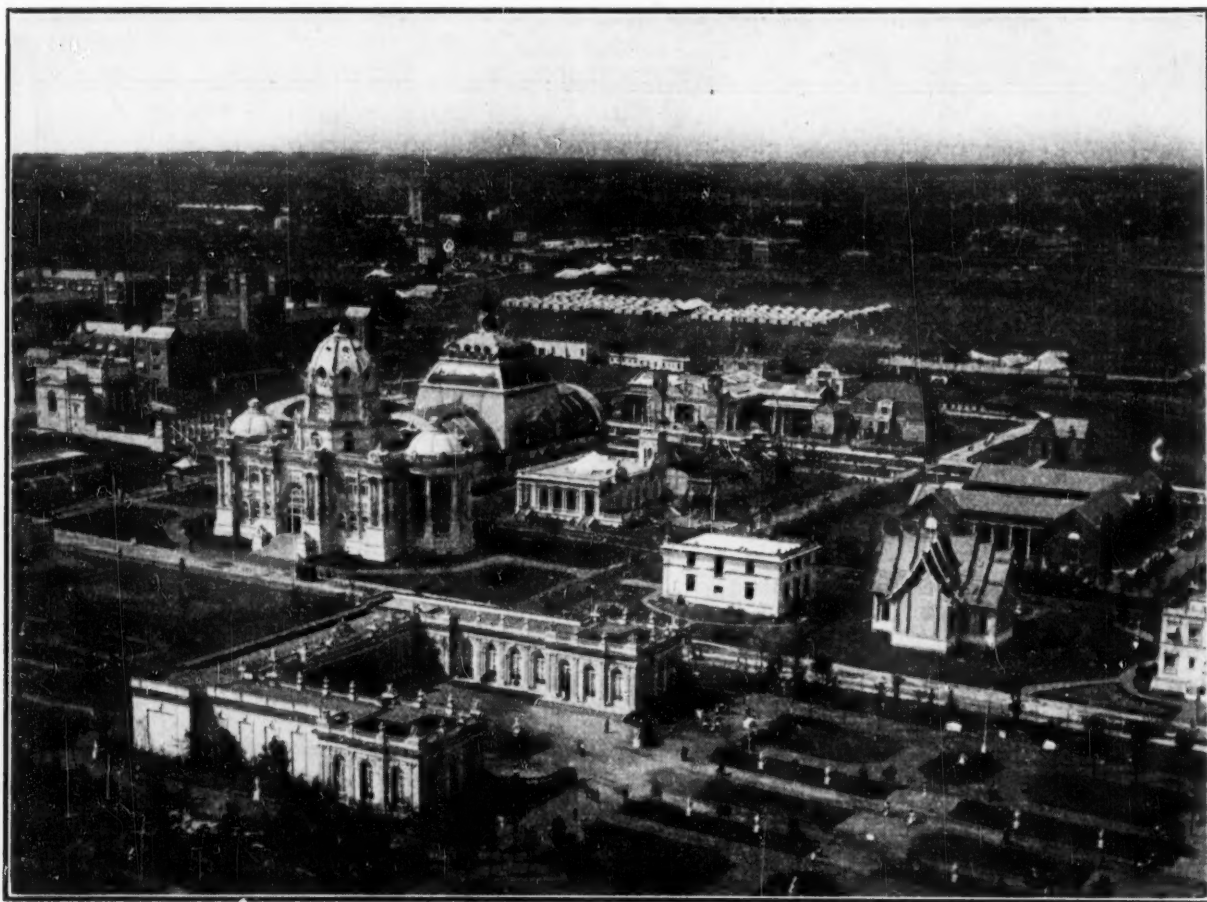
Still, an exhibition is an exhibition, a show is a show and the work of building and running and maintaining the big National Exhibition of Toronto must be, generally speaking, very much on a par with the same work in other big exhibitions the world over. The buildings may not have to be erected every year, but they have to be burnished up, decorated and made to look just a little different and more attractive than the year before; exhibits have to be got from all parts of the world and returned safely to exhibitors when the show is over; treaties have to be entered into with the side-show people; the “big attraction” arranged for and managed; all the thousands of details attended to that every exhibition calls for.

It is a fascinating work. “Once a showman always a showman;” the man who has once had to do with the or-

ganization of an exhibition is never happy until he can get to work on another one—although each show is more heartbreaking, exasperating, nerve-racking than the one before. Not one in a thousand of the thousands of visitors to an exhibition realizes what labor has gone to the planning and equipping of all those beautiful, white, wedding-cake-looking buildings; the difficulties there have been in dove-tailing its myriad details together; what rush and nervous

mony. But with most big exhibitions it is far otherwise. It is days—often weeks—after the public have been admitted, before the last man in overalls, the last pick-and-shovel and hammer and paint-brush men, the last showcase and decoration men have tidied up the shavings and gone away. And the public says: "Bad management." Why are exhibitions never finished in time?"

Let me tell the tale of an exhibition from the inside. It is not the tale of any



General view over French gardens and some of the buildings at the St. Louis World's Fair.

strain it has taken to get things somewhere near completion on the opening day.

For nearly always in exhibition work everything has to be done with a rush. Let the organizer plan as he may a thousand things conspire to hold his work back. Toronto, as I say, is in a class by itself; owing to its permanency it is relieved of many of the trials of a single season exhibition; and there, at any rate, things are usually completely finished in time for the opening cere-

particular show, but is made up from the histories of three or four. It is nevertheless, a true tale of an exhibition, and it might be the story of fifty. We will call it the Anglo-Canadian Exhibition and place it in London. But if it were called the Americo-Fijian and held in Pernambuco the story would be substantially the same.

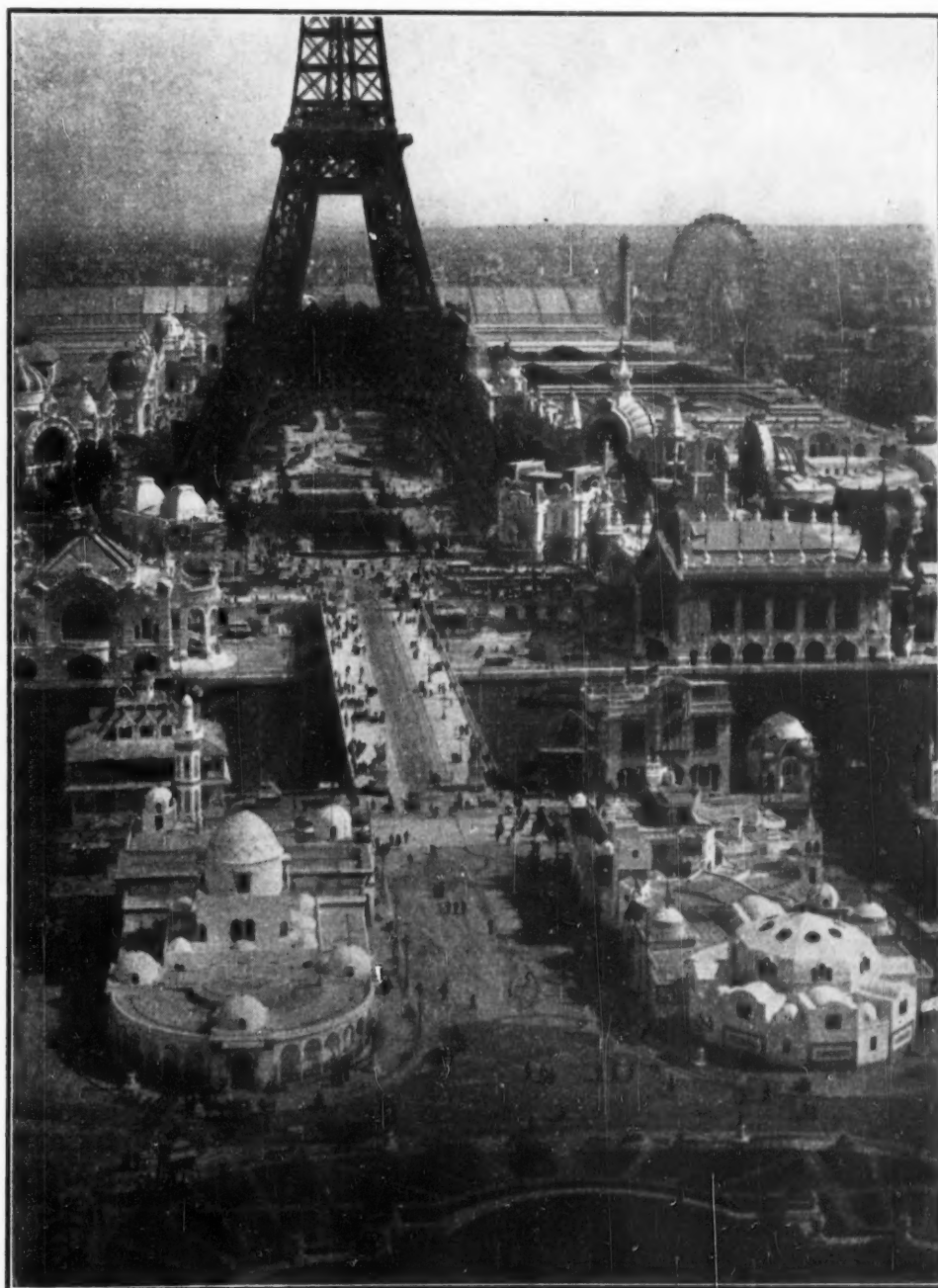
All the preliminaries it is unnecessary to consider. They go back four or five or even more years before the date suggested for the show itself. They in-



clude the raising of capital, negotiations with the government of the Dominion and those of the various provinces, interviews with foreign governments, long waits for parliamentary discussions and the passing of appropriations, the un-

ticipate," and a good long dazzling list of influential and titled patrons and supporters has been scratched together.

Then comes the opening of a banking account, the formation of a committee of management made up of prominent



The wonderful exhibition, the Champ de Mars, at Paris.

ravelling of miles of red tape. There have been preliminary prospectuses, proposed plans, letters and interviews and voyages innumerable, and at last Canada has consented to co-operate, various foreign countries have "desired to par-

Englishmen and Canadians, and all the ponderous machinery is arranged of an organization which will spend up to five or six million dollars. All these preliminaries may have taken anywhere from six months to six years to carry



Canada is usually well represented at all the leading expositions. This illustration shows the Canadian building at a British exhibition.

through. We will suppose that the exhibition has a clear two years' start in which to get ready for its five months of life—May to October.

#### WORK OF ORGANIZER.

Behind all the ponderous machinery of committees is the organizer—the man with the original idea—the showman who knows "what the public wants." Although the committee "approve" and countersign the cheques, on his shoulders falls the work.

He has had his eye on a suitable site for some time and he now sets to work to get it on reasonable terms. It is a hundred acres of erstwhile brickfield and market-garden in a nearer suburb. It is comparatively easily reached from all parts of London, and however hopeless a desert to the untrained eye, is a perfect canvas to the exhibition planner.

The organizer has his notion of what the exhibition should look like and in the days of promotion he has collected vast piles of rough sketches, half

thought out ideas and indecipherable hieroglyphs on bits of paper. On these were based his first rough estimates. He also has dream drawings of magnificent buildings and wonderful gardens made by an architect. On these was based some more accurate figuring. These dreams must now be made realities, and estimates final or definite.

The architect goes down and gazes at the mud of the brickfield and some of his young men drag chains and measuring rods all over it. The architect's tame landscape gardener comes, looks thoughtfully at the deserted brickkilns, sniffs dismally and scribbles plans on the back of an envelope. Photographs are taken.

Then the architect and the gardener and the organizer get together with all their notes and sketches before them and by degrees the exhibition takes form. The desolate 100 acres blossom into a paradise of architect's drawings. The first scale plan is made and is approved by committee. A matter of fact



list of specifications grows out of the confusion and is approved by committee. Nothing now remains but to build the exhibition.

In the intervals of conferring with the architect and modifying the expensive ideas of the landscape gardener, the organizer has been dickering with innumerable contractors. There is the contract for levelling the ground and carrying out the landscape gardener's plans; for the erecting the steel framework of the buildings; for concrete slab walls; for glass roofing; for all the "staff plaster" work which makes the buildings so wedding-cakey and beautiful; for laying gas, water and electricity supplies; for all the things, in fact, and one or two more, that would go to the building of an ordinary town.

Day after day the organizer keeps up a running fight, cutting prices here, demanding more for the money there, getting all that he can out of his contractors and seeing that no wily con-

tractor gets more than he should out of the exhibition. At last all the contracts are awarded and approved by committee and the organizer can draw his first breath of relief. At last the actual building can be begun.

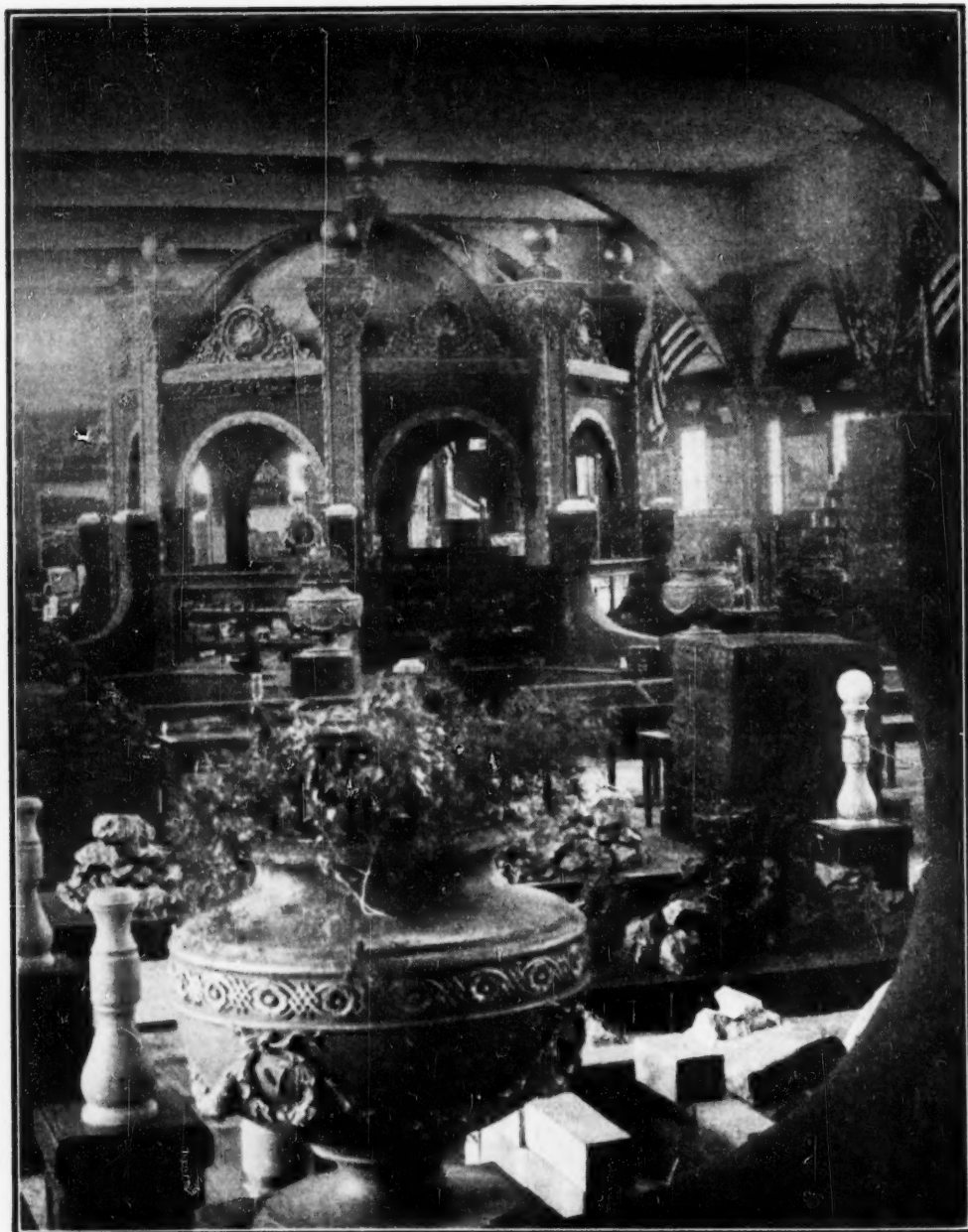
As the contracts are signed, the brickfield is invaded by gangs of men with picks and shovels and lumbering carts; little board shacks spring up here and there; the organizer has to drop everything about ten times a day and personally conduct titled patrons and eminent committeemen over the scene of operations. His chief clerk begins to have a lively time stalling off a growing crowd of foremen with complaints, applicants for jobs, inventors with suggestions, a thousand and one people sane, raving mad or merely idiotic all bent on seeing Mr.—.

#### ROUNDING INTO FORM.

Meanwhile time is slipping along. Getting the ground surveyed and the



An Indian palace at a big exposition, showing some of the unique features which characterize the various buildings.



Interior of one of the exhibits at Jamestown Exposition.

plans drawn and the contracts awarded and above all, endless committee meetings and conferences with eminent Canadian and English patrons has run away with nine months. Only fifteen months remain in which to build and equip forty acres of elaborate buildings and lay out sixty acres of gravel walk, flowerbed and grass plot. And that is only one corner of the work anyway. There are other things to be done.

Away back some time ago when the architect was getting his scale plans into shape the organizer set up two whole nights and wrote another prospectus. This set forth the advantages of ex-

hibiting goods in the exhibition. It estimated the hundreds of thousands of visitors that would flock to the late brickfield every day; it gave facts and figures about the buildings; the pith of it was the remark that the charge for space in such and such a building was \$—per square foot. Approved by the committee—Oh! that committee with its delays and impractical suggestions—it was printed and illustrated with architect's drawings and large plans of all the future buildings neatly ruled off in blocks of available stands.

Presently large bundles of this prospectus began to come in from the prin-



ter and the organizer had to get them distributed. He had to get out lists of every firm, English and Canadian, that might possibly be interested and see that a prospectus was sent to every one. He had to engage an army of persuasive canvassers and send them out to visit all these firms. He had to keep up a rapid fire of letters and cables with the Canadian agents and canvassers. All this he called "getting busy and selling space."

#### ACTUAL WORK PROGRESSES.

By the time the contractors have begun their contracting, but long before there is a sign of an actual building, he

begins to see results. On the wall in his office is pinned a large map which changes color by slow degrees. First, a little solitary 40x40 square scribbled in blue pencil appears in the blank thousands of square feet in the vast machinery hall; a little cluster of blue squares breaks the void of the Transportation building; there is a scattering of them in the Palace of Textiles. Exhibitors begin to take an active and noisy part in the Organizer's life. Letters arrive asking for information, rebates, reductions, free space; letters threatening withdrawal unless competing firms are kept out; letters asking whether 2x4 scantling may be used in stall construc-



The Festival Hall at the St. Louis World's Fair.

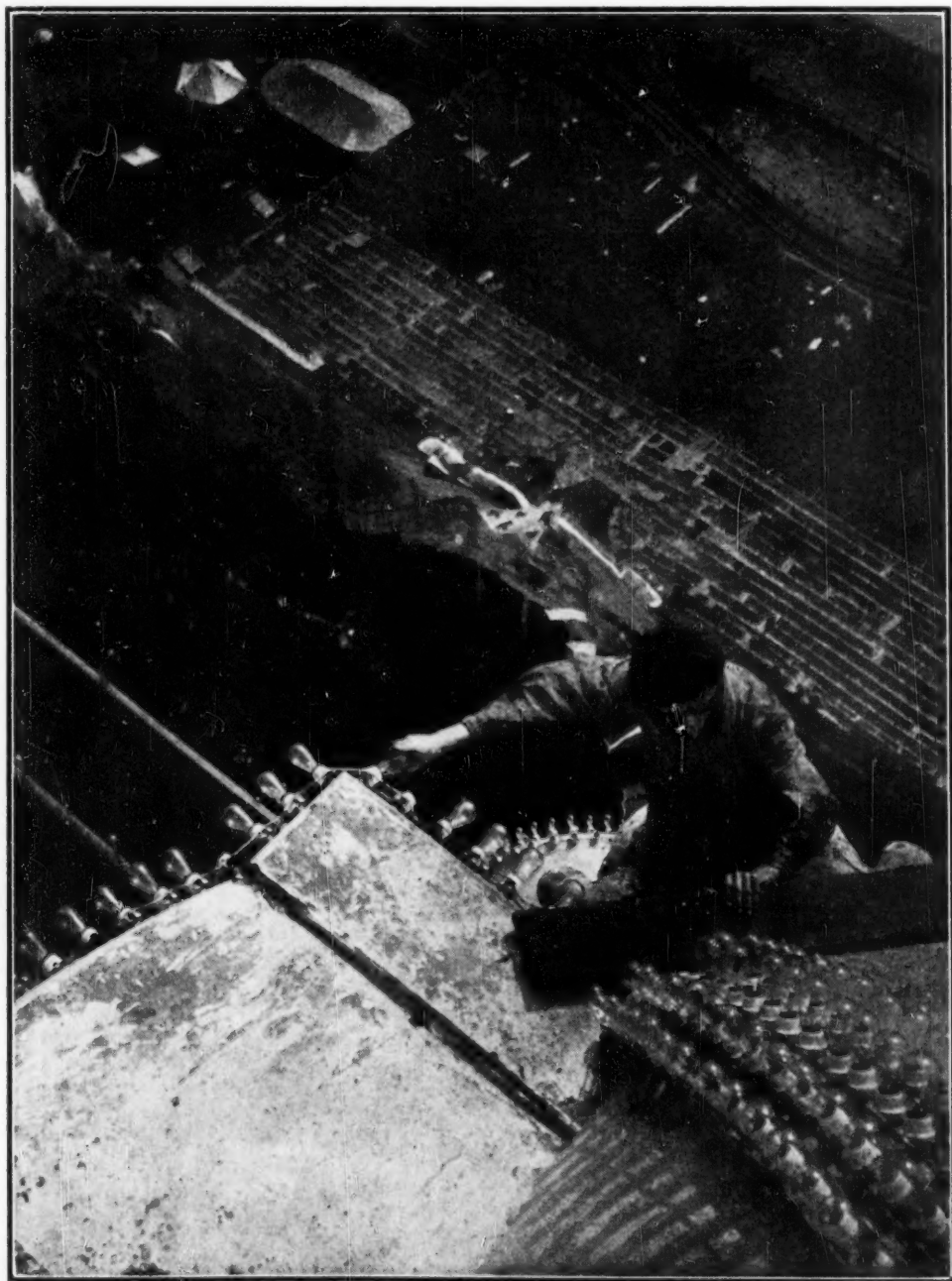
tion or must it be 4x2; letters pleading, threatening, furious, abusive, or merely silly. The Organizer's hair turns white visibly hour by hour—but space is being sold.

Out in the brickfield strange things have happened. Out of a welter of yellow clay and raw piles of material gaunt steel skeletons are arising and between and around them men wallow in the clay, flattening hills, raising artificial mountains, digging canals and lakes.

Some of the skeletons are already beginning to clothe their bones in a thin flesh of concrete slabs. The frameworks are becoming rough grey buildings, half way between barns and jails in appearance.

IS EVERYWHERE AT ONCE.

And the Organiser has to be everywhere at once. By degrees he has gathered round him quite a staff of assistants. The Exhibition has been divided to departments and over each is a



Installing the lights on the Exhibition buildings of a large World's Fair.





Important countries find it profitable to be represented at big exhibitions by separate buildings. The above is the Australian building at one of the recent exhibitions.

chief. There is one department to look after the buildings—at present, their erection, and later, their maintenance and management; there is a grounds department; departments for the various sections of exhibits—machinery, textiles, and so on; a department for issuing tickets and passes; and half a dozen other departments and sub-departments and divisions of departments with perhaps a couple of hundred chiefs and assistants and clerks to run them.

In Exhibitions—impermanent exhibitions at any rate—it is impossible to run departments like clockwork as one may in other businesses. Trained men familiar with the eccentricities of Exhibitions are rare, almost non-existent. There are a thousand things continually cropping up which leave the ordinary clerk, even the ordinary intelligent business organizer utterly at sea, gasping and bewildered.

So inside and outside and on top of every Department the Organiser must be. He has to keep them all whipped up to time, for he knows full well how in Exhibition work all calculations of time are upset. He has to be familiar with all the details of their work and know at every moment what stage their work has reached. He has to see that they all keep step and work in harmony. Every day each one of them has complaints for him to settle, puzzles for him to solve, unknown difficulties for him to help them over. He is the target for batteries of written memoranda; in and out of his office flows a continuous procession of people asking questions and demanding orders.

The Organiser has to be artist, showman, man of imaginative ideas and practical business man all at once. He has to keep all his attributes jumping fences together. Above all, he must justify his title.

Meanwhile two very important items have not yet been mentioned. These are the Press and the "Attractions." As the Organiser has said at half a dozen banquets, the object of the Exhibition is "to display side by side the products commercial, agricultural, artistic and industrial of the Mother Country and her Imperial Daughter and thereby to cement still more firmly the bonds of Empire which unite them" (loud and continuous cheering); but he knows full well that the cement would be a weak solution if it were not stiffened by "Attractions."

Away back a couple of years ago when he was planning the Exhibition proper he had one or two brain waves and he handed them on to engineers to work into practicable shape. There was the "Bobbly Bob," for instance, in which pleasure (?) seekers were to be bounced from one side of the Exhibition to the other in a ball of steel springs; there were the "Motor Roller Skates" which people were to hire at the Exhibition entrance and which would carry them round the grounds; there was the "French-Canadian Village" wherein habitants were to be shown "in their habit as they live, amidst all their quaint surroundings and with their old world manners and customs." (vide prospectus.)

And ever since the day the first preliminary paragraph announcing the Exhibition appeared in the papers the Organiser has been splashed, deluged and half drowned by the brainwaves of other people. Inventors in squadrons and platoons have descended upon him with ideas good, bad and more than indifferent. The air of his office has been perfumed with the cigars of regular showmen: fat men with fancy waistcoats; lean, lantern-jawed men who looked like undertakers but whose show was "one continuous scream of laughter;" Americans, Dutchmen, Frenchmen; owners of entirely novel optical illusions, engineers of Scenic railways, Princes of the Wiggle Woggle and the House of Wonders, Kings of the Dirig-

ible Balloon and Captive Aeroplane, Dukes of the Cinematograph; all the great hierarchy whose gospel is lispingsleary's watchword "the people must be amused."

So his Concessions Department is one of the most important. Foot by foot the ground set apart for the "Midway" has been sold to the sideshow people. Over every inch there has been a wrangle, for the Exhibition terms are high and the showman, above all other men, knows the exact value of a dollar. There are endless battles with inventors who wish the Exhibition to advance the capital to start their shows. But the attractions shape up nicely; good fat lumps of rent come plumping into the Exhibition treasury and there is prospect of further fat percentages on takings.

#### MUST HANDLE SKILLFULLY.

And the Press. From the very inception of the scheme the Press has been the vital necessity and the active nuisance of the Organiser's existence. He has had to court and make friends with the newspapers; half his own time and nearly all his secretary's has been taken up with getting and keeping publicity. But as time wears on and novelty wears off the task becomes bigger and bigger till at last a real live Press Department and a real live Press Representative become an absolute necessity.

So just before Christmas a Pressman comes and enters into hell where he will remain until next October. Next to the Organiser he is, perhaps, the most harried and hard-worked man in the show. These two men have to be all things to all men and, what is much more, they have to be genial and polite for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four.

In London there are about twelve leading dailies, half a dozen evening papers, and heaven knows how many weeklies, besides country and "Provincial" papers beyond number. Two or three times a week a "good story" must go to all of them. The Pressman must find material for the story—it may concern something really important and



imperial that has its roots or branches in the Exhibition, it may be merely a devastating "figure story" with lists of the number of thousands of tons of steel in the buildings, or the miles of gravel walks, or the thousands of pounds worth of exhibits. Whatever it is it must be made to "look like news" so that even the most suspicious papers may be inveigled into printing a bit of it at least. It is written amidst a thousand interruptions and multiplied by an unintelligent office-boy on an unwilling duplicator. Unless, as once happened, the boy gets his lists twisted and sends fifty copies of the same story to each of ten newspapers, it will go to five hundred Londons, Provincials, and special correspondents—and the pressman will weep tears of joy if half a dozen two inch paragraphs come back from the cutting agency as the result of all his labors. When a column of news, or a special article, or an illustrated magazine story appears the pressman celebrates by taking an extra three minutes leisure at lunch time. Body and soul he must devote himself to cultivating a constant crop of "publicity" which will keep the public eye fixed with hungry expectancy on the swiftly rising show.

And the visitors! Newspaper men are touchy and the gateman has orders to be lenient with all who profess and call themselves journalists even when their credentials are doubtful. The pressman's visitors are a motley throng. There are plenty of bona fide "special men" and reporters who will really do the Exhibition good and who are worth while spending perfectly good time upon. But there are many thousands of others on whom every minute spent is a minute wasted, and most of the time it is almost impossible to distinguish between them. The "Times" man who gets half an hour of respectful affability turns out to be not the London Times, but the Times of Little Puddlington, or the "Special London Representative" of the Times of Higgins' Landing, Sask., and the real object of his visit hinges on a Press season ticket and an invitation to the opening banquet.

There are seedy foreigners with creased and ancient identification cards who claim all the rights, privileges and advantages customarily granted to the press, on the strength of a monthly article to the *Revue Hebdomadaire de Poulet-sur-Marne*. There are the lady journalists of every variety who demand material for articles on "Canadian Cookery at the Exhibition," or "French Canadian Marriage Customs," or "Women at the Exhibition," or just in a large and airy way—"something *really important* for my column in the 'Hearth Darling's Weekly.' Please Mr. —."

Sandwiched between the real and near-newspaper people are hundreds of others whom the necessary leniency of the gateman admits. All the cranks and inventors who have failed to get at the "old man" drift, somehow, into the Press Department and pour their sorrows into the pressman's ear. The exhibitors spend most of their time visiting him and alternately imploring and truculently commanding him to get them publicity, to send out a "par" describing their transcendently interesting exhibit. The organizer and the committee—singly or in awful conclave—forever grumble and enquire why the papers aren't saying more about the show.

The pressman could write an epic of his portion of the show if he had time; he could stock forty novels with the extraordinary characters he meets and adventures he undergoes. But the average exhibition visitor if he has any suspicion that there is a press department at all, probably imagines that it has something to do with the clothing section.

And now a new class of workmen appear in the transformed brickfield. The torn and harried earth around the buildings becomes littered with wonderful snow-white sculptures, sections of twiddle towers, jiggery pokery mouldings and cornices, life size statues apparently of solid marble which are easily carried by two men.

Swarming on scaffolding and ladders are men busily clothing the naked concrete barns in this "marble" raiment. Section upon section of the "staff plaster" work is fitted together; artist workmen wallow in masses of creamy plaster; somewhat to everyone's surprise, except the organizer's, the place assumes a remote resemblance to the architect's dream drawings.

Still the Exhibition is far, far from being complete and there are now a bare four months to the opening date. What nightmares of delays there have been! The contractors of course, fore-swore themselves to a man and are all from six to eight weeks behind their schedules. That is not entirely their fault. There has been a strike of the whole 2,000 workmen; that hard frost hung everything up for two weeks; and that spell of rainy weather set things back even longer. All the side-show people kept backing and filling for months, hoping to get more favorable terms—and consequently the Mountain Railway, the Alaskan Village, the "Vibratee," the "Jiggle Juggle" and half a dozen other shows, each with at least three months of building in it, are not even started yet. Then the German Government changed its plans at the last minute so its building has had to wait until fresh designs could be prepared. The Liberian Government had an unexpectedly hard time getting their exhibition appropriation through the Legislature, so their building has been hung up. To cap everything the County Council Building Inspector man arrived last week in a bad temper, hopped like an agile chamois with an eagle eye from building to building and condemned about half of everything he saw—so most of the "Palaces of Arts and Commerce" are in course of partial demolition and rebuilding.

If the weather holds and there are no more delays we may possibly scrape through.

#### A PERFECT PANDEMONIUM.

The beginning of March finds the Administration Building a perfect pan-

demonium night and day. The offices are never closed; workmen are busy in the grounds all night long under flaring naphtha flames and crackling arcs. In the offices there is a continual clatter of typewriters and hum of tired, querulous voices. Angry exhibitors have begun to enliven the scene.

Months ago when the space was being booked the exhibitors were strictly enjoined to be on deck early in March. The inexperienced took the injunction literally and so did even those with experience which covered only ready-made, perennial exhibitions such as Toronto, where the buildings are built and things can move to the minute. So now the offices swarm with exhibitors and exhibitors' agents vainly trying to find their allotted positions in buildings that are still steel skeletons; trying to find their goods; trying to find someone with time, patience and ability to tell them something; trying to make head or tail of the chaos into which they have been plunged from the orderly quiet of their ordinary business lives.

With them arrive thousands of packing cases of every shape and size, but chiefly very large and difficult to handle. The exhibits for the huge Canadian half of the exhibition come flocking in from every part of the Dominion. Agricultural machinery, sheaves of grain, butter, apples, canoes, pulp and pulp wood, live bears and beaver—everything the country makes or produces. Nobody understands the marks on the cases and they get hopelessly mixed with other cases from Germany and Cambodia and Manchester and Peking and Peru, and exhibitors and special commissioners from all the towns and countries concerned wander hither and thither trying to sort things out and working themselves into a state of raving and righteous indignation.

#### TROUBLES NEVER CEASE.

This all sounds unnecessary and inexcusable enough, but there is really plenty of excuse for it. You must remember that there are some fifteen hun-



dred individual exhibitors to be looked after besides the Imperial and foreign governments who have sections and buildings of their own; there are, by now, anywhere from three to four thousand workmen on the ground, laborers, carpenters, standfitters, decorators, and so forth; exhibits worth from two to five million dollars have arrived from the four corners of the earth, or are expected to arrive, or to the intense anxiety of everyone concerned, have not arrived at all; and all these people and things have to be distributed and arranged in twenty different buildings which are in various stages of completion.

But by degrees things straighten themselves out. Some of the most important buildings are rushed to completion; the mountains of packing cases that have been piled under every roof that was watertight find their way to their allotted stations, and the hammer of the standfitter is heard in the land. In April some of the exhibits are actually in place, some of the sideshows are ready to undergo the County Council tests for safety. Gravel walks are smoothing over the chaotic ruts; flower beds are appearing; sailors climb among the roof girders with festoons of colored cotton; and although two or three buildings at the far end of the grounds are still in the skeleton stage and on others the plaster work is hardly half done; although you cannot move anywhere without becoming involved in wet paint and unhardened concrete, there is a general atmosphere of "settling down." There is noticeably less confusion and more hope of final order.

#### THE CLOSING PREPARATIONS.

The memory of the final month of preparation is a welter of detached incidents each of enormous and overwhelming importance at the moment and totally forgotten the moment after. There was the giant log of redwood from British Columbia, for instance. After breaking down innumerable wagons on the way from the docks and blocking half the principal thoroughfares of London, it finally stuck in the

mud at a strategic point in the grounds and for three days denied all access to two of the most important buildings till it could be jacked up and rolled out of the way. There were the hundred and eighty-two cases shipped by the Ontario Government which were collected, after five days' hard detective work, from exactly one hundred and eighty-two different parts of the exhibition. There was the erring clerk who sent out five thousand workmen's entrance vouchers instead of five thousand invitations to the opening ceremony.

A week before the opening. All work on outlying unfinished portions of the show is dropped. Everything is concentrated on the main centres and the route mapped out for the Royal Prince and the Premier of Canada who, after declaring the exhibition open, are to make a tour of the grounds in company with the galaxy of distinguished patrons. Scaffoldings are hurriedly taken down and stowed away out of sight. Bits of scenery are painted and stretched across unsightly corners. The exhibitors are exhorted to redoubled energy in getting their stands completed and their exhibits arranged. No one eats or sleeps or laughs or has any regular hours. By the morning of the great day it is possible to believe—as long as you don't go too far or pry into obscure corners—that the exhibition is finished.

For another month there will be the same story of rush, emergency and hard work—on a smaller and gradually lessening scale, perhaps, but now complicated by the presence each day of from one to five hundred thousand members of the public who have to be kept, almost by force, from getting under falling beams, sitting on wet paint, violating corners plainly marked "private."

But on the first of May the organizer can feel that at last his years of hard labor have found their reward. He has banqueted with and been toasted by a prince and premier; he has been complimented on the magnificent transformation of the brickfield. At last he can listen to the merry music of the clicking turnstiles—each click another shilling to the exhibition's bank account.

# In Such a Night

By Atkinson Kimball

AS SOON as Ann Torrance finished supper, she went out on the piazza to wait for Graham Ewarts. He never came before eight o'clock, but she liked to sit ready to receive him and anticipate his coming. Across the intervening lawn with its plummy boundary line of shrubs, Ann could hear the gay sound of Alice Cantor's little court, that, during the long, soft summer evenings, lounging on the steps or swaying in the hammocks, paid her the informal homage masculine youth delights to render to girlhood and beauty. Alice Cantor's young men always came before eight o'clock, sometimes before eight in the morning; and they usually left *en masse* at an hour when the joyous noise of their departure awoke the sleeping silence of the wide, elm-shaded street.

Ann Torrance did not envy Alice Cantor her little court. Her own girlhood, at thirty-three, was past, and her beauty was no more than a fresh wholesomeness; but as eight o'clock drew near, with a foreboding only a woman can feel, she began to listen for a certain voice to float to her in laughter from the neighboring piazza. The strength of her desire not to have it so made her clairvoyant that Ewarts was lounging with the others at Alice Cantor's feet; but it was not until the twilight had brightened into moonlight that she caught, amid the young bass growls and tenor peals, the note of Ewart's seasoned baritone.

The established custom of Ewart's friendly calls was the most precious thing in Ann's life. He had got into the habit of calling some five years before, when, as junior partner of the law firm with which Ann's aunt had shared her legal worries, the diplomatic bur-

den of soothing the irritable and nervous old lady had fallen to his lot. After the death of Ann's aunt, who had had the satisfaction during her lifetime of knowing that Ann was earning the money she intended to leave her, Ewarts had not intermitted his calls until lately, when he had begun to share with Alice Cantor the evenings dedicated to Ann.

At nine o'clock Ann got up from her chair and entered the house. She had decided to go to bed. She went through the hall to the kitchen to tell Katie to be sure to lock up. There was no light in the kitchen, but there was a smell of perfume and cloves in the warm darkness. On the kitchen porch, Ann saw two figures sitting close together on the top step. Katie's happy Irish face was etherealized by the moonlight. The young man beside her put his arm around her and drew her face against his. Ann tiptoed back through the dim hall and sat down on the piazza again.

Over on the grass and about the trunks of the elms floated a diaphanous mist. The flowers in the border at either side of the walk leading to the gate looked taller than they did in daylight; panicles of blossoms among their green leaves showed as masses of faint color and gray shadow, as if carved out of some ineffable marble. In a shrub on the lawn, a song-sparrow, dreaming of love, softly trilled an unfinished cadenza. The whole earth, in such a night as this, knew what Ann Torrance had never known. In such a night as this, it seemed to Ann that her life was summed up in one fact; Graham Ewarts would never love her.

It was after ten when Katie's young man left and Katie came to the front door to bid her mistress goodnight.



Still Ann waited. Ewarts might drop in for a moment; and she waited and listened with an ever-increasing desire, ashamed of its intensity, and shameless because of it.

She was not jealous, she told herself. She had no right to that bitter ecstasy; she would have welcomed its pangs if she could have possessed their sweet justification. But she had nothing: no treasure of memory, even; no word or look of love; no rare, free moment of self-betrayal.

Over at Alice Cantor's, a quartet of fresh voices were declaring, to the accompaniment of a banjo, that they were seeing Nellie home, as fresh young voices have declared on summer nights for generations. The singers apparently had no immediate intention of extending the like courtesy to any one else. And then the gate clicked, and Graham Ewarts came up the walk and up the steps. Ann's light dress showed him where she sat in the shadow of the vine-hung piazza.

"Is that you, Ann?" He refused the chair she pushed forward toward him, and sat down on the top step, with his back against one of the tapering white columns that supported the piazza and gave a Southern graciousness to its New England stability. "What a night, what a night!" he exclaimed, looking at the round, high-riding moon.

His face and figure were bathed in the light. Ann from her dark vantage-ground searched his face. He looked excited, expectant. She saw that he had something to tell her, but she made no attempt to hasten his confidence. She never hastened his confidences; and he sometimes delayed telling them for the pleasure of feeling that she was waiting on his good time, ready with her interest, her sympathy, her appreciation, even her condonation, if he should call for that.

After a moment he said, "Do you know, Ann, I've begun to realize that I'm getting on in years?"

"It's a habit we all form sooner or later," Ann said.

"Yes, and it's a good habit, if you can get some one else to form it with you. It's growing old alone that's per-

nicious." He drew his long legs up on the top step and clasped his hands about his knees. "There have been times during the last few months in the evenings, after I've been here, say, and gone back to my rooms, when I've been so confounded homesick for something or other—I didn't know what—that if I'd been a woman, I'd have cried. The fact is, Ann, a man of my age finds out that life is pretty empty if he isn't married. Just as a young girl falls in love with love, a middle-aged bachelor falls in love with marriage. Now, what do you suppose I've thought of doing?"

It was significant of their relation that Ann was the only woman to whom he ever vouchsafed personal revelations. Nature had bestowed on him an inscrutable exterior; and, more or less consciously, he had adopted a manner to correspond—a species of protective coloration not uncommon. He was tall, thin, slow of motion; his dark blue eyes had a weary expression; and his face, with its lean, square jaw and high-bridged nose, was impassive. He wore a drooping, light mustache, and looked altogether like an American girl's ideal of an Englishman. He bore the reputation of an engaging cynicism; in reality, he was shy, conscientious, and rather romantic.

Ann made no reply to his question. She could not have told whether wild hope or certain fear tied her tongue. Ewarts smiled and looked toward her, but, not being able to make out her expression in the shadow, he transferred his smile to the bright obscure of the sky.

"I am going to ask Alice Cantor to be my wife."

Ann moved her chair farther into the shadow. "She is very attractive," she said.

"The queer thing is that I didn't discover how attractive she is until a few weeks ago. One night I had been calling here, and Alice's kindergarten had just left, and she was leaning on the gate as I passed. I stopped to speak to her, and, somehow, I stopped a good while. She asked me to call, and the next time I was coming here, I went in

there for a minute or two. After that, I kept going; and to-night, all of a sudden, it flashed over me that I must be in love with her." He gave a conscious laugh. "I know a man sounds like a conceited ass when he announces that he is going to ask a woman to marry him. But it's the only way he can find out whether she cares. Even if she refuses him at first, his question has given her a push in the right direction. A man doesn't expect a woman to begin by caring for him as much as he cares for her." He paused and looked again toward his companion. "Why don't you encourage me, Ann? I came to you for encouragement."

"Alice Cantor will not refuse you," Ann said.

Ewarts laughed. "Your words would flatter me if your tone didn't seem to sound my doom. Don't you approve of Alice Cantor, Ann?"

"I don't know her well. She is much younger than I am. She is very beautiful. She will make you a charming wife."

"You'll have us married before I propose, so I guess I'd better carry out my intention." From trying to discern Ann's face, he turned again to the moonlit sky. "I'm going back to Alice Cantor's to-night. When I hear the kindergarten leave, I'm going back and ask her to marry me. A man of my age must act when the spirit moves him or he'll never act."

As if his words had been a cue in their little drama, the young voices across the lawn broke into a chorus of farewells.

"They're going," Ann said. "You must go," and she added slowly, "You will never be here like this again."

Ewarts looked toward her with a puzzled frown. "Granting your prophecy comes true, of course I shall be here just as much as ever."

"You must go," Ann said. "You'll be too late."

"There's no hurry. The chap with the banjo has taken to staying after the others. Listen."

Some one on the piazza next door struck desultory chords on a banjo in fragmentary accompaniment to the

singing that swelled in volume as the singers passed Ann's gate; then grew faint, sweeter, fainter, sank to silence.

"See here, Ann," Ewarts began, "are you trying to tell me that our friendship must cease if I get married?"

"I am trying to tell you that it *will* cease. It is inevitable. You've come here because you were lonely. Well, you'll be lonely no longer. You'll have a home of your own, a wife of your own, children of your own. You'll never again feel that life is empty. Affectionate human contacts will wrap you in a warm garment. Your heart will become a storehouse of tender memories."

Ewarts stared thoughtfully at the moon. An early cricket, first, far harbinging of fall, shrilled with sad, cheery insistence under a stone in the walk between the flowers. With the air of having made a psychological discovery, Ewarts said, "You're lonely yourself, Ann. I never thought you might be lonely."

"I miss my aunt," Ann said. "She was all I had."

Neither spoke again for some moments. The moon, the luminary of lovers since the world began, flooded the garden with its mysterious radiance. Ann's eyes, resting on Ewarts' face, were full of the love of which he must never know. The prohibition and finality of this thought oppressed her heart like a physical weight.

"Graham," she began abruptly, "I want to tell you something." Her customarily quiet voice was rough and vibrant, so that Ewarts half rose as if to go to her. "Please stay where you are," she went on. "I want to see your face as I talk. No, don't look at me."

"I can't see you if I do," he said.

"I know, but don't do it. I couldn't tell you if you could see me. I never expected to tell you; but, suddenly, as we sat here waiting for Alice Cantor to be alone, it seemed as though I must tell you, that I could tell you at this one moment in my whole life. Before you sleep to-night, Alice Cantor will have promised to be your wife; but for this one moment you are free."

"That's a formidable beginning," Ewarts said, trying to speak lightly.



"What makes you so sure about Miss Cantor?"

"I know it, I feel it. No woman could refuse you!" Ann ended passionately.

A deep, painful blush swept up over Ewarts's face.

"Oh, I know I embarrass you. I put you in an impossible position. Forgive me. You'll think I'm crazy, and I suppose I am. I make you unhappy, and I gain nothing for myself. It's just because I can gain nothing, because I can hope for nothing, that I can speak. Tonight, as I sat here waiting for you, wondering whether you'd come, knowing where you were, the emptiness of my life seemed more than I could bear. I suppose I felt what people feel when they say they have never lived. If only for an instant, I wanted to free my heart. And so, when you said you were going to ask Alice Cantor to marry you, I saw my one chance—not my chance to receive, but my chance to give." She broke off with a little laugh that was half sob. "To give where my gift isn't wanted. The only tender memory in my heart will be that once, face to face, I told you that I loved you."

Ewarts, after the first shock of Ann's self-betrayal, had sat staring out across the lawn, listening to her with a concentration that seemed to leave no room for personal embarrassment. Now, as she passed, he opened his lips to speak, but closed them without speaking.

"No, don't say anything," Ann said. "There isn't anything you can say. All you can do is listen." Her voice faltered; but as she went on it became grim again, full of tender cadences that were a rich confirmation of her words. "I've loved you ever since I knew you. I don't believe there's been a waking hour of my life that I haven't thought of you. Everything I did, I mentally referred to you. I wanted to share with you every experience."

Ewarts turned toward his companion, throwing out his hands in an eager, affirmative gesture.

"Yes, I know," Ann interpreted, before he could speak, "you came to me with everything, too; our friendship

was so perfect. But what I've felt for you hasn't been friendship, however perfect."

From Alice Cantor's, a banjo tinkled as if hastily caught up. Ann rose and moved swiftly toward the front door; but Ewarts, springing up, barred her entrance.

"You're not going in?" he entreated. "Ann, you mustn't leave me like this. You must listen to me; you must let me explain."

"There isn't anything to explain. Oh, Graham, don't say anything! Don't you see that it was because you *couldn't* say anything that I *could*?"

For answer, Ewarts stepped from the doorway, and drew her close within his arms. "If you won't let me tell you I love you, you've got to feel I do," he said almost fiercely.

She made no attempt to free herself; but he felt her shrink and stiffen. "Let me go!" she whispered. "You humiliate me. You cover me with shame. You mean to be kind, I know," she ended piteously.

Ewarts stepped back to the doorway. The sound of a banjo, softly struck, swelled in volume as the player passed the gate; then grew fainter, sweeter, fainter, sank to silence.

"You must go; he has gone," Ann said.

"I'm never going. Don't you understand, Ann, that I was in love with *you* all the time, and didn't know it? That I was lonely for *you*? I thought I was in love with Alice Cantor because I really was in love with you. My love was like a stream diverted from its channel. I got into the habit of going to see her, because I was so forlorn when I left you. The young crowd I met there amused me and made me feel more cheerful, so at last I decided I must be in love with Alice. And then the night played its part—a fellow vaguely feels that love and moonlight harmonize. Any way," he concluded abruptly, conscious that the analysis of his emotion was not convincing logic, "I know now that I love you, and have loved you ever since I knew you."

Mechanically Ann reiterated, "You must go."

Ewarts took her by the hand and led her out into the moonlight at the edge of the piazza. "Look at me, Ann. Can't you see that I love you?"

Ann stood before him, her brown head lowered, her free hand covering her eyes.

"Look at me, Ann."

She dropped her hand, lifted her head, and looked up into his face. It was as if she were gazing in a mirror at her own face; she saw in his the same transfiguration she knew was in her own.

"You must go," she said, smiling tremulously, and placing her hand

against his breast as if to push him from her. In an instant, transformed by that glance of mutual surrender, she had become a different woman from the one who had confessed a hopeless love. To Ewart's sense, she had veiled herself again in feminine reserves as delicate as the mist that floated about the trunks of the elms. She had put on the charming incomprehensibility of the woman who is loved; she had become a creature eternally to be wooed, although forever won.

In a shrub on the lawn, a song-sparrow, dreaming of love, trilled an unfinished cadenza; the moon, small, round, lustrous, swung through the high heavens.

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## THE "OH, WHAT IS THE USE?" PHILOSOPHY

Tens of thousands of people are held down by the "what is the use?" philosophy. Everywhere we hear them saying, "Well, I had money, but I lost it in speculation," or in some foolish venture, and they do not believe they will ever get on their feet again. They are always talking about their misfortunes, rehearsing their losses and unfortunate experiences.

No will power is strong enough to rise out of such mental gloom without a change of the attitude of mind, without a change of thought. There must be a complete turning about and facing towards the light.

If there is no uplook in the life, how can a man expect to climb? How can he expect to get up when he is always looking down?

Suppose Theodore Roosevelt had said to himself when a youth: "It is no use for me to try to do anything very great. I have a delicate constitution. I am not a genius. I have money enough to live easily. What is the use of my making a great effort?" What would he have amounted to?

But no, he set his face towards a great career without knowing just how it was coming about. He prepared himself for something grand and large; and he did everything he undertook so well, with so much energy and determination, that it opened the door to a larger thing.



# The Hurry Habit Spoils Life

RUINED CAREERS, DESTROYED HAPPINESS AND WASTED ENERGY  
THE TOLL OF MAD RUSH WHICH IS CHARACTERISTIC OF THE AGE

By Dr. Orison Swett Marden

Vital problems only are being treated by Dr. Marden in his series of articles running in this magazine. The secrets of success are being revealed, the means of achievement analyzed. One of the greatest hindrances to getting on in the world is the feverish haste to get results, the disposition to hurry, the chafing at waiting for growth. The manner in which this "hurry habit" spoils life, ruins careers, destroys happiness, wastes energy, is set forth in this article.

THE hurry of this age ruins more careers, destroys more happiness, wastes more energy and time, and mars life more than almost anything else.

Everybody is in a hurry. Our children are hurried through childhood, rushed through their studies. Their knowledge is jumbled, their minds confused, everything in their development is forced and unnatural. The youth cannot wait to get his education or proper training for his career. He must rush into business or a profession half prepared. He wants to rear his superstructure before he has laid his foundation stones, and, the result is disappointment, failure. The client must pay for the half-educated lawyer's blunders and inexperience; the patient for the physician's superficial knowledge. Precious lives are sacrificed to the lack of training and a good medical foundation.

A great many young men are like the child which pulls up every few days the bulb or the seed which it has planted to see how it is getting along. They cannot bear to give time enough for their efforts to take root. They are impatient of results. Everything is touched with the fever of hurry; the throttle valve is thrown wide open, everything must be run at top speed.

There is no more time for accommodation trains, and we find even our expresses are too slow. We must have the lightning express, the twentieth century limited.

Most ambitious people seem to think that they *must* hurry, that they will gain so much if they do, but the hurried brain is always a superficial, inefficient brain. I have never known a man, who was always in a hurry, to do good work. The faculties do not give up their best when hurried, forced. The man who tries to hurry up his mental processes does so at the expense of power. How often authors spoil their books by trying to rush them! Many an artist spoils his picture, because he is in such a hurry to get the money for it! Art is too shy and coy a maiden to be won in haste.

"Ruined by haste" would make a good epitaph for the tombstones of many a man's aspirations and ambitions.

The hurrier always wastes his energy and slights his work no matter how good his intentions. Hurry is a fatal enemy of efficiency, quality. "When hurry comes, growth goes." There is no poise of mind, no balance of character in the man who is always hurrying.

With many people the hurry habit has become almost a disease. We get so accustomed to the rapid pace that we cannot slow down even when we are not in a hurry. Our movements, habits, manners give us the appearance of always being in a rush, and we hurry even when we play. Hurrying and driving has become such a disease with our men, especially in large cities, that even when they are away on their vacations, we see them hurrying about as though something very important were waiting for their attention.

It is not so much because it is important or necessary that men rush and drive so all the time as from force of habit. The same amount of work can be accomplished and in as good time, if a person works coolly, collectedly, and without undue haste and agitation, but the hurry habit is so fixed in most men that they do not know how to take it easy. They cannot shut off their power; they do not know how to slow down.

It is interesting to watch these habitual hurriers as they go about the city. They rush for the street car, run to the ferry boats, even when they know perfectly well that they have plenty of time, simply from force of habit.

There is nothing more difficult to cure than the hurry habit. I know a victim of it who lives in the country, a mile from a station, and frequently walks to the train in the morning. He tells me that he sometimes starts fifteen or twenty minutes earlier than is necessary, in order to enjoy a wonderful bit of scenery on the way through a piece of romantic, wooded park, but his habit of hurrying in everything he does is such that he often finds himself rushing through this park and spending all the extra time he planned for his enjoyment, sitting in the dingy railroad station.

He says that for forty years he hurried and drove himself so that now, when he does not need to exert himself he cannot slow down.

He travels a great deal abroad, and although he tries to take things leisurely, carefully to examine works of art, and to drink in the beauty of the scenery, he is constantly detecting him-

self hurrying through the art galleries and taking only a hasty glance at paintings that are priceless, simply because there seems to be something within him prodding him and hurrying him up.

It is positively painful to some people to do anything deliberately. Their brain, their nervous system, their muscles have become so accustomed to hurrying that it is easier to keep going than to stop, even when there is nothing to be gained by it.

I know a New Yorker who has become such a victim of this hurry habit that when you meet him on the street or in a restaurant, or on a train, he has that same nervous movement. His muscles are uneasy, his eye restless. He gives you the impression that he is hurrying up for some appointment or a train.

Most people railroad themselves through life. To live in this way is like going through wonderful scenery in an automobile at full speed or in an express train where only a glimpse may be caught here and there of the marvellous beauties of nature.

I have seen people "doing Europe" with the same rush and go with which they would attend to their business. Men will go past such marvellous pictures as the Madonna of Raphael, in the Dresden Gallery, glancing at it superficially and "doing" perhaps a dozen pictures in five minutes. These express train people get very little out of life. They never stop long enough to enjoy anything.

When we are in a great rush to catch a train or to keep an appointment, we cannot enjoy anything on the way; the mind is so preoccupied that we cannot get the attention of our æsthetic, our appreciative faculties. Victims of the hurry habit little realize that they are losing a great many of the best things in life.

The majority of people do not know what nature really means; they have no idea of the marvellous beauties that exist in every growing object. How few people ever see the glory in the clouds, in a sunset!

How many people do you know that have time to enjoy life? Do not most of



the people we meet act as though they were always late for a train? Stop a business man on the street for five minutes and the chances are he will take out his watch two or three times to remind you that he must hurry along. There are many people who are always in such a hurry, that they never have time even to give a decent salutation on the street, or stop to say a friendly word. "How do" is about all you hear as they rush by.

How many of us really enjoy our friends? Many of us lose good friends from a lack of time to see them, really to enjoy them.

Very few business men take time to enjoy their meals. They bolt their foods, get dyspepsia, and have to drug themselves to counteract the bad effects of haste.

One of the worst phases of the hurry habit is the effect it has upon the nervous system. It is absolutely abnormal. The brain and the nerves were not intended to stand such a strain, and they often give out. The result is that many of us are nervous wrecks in middle life.

I know of a man who had this chronic hurry-up habit, who was reprimanded by a friend until he began to

think the matter over. He decided that he had made a fool of himself, and that he would try just to be natural, and not to hurry unless for something very urgent. He made up his mind not to run for trains or ferry boats, but to appear more complacent, and not as though everything depended upon his getting to a particular place at just such a time. He was surprised to see what a change this wrought in him. He found he could get around on time just as well, and could do his work much more easily, and that it was not necessary for him to go about town with his watch in his hand, always on the jump. He takes his time and he finds that his health is much better, that he is not so nervous.

If you wish to break the hurry habit, which enslaves you, you will find great relief by moving more slowly physically. If you hurry about your mind will also feel hurried. People who are always rushing have no composure. They excite their minds and lack poise. If they will only learn to go a little slowly, to do things with greater deliberation, they will gradually learn to conserve their mental processes and thus prevent a tremendous waste of mental energy and vitality.

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## LIKE ATTRACTS LIKE

By what law or philosophy can a man who has failure written all over him, in his manner and attitude, expect to succeed?

A man must think he is going to be a success before he possibly can be. He must believe he is going to be prosperous before he can attract prosperity.

It is not what we would like to become or wish we could become, but what we really believe we can and will become that counts.

It is not difficult for the world to tell which way we are going, because everything about us points in some direction or other. We are all covered with sign-boards, each one pointing in a certain direction. We are tagged so plainly that the world can read our destination, which is written in our very convictions, our confidence or lack of it. People know whether our life is running parallel with our desires or in the opposite direction; whether we are praying and working for one thing and really expecting something else.

## The Smoke Bellew Series

TALE TEN: In which Smoke Bellew and Others figure  
in a remarkable "Flutter in Eggs"

By Jack London

It was in the A. C. Company's big store at Dawson, on a morning of crisp frost, that Lucille Arral beckoned Smoke Bellew over to the drygoods counter. The clerk had gone on an expedition into the store-rooms, and, despite the huge, red-hot stoves, Lucille had drawn on her mittens again.

Smoke obeyed her call with alacrity. The man did not exist in Dawson who would not have been flattered by the notice of Lucille Arral, the singing sou-brette of the tiny stock company that performed nightly at the Palace Opera House.

"Things are dead," she complained, with pretty petulance, as soon as they had shaken hands. "There hasn't been a stampede for a week. That masked ball Skiff Mitchell was going to give has been postponed. There's no dust in circulation. There's always standing room now at the Opera House. And there hasn't been a mail from the outside for two whole weeks. In short, this burg has crawled into its cave and gone to sleep. We've got to do something. It needs livening, and you and I can do it. We can give it excitement if anybody can. I've broken with Wild Water, you know."

Smoke caught two almost simultaneous visions. One was of Joy Gastell, the other was of himself, in the midst of a bleak snow-stretch, under a cold Arctic moon, being pot-shotted with accuracy and despatch by the aforesaid Wild Water. Smoke's reluctance at

raising excitement with the aid of Lucille Arral was too patent for her to miss.

"I'm not thinking what you're thinking at all, thank you," she chided, with a laugh and a pout. "When I throw myself at your head you'll have to have more eyes and better ones than you have now to see me."

"Men have died of heart disease at the sudden announcement of good fortune," he murmured in the unveracious gladness of relief.

"Liar," she retorted graciously. "You were more scared to death than anything else. Now take it from me, Mr. Smoke Bellew, I'm not going to make love to you, and if you dare to make love to me Wild Water will take care of your case. You know *him*. Besides, I . . . I haven't really broken with him."

"Go on with your puzzles," he jeered. "Maybe I can start guessing what you're driving at after a while."

"There's no guessing, Smoke. I'll give it to you straight. Wild Water thinks I've broken with him, don't you see?"

"Well, have you, or haven't you?"

"I haven't—there! But it's between you and me in confidence. He thinks I have. I made a noise like breaking with him, and he deserved it, too."

"Where do I come in? Stalking horse or fall-guy?"

"Neither. You make a pot of money, we put across the laugh on Wild



Water and cheer Dawson up, and, best of all and the reason for it all, he gets disciplined. He needs it. He's . . . well, the best way to put it is, he's too

prettiest little woman in Alaska," Smoke interpolated.

"Yes, and because of that, too, thank you, is no reason for him to get riotous.



LUCILLE ARRAL.

turbulent. Just because he's a big husky, because he owns more rich claims than he can keep count of—"

"And because he's engaged to the

He broke out last night again. Sowed the floor of the M. & M. with gold dust. All of a thousand dollars. Just opened his poke and scattered it under the feet

of the dancers. You've heard of it, of course."

"Yes; this morning. I'd like to be the sweeper in that establishment. But still I don't get you. Where do I come in?"

"Listen. He was too turbulent. I broke our engagement, and he's going around making a noise like a broken heart. Now we come to it. I like eggs."

"They're off!" Smoke cried in despair. "Which way? Which way?"

"Wait."

"But what have eggs and appetite got to do with it?" he demanded.

"Everything, if you'll only listen."

"Listening, listening," he chanted.

"Then for heaven's sake listen. I like eggs. He knows it. There's only a limited supply of eggs in Dawson."

"Sure. I know that too. Slavovitch's restaurant has most of them. Ham-and-one egg, three dollars. Ham-and-two eggs, five dollars. That means two dollars an egg, retail. And only the swells and the Arrals and the Wild Waters can afford them."

"He likes eggs, too," she continued. "But that's not the point. I like them. I have breakfast every morning at eleven o'clock at Slavovitch's. I invariably eat two eggs." She paused impressively. "Suppose, just suppose, somebody corners eggs."

She waited, and Smoke regarded her with admiring eyes, while in his heart he backed with approval Wild Waters choice of her.

"You're not following," she said.

"Go on," he replied. "I give up. What's the answer?"

"Stupid! You know Wild Water. He's like his name, as impetuous and turbulent as a mountain stream. When he sees I'm languishing for eggs—and I know his mind like a book, and I know how to languish—what will he do?"

"You answer it. Go on."

"Why, he'll just start stampeding for the man that's got the corner in eggs. He'll buy that corner, no matter what it costs. Picture: I come into Slavo-

vitch's at eleven o'clock. Wild Water will be at the next table. He'll make it his business to be there. 'Two eggs, shirred,' I'll say to the waiter. 'Sorry, Miss Arral,' the waiter will say; 'they ain't no more eggs.' Then up speaks Wild Water, in that big bear voice of his: 'Waiter, six eggs, soft boiled.' And the waiter says 'Yes, sir,' and the eggs are brought. Picture: Wild Water looks sideways at me, and I look like a particularly indignant icicle and summon the waiter. 'Sorry, Miss Arral,' he says, 'but them eggs is Mr. Wild Water's. You see, Miss, he owns 'em.' Picture: Wild Water, triumphant, doing his best to look unconscious while he eats his six eggs."

"Another picture: Slavovitch himself bringing two shirred eggs to me and saying, 'Compliments of Mr. Wild Water, Miss.' What can I do? What can I possibly do but smile at Wild Water, and then we make up, of course, and he'll consider it cheap if he has been compelled to pay ten dollars for each and every egg in the corner."

"Go on, go on," Smoke urged. "At what station do I climb on to the choo-choo cars, or at what water-tank do I get thrown off?"

"Ninny! You don't get thrown off. You ride the egg-train straight into the Union Depot. You make that corner in eggs. You start in immediately, to-day. You can buy every egg in Dawson for three dollars and sell out to Wild Water at almost any advance. And then, afterward, we'll let the inside history come out. The laugh will be on Wild Water. His turbulence will be some subdued. You and I share the glory of it. You make a pile of money. And Dawson wakes up with a grand ha! ha! . . . Of course . . . if . . . if you think the speculation too risky, I'll put up the dust for the corner."

This last was too much for Smoke. Being only a mere mortal Western man, with queer obsessions about money and women, he declined the proffer of her dust with scorn.



## II.

"Hey! Shorty!" Smoke called across the main street to his partner, who was trudging alone in his swift, slack-jointed way, a naked bottle with frozen contents conspicuously tucked under his arm.

Smoke dodged the congested dog-sled traffic and crossed over.

"Where have you been all morning? Been looking for you everywhere."

"Up to Doc's," Shorty answered, holding out the bottle. "Something's wrong with Sally. I seen last night, at feedin' time, the hair on her tail an' flanks was fallin' out. The Doc says——"

"Never mind that," Smoke broke in impatiently. "What I want——"

"What's eatin' you?" Shorty demanded in wide-eyed and indignant astonishment. "An' Sally gettin' naked bald in this crimp weather! I tell you that dog's sick. Doc says——"

"Let Sally wait. Listen to me——"

"I tell you she can't wait. It's cruelty to animals. She'll be frost-bit. What are you in such a fever about anyway? Has that Monte Cristo strike proved up?"

"I don't know, Shorty. But I want you to do me a favor."

"Sure," Shorty said gallantly, immediately appeased and acquiescent. "What is it? Let her rip. Me for you."

"I want you to buy eggs for me——"

"Sure, an' Floridy water an' talcum powder, if you say the word. An' poor Sally sheddin' something scand'lous! Look here, Smoke, if you want to go in for high-livin' you go an' buy your own eggs. Beans an' bacon's good enough for me."

"I am going to buy, but I want you to help me buy. Now shut up, Shorty. I've got the floor. You go straight to Slavovitch's. Pay as high as three dollars, but buy all he's got."

"Three dollars!" Shorty groaned. "An' I heard tell only yesterday that he's got seven hundred in stock! Twenty-one hundred dollars for hen-

fruit!——Say, Smoke, I tell you what. You run right up and see the Doc. He'll tend to your case. An' he'll only charge you an ounce for the first prescription. So long. I gotta be pullin' my freight."

But Smoke caught his partner by the shoulder, arresting his progress and whirling him around.

"Smoke, I'd sure do anything for you," Shorty protested earnestly. "If you had a cold in the head an' was layin' with both arms broke, I'd set by your bedside, day an' night, an' wipe your nose for you. But I'll be everlastin'ly damned if I'll squander twenty-one hundred good iron dollars on hen-fruit for you or any other two-legged man."

"They're not your dollars, but mine, Shorty. It's a deal I have on. What I'm after is to corner every blessed egg in Dawson, in the Klondike, on the Yukon. You've got to help me out. I haven't time to tell you of the inwardness of the deal. I will afterward, and let you go half on it if you want to. But the right thing now is to get the eggs. Now you hustle up to Slavovitch's and buy all he's got."

"But what'll I tell 'm? He'll sure know I ain't goin' to eat 'em."

"Tell him anything. Money talks. He sells them cooked for two dollars. Offer him up to three for them uncooked. If he gets curious, tell him you're starting a chicken ranch. What I want is the eggs. And then keep on; nose out every egg in Dawson and buy it. Understand? Buy it! That little joint across the street from Slavovitch's has a few. Buy them. I'm going over to Klondike City. There's an old man there, with a bad leg, who's broke and who has six dozen. He's held them all winter for the rise, intending to get enough out of them to pay his passage back to Seattle. Ill see he gets his passage, and I'll get the eggs. Now hustle. And they say that little woman down beyond the sawmill who makes moccasins has a couple of dozen."

"All right, if you say so, Smoke. But

Slavovitch seems the main squeeze. I'll just get an iron-bound option, black an' white, an' gather in the scatterin' first."

"All right. Hustle. And I'll tell you the scheme to-night."

But Shorty flourished the bottle.

"I'm goin' to doctor up Sally first. The eggs can wait that long. If they ain't all eaten, they won't be eaten while I'm takin' care of a poor sick dog that's saved your life an' mine more'n once."

### III.

Never was a market cornered more quickly. In three days every known egg in Dawson, with the exception of several dozen, were in the hands of Smoke and Shorty. Smoke had been more liberal in purchasing. He unblushingly pleaded guilty to having given the old man in Klondike City five dollars apiece for his seventy-two eggs. Shorty had bought most of the eggs, and he had driven bargains. He had given only two dollars an egg to the woman who made moccasins, and he prided himself that he had come off fairly well with Slavovitch, whose seven hundred and fifteen eggs he had bought at a flat rate of two dollars and a half. On the other hand, he grumbled because the little restaurant across the street had held him up for two dollars and seventy-five cents for a paltry hundred and thirty-four eggs.

The several dozen not yet gathered in were in the hands of two persons. One, with whom Shorty was dealing, was an Indian woman who lived in a cabin on the hill back of the hospital.

"I'll get her to-day," Shorty announced next morning. "You wash the dishes, Smoke. I'll be back in a jiffy, if I don't bust myself a-shovin' dust at her. Gimme a man to deal with every time. These blamed women—it's something sad the way they can hold out on a buyer. The only way to get 'm is sellin'. Why, you'd think them eggs of hern was solid nuggets. That's how she values them."

In the afternoon, when Smoke returned to the cabin, he found Shorty

squatted on the floor, rubbing ointment into Sallys tail, his countenance so expressionless that it was suspicious.

"What luck?" he asked carelessly, after several minutes had passed.

"Nothing doing," Smoke answered. "How did you get on with the squaw?"

Shorty cocked his head triumphantly toward a tin pail of eggs on the table.

"Seven dollars a clatter, though," he confessed, after another minute of silent rubbing.

"I offered ten dollars finally," Smoke said, "and then the fellow told me he'd already sold his eggs. Now that looks bad, Shorty. Somebody else is in the market. Those twenty-eight eggs are liable to cause us trouble. You see, the success of the corner consists in holding every last——"

He broke off to stare at his partner. A pronounced change was coming over Shorty—one of agitation masked by extreme deliberation. He closed the salve-box, wiped his hands slowly and thoroughly on Sally's furry coat, stood up, went over to the corner and looked at the thermometer, and came back again. He spoke in a low, toneless, and super-polite voice.

"Do you mind kindly just repeating over how many eggs you said that man didn't sell to you?" he asked.

"Twenty-eight."

"Hum," Shorty communed to himself, with a slight duck of the head of careless acknowledgment. Then he glanced with slumbering anger at the stove. "Smoke, we'll have to dig up a new stove. That firebox is burned plumb into the oven so it blacks the biscuits."

"Let the firebox alone," Smoke commanded, "and tell me what's the matter."

"Matter? An' you want to know what's the matter? Well, kindly please direct them handsome eyes of yours at that there pail settin' on the table. See it?"

Smoke nodded.

"Well, I want to tell you one thing, just one thing. Theys just exactly, prec-cisely, nor nothin' more or any-



thing less'n twenty-eight eggs in that pail, an' they cost, every danged last one of 'em, just exactly seven great big round iron dollars a throw. If you stand in cryin' need of any further little items of information, I'm willin' and free to impart."

"Go on," Smoke requested.

"Well, that geezer you was dickerin' with is a big buck Indian. Am I right?"

Smoke nodded, and continued to nod to each question.

"He's got one cheek half gone where a bald-face grizzly swatted him. Am I right? Hes a dog-trader—right, eh? His name is Scar-Face Jim. That's so, ain't it? D'ye get my drift?"

"You mean we've been bidding——"

"Against each other. Sure thing. That squaw's his wife, an' they keep house on the hill back of the hospital. I could'a got them eggs for two a throw if you hadn't butted in."

"And so could I," Smoke laughed, "if you'd kept out. But it doesn't amount to anything. We know now that we've got the corner. That's the big thing."

Shorty spent the next hour wrestling with a stub of a pencil on the margin of a three-year-old newspaper, and the more interminable and hieroglyphic grew his figures, the more cheerful he became.

"There she stands," he said at last. "Pretty! I guess yes. Lemme give you the totals. You an' me has right now in our possession exactly nine hundred an' seventy-three eggs. They cost us exactly two thousand seven hundred an' sixty dollars, reckonin' dust at sixteen an ounce an' not countin' time. An' now listen to me. If we stick up Wild Water for ten dollars a egg we stand to win, clean net an' all to the good, just exactly six thousand nine hundred and seventy dollars. Now that's book-makin' what is, if anybody should ride up on a dog-sled an' ask you. An' I'm in half on it! Put her there, Smoke. Smoke, I'm that thankful I'm sure droolin' gratitude. Book-makin'!—Say, I'd sooner run with the chicks than the ponies any day."

#### IV.

At eleven that night Smoke was routed from sound sleep by Shorty, whose fur *parka* exhaled an atmosphere of keen frost and whose hand was extremely cold in its contact with Smoke's cheek.

"What is it now?" Smoke grumbled. "Rest of Sally's hair fallen out?"

"Nope. But I just had to tell you the good news. I seen Slavovitch. Or Slavovitch seen me, I guess, because he started the seance. He says to me: 'Shorty, I want to speak to you about them eggs. I've kept it quiet. Nobody knows I sold 'em to you. But if you're speculatin', I can put you wise to a good thing.' An' he did, too, Smoke. Now what'd you guess that good thing is?"

"Go on. Name it."

"Well, maybe it sounds incredible, but that good thing was Wild Water Charley. He's lookin' to buy eggs. He goes around to Slavovitch an' offers him five dollars an egg, an' before he quits he's offerin' eight. An' Slavovitch ain't got no eggs. Last thing Wild Water says to Slavovitch is that he'll beat the head of'en him if ever he finds out Slavovitch has eggs cached away anywhere. Slavovitch had to tell 'm he'd sold the eggs, but that the buyer was secret."

"Slavovitch says to let him say the word to Wild Water who's got the eggs. 'Shorty,' he says to me, 'Wild Water 'll come a runnin'. You can hold him up for eight dollars.' 'Eight dollars your grandmother,' I says. 'He'll fall for ten before I'm done with him.' Anyway, I told Slavovitch I'd think it over and let him know in the mornin'. Of course we'll let 'm pass the word on to Wild Water. Am I right?"

"You certainly are, Shorty. First thing in the morning tip off Slavovitch. Have him tell Wild Water that you and I are partners in the deal."

Five minutes later Smoke was again aroused by Shorty.

"Say, Smoke! Oh, Smoke!"

"Yes?"

"Not a cent less than ten a throw. Do you get that?"

"Sure thing—all right," Smoke returned sleepily.

In the morning Smoke chanced upon Lucille Arral again at the dry goods counter of the A. C. Store.

"It's working," he jubilated. "It's working. Wild Water's been around to Slavovitch, trying to buy or bully eggs out of him. And by this time Slavovitch has told him that Shorty and I own the corner."

Lucille Arral's eyes sparkled with delight.

"I'm going to breakfast right now," she cried. "And I'll ask the waiter for eggs, and be so plaintive when there aren't any as to melt a heart of stone. And you know Wild Water's heart is anything but stone. He'll buy the corner if it costs him one of his mines. I know him. And hold out for a stiff figure. Nothing less than ten dollars will satisfy me, and if you sell for anything less, Smoke, I'll never forgive you."

That noon, up in their cabin, Shorty placed on the table a pot of beans, a pot of coffee, a pan of sour-dough biscuits, a tin of butter and a tin of condensed cream, a smoking platter of moose meat and bacon, a plate of stewed dried peaches, and called "Grub's ready. Take a slant at Sally first."

Smoke put aside the harness on which he was sewing, opened the door and saw Sally and Bright spiritedly driving away a bunch of foraging sled-dogs that belonged to the next cabin.

Also, he saw something else that made him close the door hurriedly and dash to the stove. The frying pan, still hot from the moose-meat and bacon, he put back on the front lid. Into the frying pan he put a generous dab of butter, then reached for an egg, which he broke and dropped spluttering in the pan. As he reached for a second egg, Shorty gained his side and clutched his arm in an excited grip.

"Hey What you doin'?" he demanded.

"Frying eggs," Smoke informed him, breaking the second one and throwing off Shorty's detaining hand. "What's the matter with your eyesight? Did you think I was combing my hair?"

"Don't you feel well?" Shorty queried anxiously, as Smoke broke a

third egg and dexterously thrust him back with a stiff-arm jolt on the chest. "Or are you just plain loco? That's thirty dollars' worth of eggs already."

"And I'm going to make it sixty dollars' worth," was the answer, as Smoke broke the fourth. "Get out of the way, Shorty. Wild Water's coming up the hill, and he'll be here in five minutes."

Shorty sighed vastly with commingled comprehension and relief, and sat down at the table. By the time the expected knock came at the door, Smoke was facing him across the table, and, before each, was a plate containing three hot, fried eggs.

"Come in!" Smoke called.

Wild Water Charley entered and shook hands. He was a strapping young giant, just a fraction of an inch under six feet in height and carrying a clean weight of one hundred and ninety pounds. Blond he was, with sandy yellow hair, a smooth-shaven, front-rosied skin, and eyes of dangerous blue. In them lurked the madness of temperament and the fearlessness of the brute unbeaten. Born a thousand years earlier in the world, he would have worn a winged helmet, laughed at the lash of freezing seas, drunk the blood of his enemies from his enemies' skulls, and sacked castles and convents on soft Southern coasts. As it was, born a thousand years too late for such primitiveness, he was a freebooter of the Northland, looting the frozen soil of the Arctic of its gold, afraid neither of man, beast nor elements, a proved fighter and prodigious lover.

"Set down an' have a bite, Wild Water," Smoke invited. "Smoke, fry him some eggs. I'll bet he ain't scoffed an egg in a coon's age."

Smoke broke three more eggs into the hot pan, and in several minutes placed them before his guest, who looked at them with so strange and strained an expression that Shorty confessed afterward his fear that Wild Water would slip them into his pocket and carry-them away.

"Say, them swells down in the States ain't got nothin' over us in the matter of eats," Shorty gloated. "Here's you



an' me an' Smoke gettin' outside ninety dollars' worth of eggs an' not battin' an eye."

Wild Water stared at the rapidly disappearing eggs and seemed petrified.

"Pitch in an' eat," Smoke encouraged.

"They—they ain't worth no ten dollars," Wild Water said slowly.

Shorty accepted the challenge.

"A thing's worth what you can get for it, ain't it?" he demanded.

"Yes, but —"

"But nothin'. I'm tellin' you what we can get for 'em. Ten a throw, just like that. We're the egg trust, Smoke an' me, an' don't you forget it. When we say ten a throw, ten a throw goes." He mopped his plate with a biscuit. "I could almost eat a couple more," he sighed, then helped himself to the beans.

"You can't eat eggs like that," Wild Water objected. "It—it ain't right."

"We just dote on eggs, Smoke an' me," was Shorty's excuse.

Wild Water finished his own plate in a half-hearted way and gazed dubiously at the two comrades.

"Say, you fellows can do me a great favor," he began tentatively. "Sell me, or lend me, or give me, about a dozen of them eggs."

"Sure," Smoke answered. "I know what a yearning for eggs is myself. But we're not so poor that we have to sell our hospitality. They'll cost you nothing —" Here a sharp kick under the table admonished him that Shorty was getting nervous. "A dozen did you say, Wild Water?"

Wild Water nodded.

"Go ahead, Shorty," Smoke went on. "Cook them up for him. I can sympathize. I've seen the time myself when I could eat a dozen straight off the bat."

But Wild Water laid a restraining hand on the eager Shorty as he explained. "I don't mean cooked. I want them with the shells on."

"So that you can carry 'em away?" Shorty broke in.

"That's the idea."

"But that ain't hospitality," Shorty objected. "It's—it's tradin'."

Smoke nodded concurrence. "That's

different, Wild Water. I thought you just wanted to eat them. You see, we went into this for a speculation."

The dangerous blue of Wild Water's eyes began to grow dangerous. He advertised plainly that he knew they were playing with him.

"I'll pay for them," he said sharply. "How much?"

"Oh, not a dozen," Smoke replied. "We couldn't sell a dozen. We're not retailers we're speculators. We can't break our own market. We've got a hard and fast corner, and when we sell out it's the whole corner or nothing."

"How many have you got, and how much do you want for them?"

"How many have we, Shorty?" Smoke inquired.

Shorty cleared his throat and performed mental arithmetic aloud.

"Lemme see. Nine hundred an' seventy-three minus nine, that leaves nine hundred an' sixty-two. An' the whole shootin' match, at ten a throw, will tote up just about nine thousand, six hundred an' twenty iron dollars. Of course, Wild Water, we're playin' fair, an' it's money back for bad ones, though they ain't none. That's one thing I never seen in Klondike—a bad egg. No man's fool enough to bring in a bad egg."

"That's fair," Smoke added. "Money back for the bad ones, Wild Water. And there's our proposition, nine thousand, six hundred and twenty dollars for every egg in the Klondike."

"You might play 'em up to twenty a throw an' double your money," Shorty suggested, pouring a cup of coffee for their guest.

Wild Water shook his head sadly and helped himself to the beans.

"That would be too expensive, Shorty. I only wanted a few. I'll give you ten dollars for a couple of dozen. I'll give you twenty—but I can't buy 'em all. What'd I do with them? I'm no trader."

"All or none," was Smoke's ultimatum.

"Look here, you two," Wild Water said in a burst of confidence. "I'll be perfectly honest with you, an' don't let it go any further. You know Miss

Arral an' I was engaged. Well' she's broken everything off. You know it. Everybody knows it. It's for her I want them eggs."

"Huh!" Shorty jeered. "It's clear an' plain why you want 'em with the shells on. But I never thought it of you."

"Thought what?"

"It's low-down mean, that's what it is," Shorty raved on, virtuously indignant. "I wouldn't wonder somebody filled you full of lead for it, an' you'd deserve it, too."

Wild Water began to flame toward the verge of one of his notorious Berserker rages. His hands clenched until the cheap fork in one of them began to bend, while his blue eyes flashed warning sparks.

"Now, look here, Shorty, just what do you mean? If you think anything underhanded——"

"I mean what I mean," Shorty retorted doggedly, "an' you bet your sweet life I don't mean anything underhanded. Overhand's the only way to do it. You can't throw 'em any other way."

"Throw what?"

"Eggs, prunes, baseballs, anything. But Wild Water, you're makin' a mistake. They ain't no crowd ever met at the Opera House that'll stand for it. Just because she's a actress is no reason you can publicly lambaste her with hen-fruit."

For the moment it seemed that Wild Water was going to burst or have apoplexy. He drank a mouthful of scalding coffee and slowly recovered himself.

"You're in wrong, Shorty," he said with cold deliberation. "I'm not going to throw eggs at her. Why, man," he said, with growing excitement, "I want to give them eggs to her, on a platter, shirred——that's the way she likes 'em."

"I knowed I was wrong," Shorty cried generously. "I knowed you couldn't do a low-down trick like that."

"That's all right, Shorty," Wild Water forgave him. "But let's get down to business. You see why I want them eggs. I want 'em bad."

"Do you want 'em ninety-six hundred

an' twenty dollars' worth?" Shorty queried.

"It's a hold-up, that's what it is," Wild Water declared irritably.

"It's business," Smoke retorted. "You don't think we're peddling eggs for our health. When you bought that fraction on Bonanza for five hundred dollars you didn't do it for your health."

"Health" Shorty sneered. "He took forty thousand out a that same fraction in the next three months."

"Aw, listen to reason," Wild Water pleaded. "I only want a couple of dozen. I'll give you twenty apiece for 'em. What do I want with all the rest of them eggs? I've went years in this country without eggs, an' I guess I can keep on managin' without 'em somehow."

"Don't get het up about it," Shorty counseled. "If you don't want 'em, that settles it. We ain't a-forcin' 'em on you."

"But I do want 'em," Wild Water complained.

"Then you know what they'll cost you—ninety six hundred an' twenty dollars, an' if my figgerin's wrong, I'll treat."

"But maybe they won't turn the trick," Wild Water objected. "Maybe Miss Arral's lost her taste for eggs by this time. How do I know? I've been right free an' foolish with my dust, I know that, but I've reformed. In the future you won't never track me by the dust I've spilled."

"I should say Miss Arral's worth the price of the eggs," Smoke put in quietly.

"Worth it!" Wild Water stood up in the heat of his eloquence. "She's worth a million dollars. She's worth all I got. She's worth all the dust in Klondike." He sat down, and went on in a calmer voice. "But that ain't no call for me to gamble ten thousand dollars on a breakfast for her. Now, I've got a proposition. Lend me a couple of dozen of them eggs. I'll turn 'em over to Slavovitch. He'll feed 'em to her with my compliments. She ain't smiled to me for a hundred years. If them eggs gets a smile for me. I'll take the whole boiling off your hands."



"Will you sign a contract to that effect?" Smoke said quickly; for he knew that Lucille Arral had agreed to smile.

Wild Water gasped.

"You're almighty swift with business up here on the hill," he said, with a hint of a snarl.

"We're only accepting your own proposition," Smoke answered.

"All right—bring on the paper—make it out, hard and fast," Wild Water cried in the anger of surrender.

Smoke wrote the document, wherein Wild Water agreed to take every egg delivered to him at ten dollars per egg, provided that the two dozen advanced to him brought about a reconciliation with Miss Lucille Arral.

Wild Water paused, with uplifted pen, as he was about to sign.

"Hold on," he said. "When I buy eggs I buy good eggs."

"They ain't a bad egg in the Klondike," Shorty snorted.

"Just the same, if I find one bad egg you've got to come back with the ten I paid for it."

"That's all right," Smoke placated. "It's only fair."

"An' every bad egg you come back with I'll eat," Shorty declared.

Smoke inserted the word "good" in the contract, and Wild Water, sullenly signed, received the trial two dozen in a tin pail, pulled on his mittens, and opened the door.

"Good bye, you robbers," he growled back at them, and slammed the door behind them.

## V.

Smoke was a witness, next morning, at eleven, in Slavovitch's, to the play. He sat, as Wild Water's guest, at the table adjoining Lucille Arral's. Almost to the letter, as she had forecasted it, did the scene come off.

"Haven't you found any eggs yet?" she murmured plaintively to the waiter.

"No, ma'am," came the answer. "They say somebody's cornered every egg in Dawson. Mr. Slavovitch is trying to buy a few just especially for you.

But the fellow that's got the corner won't let loose."

It was at this juncture that Wild Water beckoned the proprietor to him, and, with one hand on his shoulder, drew his head down.

"Look here, Slavovitch," Wild Water whisered hoarseply, "I turned over a couple of dozen eggs to you last night. Where are they?"

"In the safe, all but six that I have all thawed and ready for you any time you sing out."

"I don't want 'em for myself," Wild Water breathed in a still lower voice. "Shirr 'em up and present 'em to Miss Arral there."

"Better not," Slavovitch warned.

"What d'ye mean?" Wild Water demanded, a swift ablution of anger flashing to his eyes. "They're my eggs, ain't they?"

"A thousand pardons, but you do not understand," Slavovitch hurried nervously to explain. "What I meant was not to send her six. She never eats more than two. Six might disgust her. Shall I say, then, two shirred?"

Wild Water nodded.

"I'll attend to it personally myself," Slavovitch assured him.

"An' don't forget—compliments of me," Wild Water concluded, relaxing his detaining clutch on the proprietor's shoulder.

Pretty Lucille Arral was gazing forlornly at the strip of breakfast bacon and the tinned mashed potatoes on her plate, when Slavovitch placed before her the two shirred eggs.

"Compliments of Mr. Wild Water," they at the next table heard him say.

Smoke acknowledged to himself that it was a fine bit of acting—the quick, joyous flash in the face of her, the impulsive turn of the head, the spontaneous forerunner of a smile that was only checked by a superb self-control which resolutely drew her face back so that she could say something to the restaurant proprietor.

Smoke felt the kick of Wild Water's moccasined foot under the table.

"Will she eat 'em?—that's the ques-

tion—will she eat 'em?" the latter whispered agonizingly.

And with sidelong glances they saw Lucille Arral hesitate, almost push the dish from her, then surrender to its lure.

"I'll take them eggs," Wild Water said to Smoke. "The contract holds. Did you see her? Did you see her? She almost smiled. I know her. It's all fixed. Two more eggs to-morrow an' she'll forgive an' make up. If she wasn't here I'd shake hands, Smoke, I'm that grateful. You ain't a robber; you're a philanthropist.

## VI.

Smoke returned jubilantly up the hill to the cabin, only to find Shorty playing solitaire in black despair. Smoke had long since learned that whenever his partner got out the cards for solitaire it was a warning signal that the bottom had dropped out of the world.

"Go 'way, don't talk to me," was the first rebuff Smoke received.

But in not many minutes Shorty thawed into a freshet of speech.

"It's all off with the big Swede," he groaned. "The corner's busted. They'll be selling' sherry an' egg in all the saloons to-morrow at a dollar a flip. They ain't no starvin' orphan child in Dawson that won't be wrappin' its tummy around eggs. What d'ye think I run into?—a geezer with three thousand eggs—d'ye get me? Three thousand, an' just freighted in from Forty Mile."

"Fairy stories," Smoke doubted.

"Fairy hell! I seen them eggs. Gautereaux's his name—a whackin' big blue-eyed French-Canadian husky. He asked for you first, then took me to the side and jabbed me straight to the heart. It was our cornerin' eggs that got him started. He knowed about them three thousan' at Forty Mile an' just went an' got 'em. 'Show 'em to me,' I says. An' he did. There was his dog-teams, an' a couple of Indian drivers, restin' down the bank where they'd just pulled in from Forty Mile. An' on the sleds was soap-boxes—teeny wooden soap-boxes.

"We took one out behind a ice-jam in the middle of the river an' busted it open. Eggs!—full of 'em, all packed in sawdust. Smoke, you an' me lose. We've ben gamblin'. D'ye know what he had the gall to say to me?—that they was all ourn at ten dollars a egg. D'ye know what he was doin' when I left his cabin?—drawin' a sign of eggs for sale. Said he'd give us first choice, at ten a throw, till two p.m., an' after that, if we didn't come across, he'd bust the market higher'n a kite. Said he wasn't no business man, but that he knowed a good thing when he seen it—meanin' you an' me, as I took it."

"It's all right," Smoke said cheerfully. "Keep your shirt on an' let me think a moment. Quick action and team play is all that's needed. I'll get Wild Water here at two o'clock to take delivery of eggs. You buy that Gautereaux's eggs. Try and make a bargain. Even if you pay ten dollars apiece for them, Wild Water will take them off our hands at the same price. If you can get them cheaper, why, we make a profit as well. Now go to it. Have them here by not later than two o'clock. Borrow Colonel Bowie's dogs and take our team. Have them here by two sharp."

"Say, Smoke," Shorty called, as his partner stared down the hill. "Better take a umbrella. I wouldn't be none surprised to see the weather rainin' eggs before you get back."

Smoke found Wild Water at the M. and M., and a stormy half hour ensued.

"I warn you we've picked up some more eggs," Smoke said, after Wild Water had agreed to bring his dust to the cabin at two o'clock and pay on delivery.

"You're luckier at finding eggs than me," Wild Water admitted. "Now how many eggs have you got now, an' how much dust do I tote up the hill?"

Smoke consulted his notebook. "As it stands now, according to Shorty's figures, we've three thousand, nine hundred and sixty-two eggs. Multiply by ten——"



"Forty thousand dollars!" Wild Water bellowed. "You said there was only something like nine hundred eggs. It's a stick-up. I won't stand for it."

Smoke drew the contract from his pocket and pointed to the *pay on delivery*. "No mention is made of the number of eggs to be delivered. You agreed to pay ten dollars for every egg we delivered to you. Well, we've got the eggs, and a signed contract is a signed contract. Honestly, though, Wild Water, we didn't know about those other eggs until afterward. Then we had to buy them in order to make our corner good."

For five long minutes, in choking silence, Wild Water fought a battle with himself, then reluctantly gave in.

"I'm in bad," he said brokenly. "The landscape's fair sproutin' eggs. An' the quicker I get out the better. There might come a landslide of 'em. I'll be there at two o'clock. But forty thousand dollars—"

"It's only thirty-nine thousand, six hundred an' twenty," Smoke corrected.

"It'll weigh two hundred pounds," Wild Water raved on. "I'll have to freight it up with a dog-team."

"We'll lend you our teams to carry the eggs away," Smoke volunteered.

"But where'll I cache 'em? Where'll I cache 'em?—never mind. I'll be there. But as long as I live I'll never eat another egg. I'm full sick of 'em."

#### VII.

At half past one, doubling the dog-teams for the steep pitch of the hill, Shorty arrived with Gautereaux's eggs.

"We dang near double our winnings," Shorty told Smoke, as they piled the soap-boxes inside the cabin. "I holds 'em down to eight dollars, an' after he cussed loco in French he falls for it. Now that's two dollars clear profit to us for each egg, an' they're three thousan' of 'em. I paid 'm in full. Here's the receipt."

While Smoke got out the gold-scales and prepared for business, Shorty devoted himself to calculation.

"There's the figures," he announced triumphantly. "We win twelve thou-

san' nine hundred an' seventy dollars. An' we don't do Wild Water no harm. He wins Miss Arral, an' he said himself she was worth all the dust in Klondike. Besides, he gets all them eggs. It's sure a bargain-counter all around. Nobody loses."

"Even Gautereaux's twenty-four thousand to the good," Smoke laughed, "minus, of course, what the eggs and the freighting cost him. And if Wild Water plays the corner, he may make a profit out of the eggs himself."

Promptly at two o'clock, Shorty, peeping, saw Wild Water coming up the hill. When he entered he was brisk and businesslike. He took off his big bearskin coat, hung it on a nail, and sat down at the table.

"Bring on them eggs, you nirates," he commenced. "An' after this day, if you know what's good for you, never mention eggs to me again."

They began on the miscellaneous assortment of the original corner, all three men counting. When two hundred had been reached, Wild Water suddenly cracked an egg on the edge of the table and opened it deftly with his thumbs.

"Hey! Hold on!" Shorty objected.

"It's my egg, ain't it?" Wild Water snarled. "I'm payin' ten dollars fir it, ain't I? But I ain't buyin' no pig in a poke. When I cough up ten bucks an egg I want to know what I'm gettin'."

"If you don't like it, I'll eat it," Shorty volunteered maliciously.

Wild Water looked and smelled, and shook his head.

"No you don't, Shorty. That's a good egg. Gimme a pail. I'm goin' to eat it myself for supper."

Thrice again Wild Water cracked good eggs experimentally and put them in the pail beside him.

"Two more than you figgered, Shorty," he said at the end of the count. "Nine hundred an' sixty-four, not sixty-two."

"My mistake," Shorty acknowledged handsomely. "We'll throw 'em in for good measure."

"Guess you can afford to," Wild Water accepted grimly. "Pass the bath. Nine thousand, six hundred an' twenty dollars. I'll pay for it now. Write a receipt, Smoke."

"Why not count the rest," Smoke suggested, "and pay all at once?"

Wild Water shook his head. "I'm no good at figgers. One batch at a time an' no mistakes."

Going to his fur coat, from each of the side pockets he drew forth two sacks of dust, so rotund and long that they resembled bologna sausages. When the first batch had been paid for, there remained in the gold-sacks not more than several hundred dollars.

A soap-box was carried to the table, and the count of the three thousand began. At the end of one hundred, Wild Water struck an egg sharply against the edge of the table. There was no crackle. The resultant sound was like that of the striking of a sphere of solid marble.

"Frozen solid," he remarked, striking more sharply.

He held the egg up, and they could see the shell powdered to minute fragments along the line of impact.

"Huh!" said Shorty. "It ought to be solid, seein' it has just ben freighted up from Forty Mile. It'll take a axe to bust it."

Smoke brought the axe, and Wild Water, with the clever hand and eye of the woodsman, split the egg cleanly in half. The appearance of the egg's interior was anything but satisfactory. Smoke felt a premonitory chill. Shorty was more valiant. He held one of the halves to his nose.

"Smells all right," he said.

"But it looks all wrong," Wild Water contended. "An' how can it smell when the smell's frozen along with the rest of it? Wait a minute."

He put the two halves into a frying pan and placed the latter on the front lid of the hot stove. Then the three men, with distended, questing nostrils, waited in silence. Slowly an unmistakable odor began to drift through the room. Wild Water forebore to speak,

and Shorty remained dumb despite conviction.

"Throw it out," Smoke cried, gasping, unable longer to endure the awfulness of it.

"What's the good?" asked Wild Water. "We've got to sample the rest."

"Not in this cabin," Smoke coughed and conquered a qualm. "Chop them open, and we can test by looking at them. Throw it out, Shorty! Throw it out! Phew! And leave the door open!"

Box after box was opened; egg after egg, chosen at random, was chopped in two; and every egg carried the same message of hopeless, irremediable decay.

"I won't ask you to eat 'em, Shorty," Wild Water jeered, "an', if you don't mind, I can't get out a here too quick. My contract called for *good* eggs. If you'll loan me a sled an' team I'll haul them good ones away before they get contaminated."

Smoke helped in loading the sled. Shorty sat at the table, the cards laid before him for solitaire.

"Say, how long you ben holdin' that corner?" was Wild Water's parting gibe.

Smoke made no reply, and, with one glance at his absorbed partner, proceeded to fling the soap-boxes out into the snow.

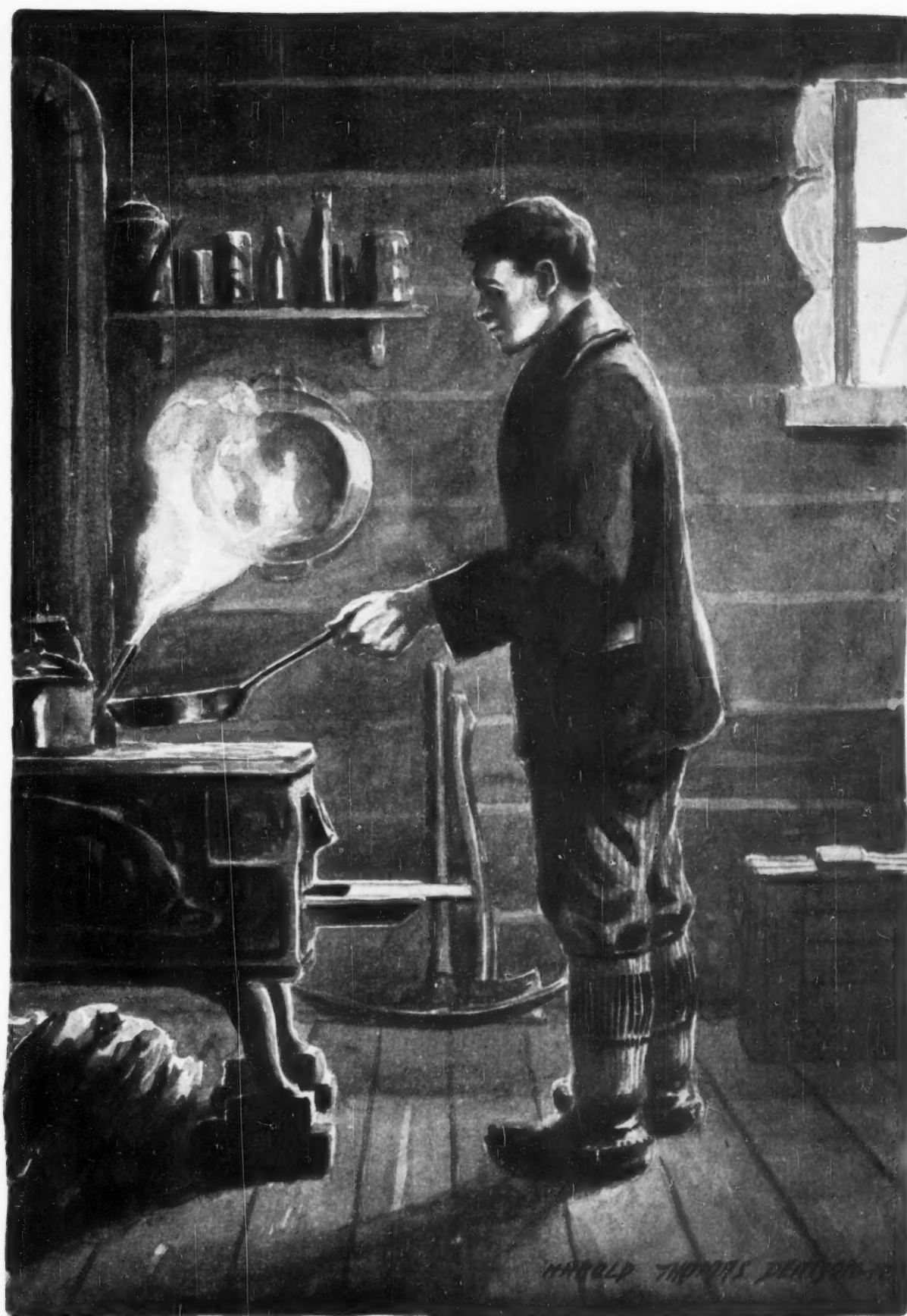
"Say, Shorty, how much did you say you paid for that three thousand?" Smoke queried gently.

"Eight dollars. Go 'way. Don't talk to me. I can figger as well as you. We lose seventeen thousan' on the flutter, if anybody should ride up on a dog-sled an' ask you. I figgered that out while waitin' for the first egg to smell."

Smoke pondered a few minutes, then again broke silence.

"Say, Shorty. Forty thousand dollars gold weighs two hundred pounds. Wild Water borrowed our sled and team to haul away his eggs. He came up the hill without a sled. Those two sacks of dust in his coat pocked weighed about twenty pounds each. The un-





He put the two halves into a frying-pan and placed the latter on the front lid of the hot stove.

derstanding was cash on delivery. He brought enough dust to pay for the good eggs. He never expected to pay for those three thousand. He knew they were bad. Now how did he know they were bad? What do you make of it anyway?"

Shorty gathered the cards, started to shuffle a new deal, then paused.

"Huh! That ain't nothin'. A child could answer it. We lose seventeen thousan'. Wild Water wins seventeen thousan'. Them eggs of Gautereaux's was Wild Water's all the time. Anything else you're curious to know?"

"Yes. Why in the name of common sense didn't you find out whether those eggs were good before you paid for them?"

"Just as easy as the first question. Wild Water swung the bunco game timed to seconds. I hadn't no time to examine them eggs. I had to hustle to get 'em here for delivery. An' now, Smoke, lemme ask you one civil question. What did you say was the party's name that put this egg-corner idea into your head?"

Shirty had lost the sixteenth consecutive game of solitaire, and Smoke was casting about to begin the preparation of supper, when Colonel Bowie knocked at the door, handed Smoke a letter, and went on to his own cabin.

"Did you see his face?" Shorty raved. "He was almost bustin' to keep it straight. It's the big ha! ha! for you an' me, Smoke. We won't never dast show our faces again in Dawson."

The letter was from Wild Water, and Smoke read it aloud.

"Dear Smoke and Shorty:—I write to ask, with the compliments of season, your presence at a supper to-night at Slavovitch's joint. Miss Arral will be there and so will Gautereaux. Him and me was

pardners down at Circle five years ago. He is all right and is going to be best man. About them eggs. They come into the country four years back. They was bad when they come in. They was bad when they left California. They always was bad. They stopped at Carluk one winter, and one winter at Nutlik, and last winter at Forty Mile where they was sold for storage. And this winter I guess they stop at Dawson. Don't keep them in a hot room. Lucille says to say you and her and me has sure made some excitement for Dawson. And I say the drinks is on you, and that goes.

"Respectfully your friend,  
"W. W."

"Well?—what have you got to say?" Smoke queried. "We accept the invitation, of course?"

"I got one thing to say," Shorty answered. "An' that is Wild Water won't never suffer if he goes broke. He's a good actor—a gosh-blamed good actor. An' I got another thing to say; my figgers is all wrong. Wild Water wins seventeen thousan' all right, but he wins more'n that. You an' me has made him a present of every good egg in the Klondike—nine hundred an' sixty-four of 'em, two thrown in for good measure. An' he was that ornery, mean cussed that he packed off the three opened ones in the pail. An' I got a last thing to say. You an' me is legitimate prospectors an' practical gold miners. But when it comes to finance we're sure the fattest suckers that ever fell for the get-rich-quick bunco. After this it's you an' me for the high rocks an' tall timber, an' if you ever mention eggs to me we dissolve partnership there an' then. Get me?"



# Hunting in the Forest Province

AFTER MOOSE AND CARIBOU IN NEW BRUNSWICK, THE MICMAC  
COUNTRY OF BIG GAME—PERSONAL EXPERIENCES  
AND HUNTING METHODS.

By S. E. Sangster

With the approach of the autumn hunting season it is but proper that some reference should be made to the unrivalled opportunities which are offered sportsmen for the pursuit of their favorite pastime in Canada. The Dominion, indeed, is a veritable hunting ground. In the accompanying sketch something in the way of hunting experiences in New Brunswick, the "Forest Province," is presented, together with several illustrations typical of the fall hunting season.

NEW BRUNSWICK, Canada's extreme south-eastern mainland province, lies abutting the State of Maine, and is still known as the "Forest Province." Naturally it is yet a vast game preserve and for every one of its seventeen thousand square miles of timber-clad area reputable and conservatively-inclined guides have claimed that a moose roams, while no attempt has been made to estimate the total number of caribou there extant.

The Micmac tribe, once so powerful and widespread a nation of hunting wood Indians, in the long ago, made their hunting grounds of Eastern Quebec, the Gaspé Peninsula and

Northern New Brunswick, which is still known as the "Micmac Country."

Where in those days of long ago the Wood Indian had only his canoe

and the silver network of streams to enable him to reach the interior game-land, to-day we find a yet vaster network of steel, where the Dominion Government-owned Intercolonial Railway and its branches gut these seventeen thousand square miles of forest — everywhere one finds it paralleling the interior streams, winding far into the wilderness, and one can almost pick on any one of the many little names of back-wood settlements, shown on the map in very minute let-



"He is yours if you hold true."



Packing out by canoe in November after the first snow.

ters, and haphazardly decide to go there—being practically assured of getting his chances at the game sought.

However, it is true here as elsewhere that certain sections are better hunting grounds than others. Anywhere on the branch line between Matapeia and the village of Campbellton; this section including that stretch known as the "North Shore" is splendid moose ground.

#### A HUNTER'S PARADISE.

Primarily, there are three divisions that may be said to include the great bulk of big game territory in this Province. The Restigouche section lies, shrouded in mighty mountains of virgin growth, the sweeping river of the same name splitting the range in its mad tumble toward the far-distant sea. Jutting off from this mighty band of rushing water at frequent intervals are dozens of feeders whose sources lie far into the distant heart of the Silences, and one has, consequently, a hundred points of choice as to actual location. Then there is the famous Nipisiguit river territory—an immense section. cut here and there by typical eastern streams, similar to the feeders of the Resti-

gouche, and like them allowing one to get far from steel by that easiest of woodland travel—the canoe. Up at the headquarters of the Nipisiguit lies that paradise of big game hunting around Bald Mountain. This is probably the best known district for moose and caribou in America—including as it does the headquarters of not only the Nipisiguit, but also the Miramichi, the Tobique and the southern arms of the Restigouche. Immediately adjacent hereto lies Nipisiguit lake, into which a hundred lily-strewn streams spill their laughter—and only three miles distant is Nictor lake, the source of the Tobique waters. Add to these the Renous, the Serpentine and the Peabody lakes, and we have the greatest home of moose and caribou known within reasonable reach of the average sportsman. It can be reached from Montreal, from New York or from Boston in a minimum of time and over a modern railroad equipment.

A big, unwieldy brute is a mature bull moose. His hair is, generally speaking, a coarse, brownish black, the belly and legs showing a touch of yel-



low. A bull weighing anything over 850 lbs. is an average animal, while a spread better than 50 inches is considered a fair trophy. The record head taken from New Brunswick showed a spread of 68½ inches, and was shot by a sportsman from an eastern state in 1907. This is the record, also, for all Eastern America.

#### SOME HUNTING EXPERIENCES.

The season in New Brunswick opens on September 15th, but the writer would advise that, unless one's trip has to be taken earlier, the best time is between October 10th and November 15th. Of course many sportsmen wish to hunt during the rutting season, which is around September 25th to October 15th. Early in the season one finds it a good move to hunt occasionally by canoe, at dawn and at dusk only, however. By the middle of the afternoon Bull Moose is again working out to the ponds and dead-waters, feeding as he travels, and many a night you will hear him splashing and wallowing in the lake when it is too dark to see twenty feet ahead. Possibly you decide to attempt to try for the old fellow anyway—I know I

have. Your guide paddles silently over the limpid waters, and just when you are steadying down—splash-splash right ahead of the bow—you come up with a jerk and reach for the rifle, peering vainly for the black form you are hoping for, but only to hear the whistle of wings for it is but a flock of duck that you jumped. You swallow hard and pull your shaken nerves together, wondering the while how a few duck can stir up such a commotion. You won't see any moose, and by this time you will have reached that conclusion—one your guide knew all the time, but wouldn't pass his opinion upon. As you crawl into your blankets a distant loon laughs in its shrill treble, and you figure sleepily that "perhaps the laugh's on you."

#### METHODS OF HUNTING.

Two methods are in vogue for hunting moose—'*Calling*,' which is feasible only during the rutting season and which, therefore, limits this to the latter part of September and the first two weeks or 18 days of October, and '*still hunting*,' which is the practice in New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario be-



A typical "camp" and guides in New Brunswick.

tween the middle of October and November, especially when the first snows come. Then, too, one might refer to the use of a canoe for paddling along the shore in the evenings. "Calling" offers the greatest excitement of all methods. There is no more nerve-trying and yet fascinating experience than waiting in the deepening twilight while an old bull moose comes slowly, always evidencing that wariness he is noted for, threshing toward you—grunting now and then in response to the guide's low-pitched call. You are probably crouched on the shore of a little pond of "dead-water" and, shaking less from the chill of the evening than repressed excitement, you ponder how you are going to see him in the dim light and whether you'll ever be able to hold the ivory bead on his fore

shoulder if you do see him. He comes constantly nearer, louder and louder you can hear his grunted "woofs," the alder branches crack as he shakes his antlered head, you hear the splash of his hoofs as he wades through the mud and ooze—and finally, there, almost on top of you is your moose; he's yours then if you hold true—and whether you do or not, those few tense, high-strung moments are yours for all time to come, and let me assure the "never-been-there" that the

memories alone are worth travelling a long way to obtain.

Then there is still hunting, especially desirous when the first November snowfall comes. You start out early with your guide and tramp many miles, over mountains, through ravines, hardwood ridges and across typical caribou "parks." Many sportsmen prefer this mode of hunting to those of the earlier season, as it provides more exercise and

requires more stable hunting ability than any other system of bringing about the sought-for end—i. e., the getting of a bull moose and yourself within reasonable talking distance of the rifle. You are up against its native wariness and stalking your game is no child's play.

Some of the visiting sportsmen take their wives into the



"It is a proud moment when you stand over your first moose."

gameland, and if the director of your home has a fondness for the outdoors, she will here enjoy such days and nights as she wot not of, sometimes, if she is out when the evenings are frosty, you will find her persuading the guide to make a fire for her—it is really the call of the open, the tinted leaves and the crisp northern air that she is enjoying, and not so much the actual killing of game—though some women enjoy killing their moose or caribou quite as much as their





A scene in a hunter's den. The shed moose horns over the fireplace have a spread of  $72\frac{1}{4}$  inches, 16 inch web and 38 points.

"better-halves." By all means, if you can persuade her to go along, take your wife—it won't do anybody any harm; but have her dress properly. She may enjoy the warmth of a fire when it is chilly, and while it perhaps is not con-

ducive to attracting game, still that is a minor consideration.

You can never tell when you are going to come on a caribou, either alone or a herd, and let me tell you who have not "been there" that a woodland stag



"You can hardly resist helping your guides skin him out."



"The bull moose is worth a long trip after."

caribou makes an imposing spectacle as he trots across a barren or a "park," his magnificently antlered head a trophy that will make your heart thump to call all your own. His head at two hundred yards looks more like a decorated rocking-chair than anything else I can suggest. I have shot several of these splendid animals, and each time I have felt that I have done murder out there in the Silence—yet each time no earthly power could have held me from stopping my quarry. One of the best caribou districts is the Tabusintac barrens, lying east of Bathurst and Newcastle. Some hunters have seen over sixty on these barrens in one afternoon, while over one hundred have been seen in a day. The old Bathurst and Newcastle coaching road, built prior to the days of the Intercolonial railway, crosses the Tabusintac half way between the two towns, twenty-five miles from either. In fact, anywhere between these two towns is a good jumping-off place for both moose and caribou. Then, north of Bathurst a few miles lie the Tetagouche lakes, also splendid caribou ground.

Late October or early November is suggested as the best time for caribou hunting. For either species of big game you must have guides, and nowhere on the Continent can be found a better class or more capable and obliging sportsmen. Place yourself in their hands when you enter—leave the task of sighting game to their judgment, and you will surely have your chance.

New Brunswick is essentially a forest province, intersected in all directions by splendid mountains and equally beautiful valleys. Everywhere you will encounter Nature at her best—she will thunder at you in the hills, she will sing to you at night through the forest leaves, and she will care for you and make of you a new, a rejuvenated being, better able to cope with life's task during the next eleven months. So you will find this great Gameland and so leave it—and every year the red gods will call you back to where the moose and caribou raise their offspring and the salmon spawn—always, so long as your blood has its normal proportion of red corpuscles, will this be true.



# Among Thieves

By Robert Adger Bowen

BLINKY MAGINNIS lightly scaled the wide wall, and dropped softly among the rhododendron bushes on the other side, listening. It was habitual with Blinky to listen. His trained acuteness of hearing, no less than his deftness of touch, was a professional asset.

Satisfied and assured, he crept forward stealthily toward the indistinct mass of the old house. There were lights in a lower room, and from above, through closely-drawn shades, a pallor shone, as though a shrouded night-lamp burned dimly.

No cat could have sprung more noiselessly to the low veranda than did Blinky Maginnis. He paused again, crouching in the shadow of a rounded column. Through the shuttered window from which the inner glass doors were thrown back, came the murmur of a voice. Blinky crept nearer and looked in.

A man and a woman stood together in the centre of the room. A large table near them was strewn with loose papers, other papers in envelopes, papers docketed in boxes that had been slid from their pigeonholes in some receptacle—a glance about the room showed Blinky whence, for a small steel safe with wide open door revealed empty spaces. Apparently the seekers had found that for which they sought, for in her hand the woman held a folded paper, while from another of similar size the man was reading. Blinky, his keen ears alert, caught the purport of the words.

The man ceased.

"You see," he said, folding up the paper, and reaching out for that which his companion held, "that leaves all to

me, while this"—he opened the other paper—"dated a year ago, leaves pretty nearly everything to this girl. Now, if we could be sure she doesn't know——"

"She doesn't. I've sounded her. And she's as blind as a bat, any way. The more I know of her, the less use I have for her. Give me the thing!"

She held out her imperious hand, the gleam of cupidity in her eyes perfectly intelligible to Blinky Maginnis.

"But suppose my brother doesn't die to-night," said her partner, hesitating. "He has had these attacks before. He might send for these, and he would find out! The fact that he has never destroyed the first shows——"

"That he has some sense of justice left. Why should this girl, because she was engaged to his son, who is dead, get what by rights should be yours? It isn't even as if she had been his wife."

She took the paper from him, at the same time picking up from the table the envelope containing the other will.

"Another man would have destroyed it," she exclaimed, "instead of merely marking the envelope 'Void'; but your brother was always one of those careful people who never get rid of anything. The envelope! It is as if he had meant to make things easy for you, Jim!"

They looked at each other, and the man's eyes shifted furtively. The woman pondered.

"If it were not for those little bequests, we might destroy both," she remarked, "but I suppose that might be risky."

He nodded.

Deftly the woman exchanged the papers in the envelopes, then went over to the hearth, where a coal fire burned low. Her companion, who had begun restor-

ing the other papers to their places in the safe, halted her by a gesture.

"Why not?" she asked, straightening up.

"Someone is coming," he whispered. He seized the packages from her, and thrust them into the safe. He had time only to close the steel door, leaving the combination unsprung, before a girl entered the room. As Blinky Maginnis saw her an oath rumbled in his throat. She went up to the man, apparently ignoring the woman with him.

"I'm afraid he is dying," she cried, a tremor in her voice. "You wished me to let you know. Will you come?"

The man and the woman exchanged glances. The girl, moving behind them, was too absorbed in her grief to notice, but Blinky Maginnis saw, and understood. His admiring eyes watched the girl. He began to mutter. Blinky had a way of communing with himself which was not wise at all times.

Something like a laugh followed his mumblings. The shutter opened gently to his coaxing pressure, and he stepped into the room, switching off the electric lights. Again he laughed, as if he were taking intense enjoyment in what he was about.

A moment later he was upon his knees before the safe, his bulls-eye playing over the exposed interior. He found the two envelopes, and once again, under his nimble fingers, they exchanged contents. He replaced them where he had found them, got to his feet, and looked about.

Indistinct sounds came to him from above, then the more definite fall of

steps in the hall beyond. He started, the grin on his face vanishing with the snapping of the shutter of the bull's-eye. In a single spurt he reached the window, opened it, and stepped out. As he did so, the lights in the room were flashed on.

Peering through the slats, Blinky saw the older woman hurriedly cross the room toward the safe. Her motions were nervous, her hands shaking. Blinky Maginnis held his breath.

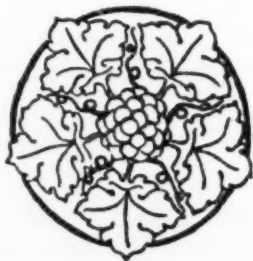
She found the wills, took them up, and looked closely at the endorsements on their envelopes. Blinky trembled lest she should open them to give a final glance at their contents, but she did not. What she did was to incline the packages more directly toward the light, select one, then carefully place the other back in the safe and close the door. And this time she took thought to spring the combination before she went to the fire with the other envelope in her hand. A moment, and the blaze of its burning in the garish light of the room threw a sickly reflection upon the woman's bent figure.

Blinky chuckled. The sight he had witnessed gave him huge satisfaction. A moment longer he lingered, to see the man enter the room.

"He's gone!" he muttered.

"And *it's* gone," his wife said, facing him calmly. "We're rich, Jim! And we've put that girl's nose out of joint for good and all!"

Blinky's shoulders lifted and fell in a spasm of silent mirth. Then he stepped back from the window, dropped lightly to the ground, and stole away amid the shadows.





# What is a Good Bond Yield?

WITH INCREASED COST OF LIVING INVESTORS ARE DEMANDING  
LARGER RETURNS—DANGERS OF SACRIFICING  
CONVERTIBILITY OR SAFETY

By Frank J. Drake

What are the essentials of a good bond investment? This question provides a basis for the following article, which is one of a series calculated to present in brief and popular form the various phases of financial problems. The aim is to discuss money questions in terms which will be readily understood by the average reader. The writer of the series is associated with The Financial Post, the leading Canadian journal for investors.

THE essentials of a good bond investment are safety, fair yield and convertibility. Most bonds meet one or two of the requirements for a good all round investment but the number of issues that combine all three qualities is limited. Many bonds, in fact most bonds, are safe. Some bonds are easily convertible. But comparatively few issues sell at a price to yield a satisfactory return on the money invested and at the same time are easily marketable and safe beyond a doubt.

To-day the question of yield is becoming more and more important. The increased cost of living has caused a demand for higher return on invested capital. The tendency is clearly marked. It would not be true, perhaps, to say that safety was being sacrificed by the average investor, but it is undoubtedly a fact that yield now occupies a more prominent place in his demands than was the case some years ago.

Once a price or a net yield is set by an investor, the other essentials must be sacrificed to some extent. The higher the yield, in most cases, the greater the risk incurred or the narrower the market for the bond.

A wide market not only means that the bonds are more easily sold, but in many cases insures greater price stability. Many bond issues are not a good investment simply because there is practically no market for them. This means not only that they are hard to dispose of but also that the quotations may fluctuate several points between sales. A new feature in this connection is the increasingly important part the big bond houses are playing in making and keeping a market for their bond. Many of the better known bond concerns will see that the market for the issues brought out by them is maintained. It is to their interest to see that the purchaser has no reason to be discontented with his purchase, and it is certainly an added attraction to a bond issue when the buyer knows that he can rest assured of a market for his bonds.

As a result of this acceptance of responsibility for their issues by the bond houses there has been less listing of bonds on the various stock exchanges. In the United States last year hardly more than a third of the total sales were listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Two years earlier considerably

over two-thirds of the total sales were listed. This indicates the trend.

The value of the listing of a bond issue consists in added convertibility and stability. Of course the listing of a bond does not make sure of a fixed price nor insure against depreciation in market values. It does mean that there is a wider market for the bond, however, and this is the principal advantage of listing bonds. The decreasing percentage of bonds listed is accounted for by the practice of the bond houses to assume a certain amount of responsibility for the issues underwritten and sold by them.

The question of convertibility would not be such an important one if the average investor bought bonds with the intention of holding them until due date and merely drawing the interest as it came due. This, of course, is the intention of many purchasers, but to the ordinary man who buys a bond it is necessary that there should be some kind of a market as he may find it necessary to convert his holdings into cash at any time. For this reason, it is necessary to consider the marketability of a bond before purchasing.

To the business man or firm investing surplus in bonds it is especially necessary that there should be a wide market for his holdings. Such a pur-

chase is in the nature of a reserve and, of course, such a reserve must be available at times when needed. It is one of the fundamental principles of such an investment that the security into which business funds are put should be of a character sufficiently different from the business in which the purchaser is engaged that a depression in his own line will be unlikely to seriously affect the company whose securities he holds as a reserve.

Canada offers to the bond investor many attractive opportunities to purchase high class bonds at a price which yields a comparatively high return and also offers good chances of appreciation. It has been said that the common stock of most Canadian companies represents only partly earning power, and is partly "water." Perhaps this criticism is justified to some extent, but the fast expansion of the country has in most cases soon developed earning power sufficient to pay dividends on all classes of stock. As regards bonds there is no such criticism to be made. Canadian bond issues are well worth the interest of investors who desire safety. At the same time many issues have been put out at an attractive yield—a quality which in these days of increased expense is especially desirable to the average investor.





## Slemin's Detective Successes

SOME INTERESTING CASES IN WHICH CHARLES SLEMIN, WHO WAS RECENTLY AWARDED KING'S MEDAL FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE, WON PROMOTION AND PROMINENCE.

By Roy Fry

The public is usually interested in people who "do things"—do them better than and differently from anybody else. Stories of such persons are full of human interest and make acceptable reading anywhere. There are many of them in Canada—leaders in the various walks of life. This month we have chosen a new line for consideration—the experiences and services of Canadian policemen—and have personified the subject in some brief references to the notable career of Charles Slemin, chief of the Brantford Police Department, who was recently awarded the King's medal for distinguished detective service, performed mainly on the Toronto force, of which he was a member for thirty years.

WHEN TEN years hence Canadian publishers tabulate their monthly list of "best sellers" they may give prominence to a volume bearing some such striking title as "The Experiences of a Great Detective," or "Canadian Crime and Criminals" or possibly "How I Won the King's Medal," by Charles Slemin.

The name under which the book might be catalogued in the libraries is, of course, speculative; equally uncertain are any predictions that the volume will ever actually be written. The fact remains, however, that it should be.

And that is all with which we are concerned at present.

What would be the nature of such an offering and who is the authority best qualified to produce it? The treatise we have in mind would deal with mani-

fold phases of Canadian crime and various experiences with Canadian criminals. Quite a fascinating subject, indeed, and too, a most capable author in the person of Charles Slemin, for many years a member of the Toronto detective staff and now chief of police of Brantford, a flourishing manufacturing centre in Ontario.

### FINE RECORD OF SERVICE.

Thirty-seven years of police activities have provided Chief Slemin with an unrivalled series of novel and important



Charles Slemin, for many years a detective of the Toronto Police Department, and now Chief of Police of Brantford, Ontario.



Views of the King's medal recently presented to Chief Slein for distinguished and meritorious police service—the first medal of the kind to be awarded to a Canadian officer.

cases, have brought him signal success in the handling of intricate detective problems, have given him an intimate knowledge of all that is interesting in the character and ways of criminals, and have ultimately crowned his career with royal honors for distinguished and meritorious service.

Indeed, among Canadian police officers, few have had the opportunities for so wide and valuable a public service as have been his, nor have any shown greater efficiency and courage in the discharge of duty. It was with general satisfaction, therefore, that the announcement that he had been awarded the King's medal was received at the beginning of the year. A couple of months ago the medal was presented by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province at a public banquet held at Brantford, on which occasion the recipient

was warmly felicitated on the honors which had been bestowed upon him.

Most Canadians are aware that some three years ago a new order was instituted by the late King Edward for the rewarding of heroic or otherwise distinguished service on the part of policemen and firemen throughout the Empire. In the last New Year's list of honors was included the name of Charles Slein, who is the first officer in Canada to be decorated under this order. Under these circumstances some reference to the outstanding features of his career will not be untimely.

#### SOME SAMPLE CASES.

But to revert to the book which we hope Chief Slein may write some day—what might it contain? It is said on good authority that he has, hidden away among his official papers, police



reports, criminal statistics and rogues' photographs—a collection both voluminous and motley which he prizes almost as a child would regard his playthings—notes of innumerable cases in which he has been the moving spirit and has played the dramatic part—cases replete with points of human interest and bristling with features which would provide great copy for popular reading.

Practically every line of detective work is represented, thus combining variety with volume—a powerful drama of human experiences which but awaits the magic touch of a writer to send it forth to a public which is vitally interested in that particular class of matter. By way of illustration let us select at random from Chief Slein's experiences three cases about which racy chapters might be developed under such catchy titles as "When Wedding Guests Were Robbed," "A Detective's Greatest Temptation," and "A Murderer Without a Name."

#### ROBBING WEDDING GUESTS.

The first chapter opens with a fashionable church wedding scene in Toronto some years ago. Ushers had been duly selected by the groom to escort guests to reserved seats in the auditorium of the church. As often happens, the gentlemen chosen in this instance were not all acquainted with one another nor were they aware how many were to officiate. At any rate, when the hour drew near for the assembling of guests and the ushers took up their positions, there were two who pressed themselves into service who were strangers alike to the groom and his assistants. Faultlessly attired for the occasion they joined the others in ushering in guests with all of the neatness and exactitude of cultured churchmen. Their soft speech and ready wit lulled their prey, and freely mingling among the crowd, they found ample scope for the practice of their profession. After the ceremony it was found that many guests had been robbed; the two strangers who

meanwhile had disappeared carried with them many pocket-books and much jewelry. Slein was at once assigned to the case and from descriptions of the men secured from guests at the function effected a speedy arrest, with the result that Thomas Carlyle, a noted pickpocket, and a confederate, were sentenced to eighteen months. A few months later they escaped, the one being recaptured within a day, but Carlyle successfully eluded the authorities until, after a considerable lapse, Slein located him in a house in Toronto. Together with a constable, the detective trapped the criminal in a room and after a desperate struggle overpowered him, not, however, before Carlyle had snapped his revolver in the officer's face. At the trial which followed, Carlyle, who was sentenced to a term of ten years, admitted that he had acted with intent to kill, while an expert gunsmith testified that the only circumstance which had saved Detective Slein's life was the fact that the prisoner had used a centre-fire cartridge in a rim-fire revolver and that in consequence the cartridge had not exploded when the hammer had struck it. To-day the genial chief smiles at Carlyle's cunning in constituting himself an usher at a church wedding but he sobers perceptibly when he recalls the few tense moments of the struggle in the little house in St. Patrick's Square during which he gazed into the barrel of a loaded revolver, saw the trigger pulled as his adversary aimed straight for his head, heard the hammer crash—and lived to tell the tale. Even yet he is rather glad to forget it all and pass on hurriedly to some other case.

#### A DETECTIVE'S GREAT TEMPTATION.

Scarcely less interesting though of an entirely different character was Detective Slein's connection with a case which involved probably one of the greatest temptations which has ever come to a Canadian police official. The story should be given publicity in this country, not alone in tribute to the part which Slein played, but in justice to

the integrity of Canadian police in general. Strangely enough the temptation came to him while he was disguised as a young medical man. "I gave up posing as a doctor after that experience," said the Chief recently in relating the incident, "but you must admit," he added slyly, "that the patient placed a pretty high value on my diagnosis of his case." The "patient" was none other than T. V. Hawkins, who had embezzled \$9,000 from the government at Washington and journeyed to Toronto, where he had been taken ill at a boarding house. The Toronto police department was "tipped off" as to his whereabouts and Slein was dispatched with a physician's grip to administer to the stranger's needs and incidentally to size him up. Not very much time was required for the diagnosis. From descriptions, Slein was certain of his man as soon as he set his eyes on him. However, he announced himself, tossed his valise on the table of the upper bedroom in which Hawkins was quartered, and proceeded to enquire into his illness. The patient talked freely of his complaints and the supposed physician listened attentively, at the same time glancing casually about the room. When finally convinced of the identity of his man he stepped to the table as if to open his grip but instead grasped a revolver which lay alongside it together with some books and writing paper. Holding Hawkins' revolver in one hand and drawing his own from a hip pocket with the other the doctor thus prescribed: "Now Mr. Hawkins, I have your revolver and my own, too, so we can get down to business; I'm a detective and I want you for the embezzlement of \$9,000." It didn't take the fugitive long to collect his thoughts. He was trapped, his identity known; to his mind there was but one means of escape. Boldly he attempted it. Pointing to a valise hidden under the lounge he said: "That's all that's left; take it and let me go." And the laconic rejoinder of the detective as he hand-cuffed his man and recovered the valise was simply this: "We don't do that in Can-

ada." When "Dr." Slein emerged from the house with his "patient" he carried two valises, one containing his medical kit of a couple of bottles of colored water he had mixed for the occasion and the other his proffered fee, which on being totalled up at police headquarters was found to amount to \$8,338.

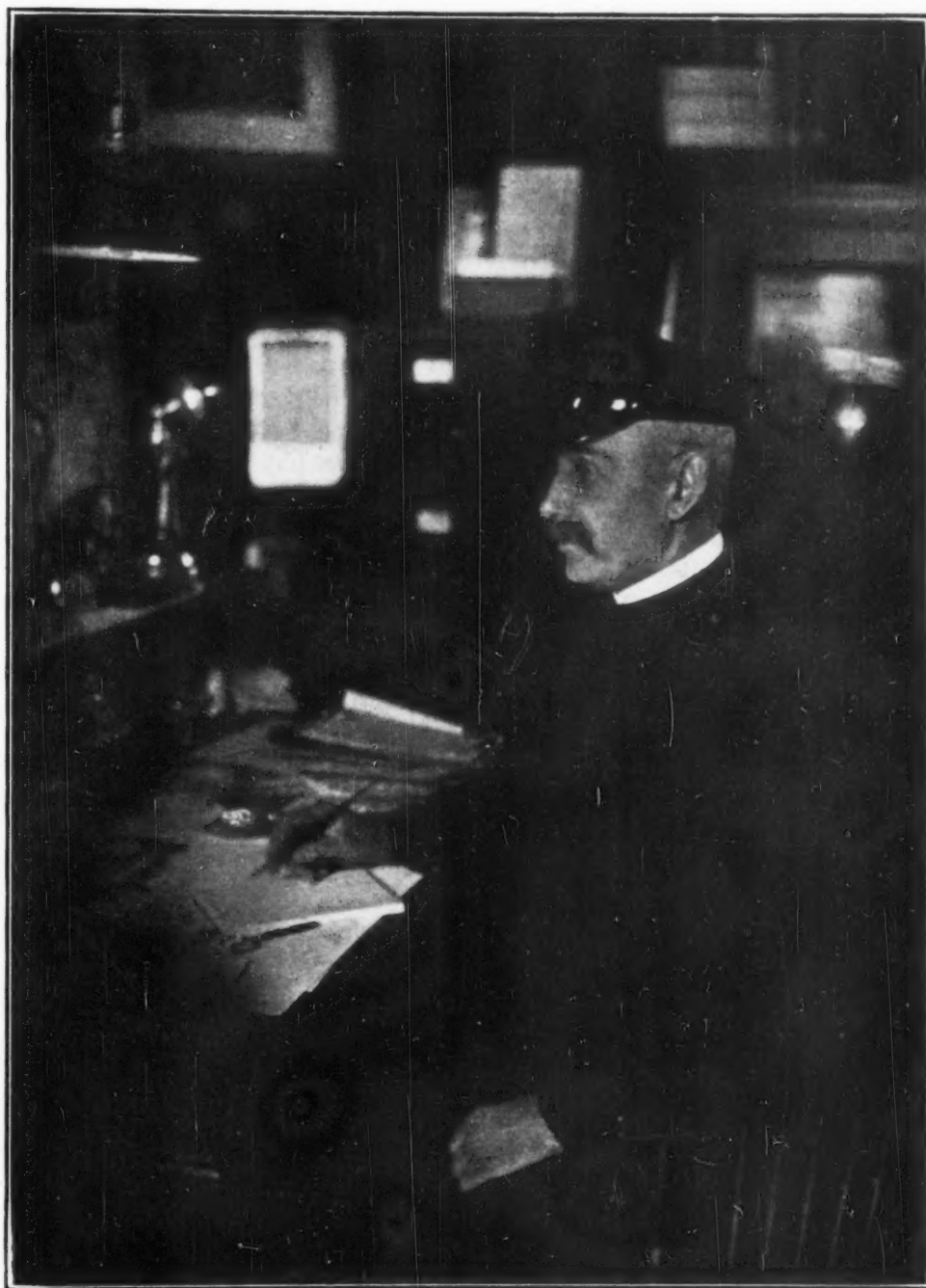
#### A MURDERER WITHOUT A NAME.

To the average person one of the most mystifying phases of detective work is the manner in which successful sleuths track down criminals merely by the aid of descriptions. How this is done only real detectives know. Some people are able to recognize an individual from a photograph, but comparatively few can pick any one person out of thousands merely by means of a word picture. Yet the average detective places more reliance in a single good description than in a score of photographic likenesses. Of several murder cases in which Detective Slein has figured none revealed more clearly his marked powers of intuition as applied to descriptions than that of William McWhirrell, hostler and horse-thief, whose name recalls one of the most celebrated cases in the criminal annals of the Dominion. Late in 1893 an old couple residing at Port Credit were murdered after returning home from market where they had disposed of a considerable quantity of poultry. The case proved a most difficult one, baffling the best detectives, who were unable to secure any definite clues as to the perpetrator. Finally, however, Detective Slein, who had accompanied Provincial Detective Greer in one of his investigations, found a party who gave a description of two men who had driven in a cutter to the home of a neighbor of the murdered couple, and attached to whose movements there was some suspicion. No sooner had he heard the description than Slein exclaimed: "I think I know the man." The detectives returned to Toronto, made a search among photographs in the rogues' gallery, and without hesi-



tation Slein threw aside one photo which proved to be a likeness of McWhirrell, who had been convicted of horse-stealing. It would seem that the authorities were taking a futile chance

with the murder. In due course he was tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged. The death sentence was later commuted to life imprisonment and finally the convict died at the Kingston



Chief Slein at his desk at the Brantford police headquarters.

in thus endeavoring to connect this man, whose whereabouts they did not know, with the murder. But they located him, traced his movements on the day of the crime, gathered a strong case against him and arrested him, charged

Infirmity, a victim of consumption. The case aroused great interest in two continents for McWhirrell, who was thought to be an Englishman, lived under an assumed name and neither by threat nor persuasion did the authori-

ties succeed in making him reveal his identity, and thus he died—a murderer without a name.

#### SLEMIN'S GREATEST CASE.

The foregoing cases, varied in scope and character, are cited for the purpose of revealing the nature of the service which has merited so high an honor as royal recognition in the shape of the King's medal. But these do not constitute Chief Slein's greatest case nor his most thrilling experience as a detective. As a genuine thriller all other cases must rank second to the Spellman affair, culminating in the daring and brilliant capture of one of the most astute criminals of his time in Canada.

It was in September of 1889 that Slein, in company with other associates, paid an unexpected visit to the lodging house of the Spellman Brothers—Mike and Bill—whose quarters in Toronto were the rendezvous of some of the worst criminals on the continent. Several clever burglaries had been committed during the summer and while there was no direct evidence against them the Spellman's were suspicioned. A thorough search was made of the house and in due course interesting discoveries were unearthed, including a valuable collection of watches, jewelry, revolvers, pinch-bars and jimmies in a dark room, and postage stamps to the value of \$500 which had been stolen from the Whitby post office and which were concealed between the plaster and brick of the Spellman sitting room where Slein's quick eye noted that in one corner the wainscoting had been cut and neatly joined in order to permit of an entrance to the treasure place. The outcome was that the Spellman's were convicted and remanded to Toronto jail to await their sentence.

But this was not the end of the struggle with these daring brothers. A day or two later they and a third party, about to be removed to Kingston, suddenly startled Ontario with a particularly spectacular escape from jail. Much investigation led to only a slight clue as to their whereabouts. Some

years ago Chief Slein told me the story of their capture. So vividly did he present the details that it may be well to make use of his own words in relating the narrative.

"Every detective," declared the Chief, "naturally had his own theory of the movements of the fugitives and I also had mine. Knowing that the Spellman's were familiar with Eastern Ontario it was my belief that they would take to the C.P.R. tracks eastward because the country was more amply forested and more sparsely settled than along the older G.T.R. line. A day or two following the jail breaking I was deputed to bring back a man from Ottawa and purposely chose the C.P.R. route to the capital in the hope of finding one or both of the Spellman's. Detective Cuddy, of the Toronto force, was the only one who really had any faith in my theory and gave me a friendly shake at the station as the train pulled out about 10 o'clock at night.

"I was personally acquainted with Conductor Williams who was in charge of the train and took him into my confidence, requesting him to let me know if any tramps should board the train en route and in such an event to leave their fate to me.

"Nothing occurred until after we had passed Tweed about one o'clock the following morning, when the Conductor reported that three men had jumped on the blind baggage as the train was leaving the station, a most unusual occurrence in that district. I calculated that these might be the very men I was after. Sharbot Lake was the next stop. I wanted to climb over the roof of the car, jump down on to the coal-tender and cover the three with my revolver. The train was lurching along through the darkness at 35 or 40 miles an hour and Conductor Williams refused to consider such a plan, which he believed would certainly result in my being thrown off and killed. We therefore abandoned it.

"At length, just as the train was about to enter Sharbot Lake we decid-



ed on our course of action. It is the custom of tramps to jump off a train just before it enters a station where a stop is to be made and to jump on again at the other side of the depot as the train is pulling out. I was sure the rule would be followed in this case. Securing a bull's eye lantern, I planned in case they jumped to follow in their wake. As the train neared the station I got on the step of the car nearest the baggage, ready for any emergency. No sooner had the train commenced to slow down than the first tramp jumped and the second followed. I flashed my lantern and picked out a good spot as the third made his plunge. Somewhat unluckily a train hand flashed his oiler near my face and the fugitive evidently recognized me for he shouted something to the other two, who by this time were racing from the train. The third man, however, was not very far away and I gave chase. The train from which we had jumped was still moving rapidly and along the adjacent track another train was approaching us at a brisk rate. I had all but got my man when he suddenly sprang across the track alongside which we were running and in front of the approaching train, making for the space between the two trains, which were still moving. He did this hoping that I would not have time to follow. It was a desperate chance but I took it with a plunge, barely cleared the moving train and landed heavily on my man whom I clutched about the legs. He stumbled and I fell on top of him, my revolver striking the side of his head, and the wheels of the train brushing my shoulder and sleeve.

"'Charlie, don't kill me,' he cried. It was Mike Spellman. 'No Mike,' I replied, 'I'll take you like a man.' Just as I was putting my revolver back in my pocket he grabbed me and made a desperate effort to throw me under one of the moving trains. We struggled for a few moments with death on either side of us, both trains still moving, but Spellman was no match for me in strength and I soon overpowered him.

A few moments later we were clear of the trains and in the darkness Conductor Williams came back in search of me, and picked up the bull's eye lantern. 'Mr. Williams,' I said, 'I have got Mike Spellman. Please help me with the hand-cuffs.'

On taking Spellman to the baggage car the officer searched him, finding among other articles, a nail and a set of small saws concealed in the sole of his boot. The other two fugitives thinking that Slein would return at once to Toronto with his prisoner, again boarded the train as it pulled out of Sharbot Lake. At the next station they followed their usual practice of jumping off and Slein attempted to repeat the feat which he had performed the once so successfully. He jumped after them, but the country was very open and the men escaped. Four days later they were captured at Ogdensburg, New York.

#### STILL IN THE SERVICE.

It is well that exceptional service of this character, both on the part of policemen and firemen, should be properly rewarded. The recognition is an incentive to conspicuous effort. At its best the life of a guardian of the law is beset with many difficulties and much peril and the goal of success is not easily attained. In the case of Charles Slein it was reached possibly more quickly than in that of many other capable police officials but it was through persistent effort and indomitable energy. Born in Ireland 56 years ago, he came to Canada as a sturdy lad of 16, joined the Toronto police force as a constable in 1875, became a detective in 1887 and after seventeen years' service in that capacity accepted the position of chief of police of Brantford, where he has inaugurated many reforms. At various stages of his career on the Toronto force he received testimonials, addresses and presentations, which, in the wording of one of them, marked "conspicuous valor, energy and ability in the performance of duty."

The best evidence of the continued success of Chief Slein's work is the fact that professional characters no longer molest Brantford with their operations. On the contrary they give the city a wide berth. Slein still knows most of the leading crooks in the country and never fails to recognize them when he meets them. Still the criminal class are among his warmest friends and admirers. As one of them on being captured after a brisk fight, once remarked: "I didn't intend to be caught, even if I had to shoot you; but all the same, Charlie, there's no other man I'd rather be taken by than you." As a rule, criminals admire a fair fighter and will reciprocate the policy of a square deal.

Possibly, in conclusion, something might be said of the methods of the man, for these are largely the keynote of his success. The prevention of crime is the end toward which he strives in the direction of his police organization. "Get men before they get into serious trouble," he remarked recently. "Clean up your city and then keep it clean."

And that is the principle which he is following in a practical application to conditions. For instance, the 3,000 foreigners who work in Brantford factories, and who a few years ago knew nothing of Canadian laws or of respectable standards of living, are being handled on a "common sense" plan, as Chief Slein terms it. The authorities and others interested in the work of bettering conditions among these newcomers, visit their homes, explain the essentials of the law, confiscate their weapons to prevent assaults and wounding, and encourage them in raising the standards of life. A permanent interpreter is employed, who also conducts Bible study and other training classes which are resulting in mutual benefits to the foreigners and the city. This is but one feature of a thoroughly organized and splendidly equipped branch of public service over which Chief Slein presides and which unalterably stamps him as a man who is not content to rest on past laurels but is determined to continue to "do things."

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## THE CRICKET

I know a little fellow

With a coat of finest brown,  
He skips and jumps from dawn of day  
Until the sun goes down:—  
His merry voice is ringing  
You can hear it as you pass,  
It's the little cricket singing  
In the green sea grass!

If the road of life be thorny  
And the roses fade and die,  
There are fairer flowers blooming  
In the land of Bye-and-Bye.  
Hope and courage for to-morrow,  
Tune your heart strings as you pass,  
To the singing of the cricket  
In the green sea grass!

E. W. P., Surburban Life.



# An Optical Delusion

By Lowell Edwin Hardy

MR. "PEARLY" WALKER, of Sandblast, Lassen County, stood before the entrance to the Novelty Moving Picture Theatre on Market Street, staring moodily at the announcement of the thrilling programme being offered within. Mechanically his eye travelled over the bill-board.

Not that Pearly had any intention of witnessing the performance, for he was surfeited with such exhibitions. He had halted out of sheer force of habit.

During his brief sojourn in San Francisco Mr. Walker had done little else in the way of amusement than make the dreary rounds of the nickelodeons, until the mere sound of an automatic piano made him want to commit crime. He was in a bitter and rebellious mood. A tamer holiday he could not remember ever having spent. The only satisfaction he had so far obtained from his outing lay in the consciousness of the fact that he had fooled Frosty, and now, after three days, even this had begun to pale.

Frosty had predicted for him disaster. "You'll lose your roll the first time out," argued Mr. Ferguson, who was a person of experience and discretion, and who had always accompanied his friend upon their former visits to the metropolis, but was at present confined to the bunkhouse, owing to his carelessness in allowing his horse to fall upon him the day previous. "You ain't fitted to cope with them hellions where you're going. You're too impetuous. Why, they'll see y'u coming!"

This ill-judged outburst settled the matter.

"Don't you go worrying any about me, old Foot-in-the-Gravel!" retorted

Pearly, deeply offended. "I reckon I'm able to take care of myself all right without any of your help. Huh! You ain't my nurse."

Thereupon the indignant one immediately set about packing his grip. He got a ride into Cottonwood with Shorty on the mail buck-board, and, after eating his supper at the Golden Rule Eating House, went across to Munroe's store and cashed his pay-check, making some minor purchases. At midnight he caught the south-bound Oregon Express, when it stopped for water, and noon of the next day found him in San Francisco.

Pearly was dressed for town. He wore a light brown suit with a broad silky line running through it diagonally, that he had purchased of Mr. Sol Lezinsky's Fashion Emporium in Red Bluff. A low, open-front, white linen collar encircled his sunburned neck, and lying flatly against his shirt bosom was a ready made four-in-hand tie of a brilliant red. His hat was a brand-new Stetson, and his feet were encased in a tightly fitting pair of high-heeled boots that had cost him twenty dollars in money and much pain.

But Pearly was not thinking of his clothes. His mind dwelt upon his lost opportunity. As he stared dully at the bill-board against the wall, the realization suddenly swept over him that he was going home on the morrow, and if anything was to be done to retrieve the occasion action must be had at once. He felt cautiously of his right hip-pocket, where reposed the long buckskin bag containing the fruit of a season's riding for the Mule Shoe outfit up in Lassen.

"I still got my roll, all right," he ad-

mitted grudgingly. "But what good is it? I ain't had any fun. I might as well gone to the Bluffs or stayed in Cottonwood. Nothing's happened." His gaze wandered from the poster. "I got time yet," he declared mutinously, "and I'm going to loosen up a little. They can't take anything off'n me! I ain't going to avoid 'em any, but I'll just keep an eye on 'em, that's all. Huh! Old Frosty thinks he's the only wise man on earth. I'll show him! Doggone if I —"

Pearly's glance suddenly encountered that of the young lady who sat in the ornamental glass cage where the tickets were sold for the show inside. She was a pretty girl, and she was staring frankly at the tall, blue-eyed, sunburned young man in the wide soft hat. Startled, Pearly retired to the outer edge of the sidewalk to collect his faculties and consider. When he looked up again the girl's eyes were still upon him. A thrill crept up his spine. "I gotter feeling something's going to happen!" he muttered hopefully, as he watched her passing out tickets and change. "Here's where we start something."

Summoning his courage, Pearly waited till there was no one standing in the line, then, walking with a slight limp that was souvenir of a certain occasion when a rat-tailed roan he was breaking managed to get his rider's leg against the corral fence, he stepped boldly forward and bought a ticket.

The transaction occupied a surprisingly short space of time. Almost before Pearly was able to realize his proximity he found himself on his way inside the theatre. Amazed and chagrined, he passed out through the door on the opposite side, taking up his original position on the sidewalk.

Again he tried it, determined to have speech, but he was not quick enough. Even as he opened his mouth to speak he was carried forward and through the door by the impatient line that had formed behind him. Doggedly he persisted.

"I gotter be ready to say something as soon as I get there," he counseled.

"Betcher I make it this time. It's only a nickel a throw, and we can get acquainted on the instalment plan. Wat's a nickel? Skim another pan of milk and go ahead!"

Resorting now to strategy, he advanced on the ticket-office with a twenty-dollar gold piece ready in his hand. "I reckon that'll hold 'em a while," he figured, much pleased with himself for the idea.

He placed the coin on the shelf before her and gave a slight cough.

"Excuse me, Miss——" began Pearly, when he felt a firm grasp on his arm, and turned to find himself in the unreasoning clutches of the law, as represented by a red-faced policeman, who eyed him with extreme suspicion.

"Wadder you mean by tryin' to insult this lady?" demanded his captor, while the girl smiled upon both impartially. "I been watchin' y'u. This is the third or fourt' time I seen y'u come up to this winder, an' I'm onter y'u. Now, you chase yourself and be quick about it, or I'll run y'u in. I seen your kind before!"

"Come on!" yelled Pearly, rising to the occasion; but before he had time to be arrested for resisting an officer he was grasped by the usher, who with a determined look upon his face bore him down the aisle, making sure of him this time by placing him well up in front.

Discouraged and disheartened by this unexpected turn in his love affairs, Pearly meekly submitted. He was rapidly becoming soured and embittered toward the world.

While Mr. Walker was still considering his wrongs, his train of thought was interrupted by a man stumbling over his legs in his attempt to reach the next seat beyond. Here was another indignity. There were vacant seats all about him.

"I beg your pardon!" said the man glibly. "Very careless of me." He was a sallow individual, smooth-shaven and wearing a long, black coat that gave him the air of a travelling dentist or a Sunday-School superintendent or an under-



taker. Pearly regarded him with disfavor.

"Oh, don't mention it," he said politely. "You can't hurt this old skirt. I just put it on to-day 'cause it looked like rain. Sit down and rest your feet!"

The other started, eying the speaker sharply for a moment, and then seated himself. He professed great interest in the pictures, making no further attempt to become acquainted, but watching Pearly out of the corner of his eye. Almost immediately Pearly forgot his presence entirely, so absorbed did he become in the next scene thrown on the curtain. It was a picture of ranch life. Pearly was on his own ground.

"Well, I'll be durned!" he ejaculated presently, as he watched with growing amazement a group of cow-punchers riding some bad horses. "If that ain't pretty good!"

His neighbor turned at once toward him. "I am from the East," he said apologetically, "and know nothing of such matters. Can you tell me, sir: is this picture true to life?"

"It sure is!" replied Pearly, with enthusiasm. "That feller on the pinto hoss is no bum-actor! He's a gen-u-ine bronco-twister from Modoc, or my name ain't Percy Walker."

A quick gleam came into the other's eye. He started visibly in his seat and turned a beaming countenance upon Pearly.

"What!" he said. "Can this be the Pearly Walker that I've heard my old friend Buck Johnson, from Nevada, speak of so often?"

Pearly leaned back in his seat and stared fixedly at him with one eye, while he contracted the other into a labored wink.

"Nope," he said genially. "I'm a yellow-breasted wampus from the Nile, and I can sing do fa do. Never trust a man that wears white socks!" he added mysteriously.

Buck Johnson's friend rose somewhat hurriedly. "Excuse me," he said anxiously, "I——"

"Sure, I know how it is. Let's go 'long out and have another drink," sug-

gested Pearly, his spirits rising. "I can see your tongue hanging out right this minute, and I'm as dry as a covered bridge. Come on! Don't forget your hat."

While they were having the third drink together and were becoming real chummy, they were joined by another reveller. He was a large, loose, fattish man, with a fishy eye and a fish-oily smile, that appeared to be painted on. He was expensively dressed, and wore in place of a scarf-pin a large solitaire diamond ring through which his tie was drawn.

"I beg your pardon," he said, addressing Pearly's companion, "but I am a stranger, stopping here only a few days on business, and am not acquainted with the city. Will you direct me to some place of amusement where I can spend the evening? I will be very grateful for your kindness."

The one addressed drew himself up coldly.

"You'd better talk to the police," he said in a hard voice. "I am a stranger here, myself. I do not know you, sir." He turned to Pearly. "You can't be too careful about meeting strangers in a place like this," he said cautiously. "He may be all right, and he may not. It's best to be on the safe side."

Pearly eyed him with interest.

"There ain't nothing reckless about you, is there?" he observed dispassionately. "I betcher no girl ever runs away with you! Look a' here," he continued severely, "you must be Old Man Careful's only son, the way you talk. Where'd you learn your manners, any way? Don't you know that's no way to bite a gent's head off? He ain't done anything to you, has he? What's ailing you?" He beckoned to the newcomer, who was backing away, looking surprised and hurt.

"Come on up and have a drink," he urged hospitably. "You'll have to excuse our friend here. He's a little bilious just now, but he has a good heart. He means well but he's from the East, too. What's your name?"

"I thank you, sir," responded the

other generously, "and take no offense. My name is J. Walter Rutherford, of New York. I'm in the brokerage business, stocks and bonds. I do most of J. Pierpont Morgan's business."

"And this," said Pearly, not to be outdone, "is William Shakespeare, of England. He's in the undertaking business—coffins and embalming fluid. He's undertook most of the royal family. I don't need any introducing," he continued agreeably. "I'm Willie Bite, from Bear Valley, and I ain't in any business. I ride hoss-back 'cause I like it." He smiled warmly upon them.

"Come on, now, William and Walter," he proceeded gleefully, "and let's have a look at this town, turning it over if necessary to see what's on the other side. We all got plenty of money, I reckon, and we'll confer together from time to time about what we'd better do with it." He winked wickedly at his companions with his winking eye and drew out the well-filled buckskin sack to pay the bartender. They needed no further urging. J. Walter Rutherford called a taxi and gave the driver his instructions, displaying a surprising knowledge of the city for one who was a comparative stranger, and they departed on their round of gaiety full of enthusiasm.

It was a new sensation to the firm of "Spike" Millican and "Smiling" Jack Rhinegold to find a victim who needed no prompting. Pearly embraced the opportunity with zest and confidence. It was agreed that they wanted to see *all* the town, and they made a good, thorough job of it. From the Ocean Boulevard to Joe King's dance hall on Pacific Street, they passed none by. Toward the latter part of the evening Pearly noticed his friends' interest beginning to lag, and he remonstrated with them. They rallied like heroes, and Pearly redoubled his own efforts. At last they became mutinous, after which Pearly went it alone.

About one a.m. the trio finished up at Jimmy Gregain's place on the Barbary Coast, very tired. It had resolved itself into a test of endurance. So far

Pearly's unimpaired assimilative powers and the watchful eye he kept upon his fellow pleasure-seekers had protected his purse from covetous hands; but now he was becoming drowsy. His speech was halting and his head wobbly, but he managed to keep at least one eye open all the time, though it stared in a somewhat petrified manner.

As they entered Mr. Gregain's establishment, the partners paused for a moment at the door.

"This is terrible!" groaned J. Walter savagely. "I'm going to quit. Not another drink! I haven't treated my stomach this way in the last ten years. It'll take me a week to get over it as it is."

"It's tough all right, Jack," sympathized the other, "but we've got him going now, and he's got two or three hundred in his clothes, if he has a cent. He's watching us, and I don't want to try frisking him yet; but I'm going to give him the 'stuff' this time, and it'll be all off with him in just about a minute. Don't give up the ship—I'll be back in no time. You go on in."

After some delay all were seated in a little booth just off the main floor, where mirth and music reigned. A waiter appeared shortly with a tray upon which were three glasses. Without hesitation, he placed one of the glasses before the man from Lassen and passed the tray on to the others. The three drank.

Five minutes later conversation between them had ceased. Pearly had slid down into his chair, and all the symptoms of approaching slumber were his. He was breathing heavily, his head dropped forward on his chest, but always he kept one eye fixed upon his companions, ceaselessly vigilant. A grim half-smile illumined his flushed countenance. The two waited with unconcealed impatience for him to succumb.

At the end of another five minutes J. Walter rose and slipped from the room. Outside, he called the bartender to him.

"See here, Soapy," he demanded irritably, "what's the matter with you, any way! Don't you know how to mix



'em any more, or are you trying to throw us down? Spike and me's been sitting up with that guy in there for half a hour since he took the stuff, and he's as wide awake as you are this minute, a-watching us like a hawk. What have you got to say for yourself?" Soap met his gaze squarely.

"Nothin'. If that boob downed the drink I sent in to him, he's goin' to slumber all right, and don't you worry. I gave him the pure quill."

"Well, he don't show any signs of it," returned his questioner sourly. "Let's give him another dose. We want to go to bed."

"Nix! Do you want put his light out for keeps an' get us all pinched? I'm no strong-arm man. Nothin' doin'! Run along."

The protestant returned reluctantly to his vigil.

Twenty minutes later Pearly moved uneasily in his chair and groaned. Suddenly he roused up and looked dazedly about him. He rose heavily to his feet and rubbed one hand across his eyes. The other he let slip down across the lower edge of his vest on the left side, where between his trouser-band and his shirt he carried his gun when he was in town.

Satisfied, he stepped quickly between his friends and the door; and it was only then that he reached around to his right hip-pocket. The purse was still there! A surprised grin spread over Pearly's face. The watchers stared dully at him, without speaking.

"Why, hello, Old Timers!" said Pearly, rather thickly but still cheerful. "You still here! Less all go have 'nother drink at the bar. Lass one they brought in here didn't taste just right to me. Then I'm goin't bed. 'Skittin' late."

He looked from one to the other. Neither spoke. J. Walter glared fiercely back to him. Pearly turned to his partner.

"I don't believe I'll have any, either," said that gentleman weakly.

"Just as you say, boysh," remarked Pearly approvingly. "I think you've had enough, myself. Sorry to leave you, but I gotter go t' bed. Shee you again, I hope." He backed out of the door, pausing only to smile upon them with intoxicated archness and to throw each a kiss before he disappeared.

When Pearly reached his room at the hotel he lit the light and carefully locked the door. Then he placed his gun and his watch on the bureau before him and drew from his pocket the buckskin bag. He gazed with approval upon his reflection in the mirror. The contents of the yellow sack were somewhat depleted; but what of that; It was beside the matter entirely. The bag still remained in his possession! He could face the unbelieving Frosty in triumph. He chuckled gaily to himself as he disrobed.

"They never touched me!" he murmured joyously. "Betcher if it was Old Frosty they'd a' got him. He ain't so wise!" He paused suddenly with his shirt half off and a puzzled, anxious look came into his face.

"By Jinks! I thought sure I was a goner that time I dozed off. Seemed to me I was asleep about an hour, but I reckon I couldn't 'a' been or they'd 'a' rolled me sure. Huh! I was too many for 'em—that's what's the matter." He winked at himself in the glass, put out the light, and climbed into bed, still chuckling.

He was just dropping off to sleep when he suddenly started up with a muttered exclamation, got out of bed, and stumbled across the room in the dark. He fumbled a moment at the wash-stand, filling a glass with water, into which he slipped a small object, and then returned to his couch, gently chiding himself.

"You durned old fool!" he murmured sleepily, as he once more drew the covers up over him. "You come mighty near forgetting to take that blamed glass eye of your'n out again! You been drinking—that's what's the matter with you!"



Three wives of one man.

## Where Women Want No Vote

LIFE OF THE SILENT, VEILED WOMEN OF THE TURKISH DOMAINS IS  
ONE OF CLOISTERED SECLUSION AND CONSTANT SUBSERVIENCY

By Felix J. Koch

In this day of the militant suffragette and the agitation for an extension of women's rights in all the civilized countries of the world, it may seem a strange contrast to direct attention to the women of Turkey. And yet a most interesting account might be written, with features of real news value, of the conditions under which Turkish women live. That, indeed, is precisely what the writer of the following article has attempted—a striking portrayal of the Women of the Terrible Turk, drawn by one who has gained his information from extended travel and trained observation.

APART from all that the writers of blood-curdling melodramas would have us mis-led into believing about the home life of the Mohammedan there is a fascination always to the silent, veiled women of the Turkish domains. The woman of the Terrible Turk is a study to be made in vignettes when you can, or better, when you may.

One of the great students of Turkish conditions was wont to recount how the continued existence of the Ottoman clan was due to three causes. The first of these was the extraordinary force displayed by the descendants of Othman, the Tartar chief of Khorassan. Sprung from a stock welded into iron by the endless strife of the great Asiatic



desert, they mated always with women picked for some separate charm, either of beauty or captivity. So the Sultans have been great personages, soldiers, statesmen, tyrants, almost all. The other two causes have not to do with the women—but these dames are interesting, nevertheless. Their salient characteristic, to the Occidental at least, is the veils which they wear.

and-So, who has a pretty daughter. At other times it may be the girl's relatives who recommend her to him, by letter or in person. Now and then, where a girl has known a man from childhood, she meets him slyly, and uncovers to him her fair face. From thirteen or fourteen years of age on veiling is enforced on the women.

If he be satisfied at the prospect, the



A scene in the shopping district of Turkey.

In the Herzegovina, one of the lost provinces of the empire, this hood is perhaps the largest in the world. Well back inside it, to make assurance doubly sure against the face being seen, a veil is drawn taut. The origin of this veiling is lost in antiquity. Perhaps with these folk it came from Arabia, where men also veil, to keep the desert sands from the eyes. More likely it was brought in at the time when a pretty woman was everywhere unsafe.

When a Mohammedan would take a wife, in consequence, he goes by hearsay. His mother will tell him of Such-

couple become engaged—at least, such it might be called. Her father and he settle the day when the groom may get his bride, and this may be on the morrow or in a month. The Hodja or priest comes to the house, and asks the bride if she be willing.

Her male representative answers "Yes," thrice over—it matters little what her wish might be. Then the dower to be paid, in the event of the husband divorcing his wife, is settled and put in writing. This may be anything from \$3.20 to \$3,200. Divorce may be had for no apparent cause—the hus-



Women as they appear in public on the streets of Turkish cities.

band need only tell his wife, before witnesses, to go. Children belong to the father, for, says the *Koran*, "They bear his name."

To-day the limit is set at three wives to a man, excepting for the Sultan, who may have wives in limitless numbers. As a rule, the Mussulman has but one wife, or two at the most. The oldest wife rules the household. Frequently the young couple go to live with the husband's parents. Sometimes, too, there are elopements—particularly when a girl's father is known to be opposed to a match, while the bridegroom's people favor it. Hard, indeed, it is, then, to find milady, for the women's apartment of a Turkish home is sacred against intrusion, and when on the streets she is ever deeply veiled.

By and by, however, the errant husband will visit the girl's father, well fortified with presents, and he is appeased, or at least reconciled. Where weddings are of more usual sort, the girl's father, on the other hand, will give gifts of

house service. It costs from eighty dollars to a hundred and twenty dollars to fit out an ordinary home, two or three rooms here. The New Turks make use of beds, the Old sleep on mattresses on the floor, when they can afford them.

There are other innovations now, as well, the liberal Moslem even drinking beer in his home to-day. On the other hand, in places, utmost orthodoxy prevails, and women occupy separate mosques from the men, or else may only visit a given mosque, if no men be there.

The spirit of change and progress is, of course, most manifest in the big cities. Salonica, notably, often presents sights as up to date as those of any city of Europe. Little girls, as attest the photo, will not hesitate to come up to the school fence at recess time, and, seeing the lad of their particular choice—uncover their faces to him, as no woman, let alone a girl, would have dared to have done two decades since.

But do not imagine this to be univer-





Moslem women of Bulgaria in their peculiar street garb.

sally the custom. The lines of Byron still apply to the Nearer East:

Here woman's voice is never heard  
apart,  
And scarce permitted, guarded, veiled,  
to move.  
She yields to one her body and her  
heart,  
Tamed in her cage—nor feels a wish  
to rove.

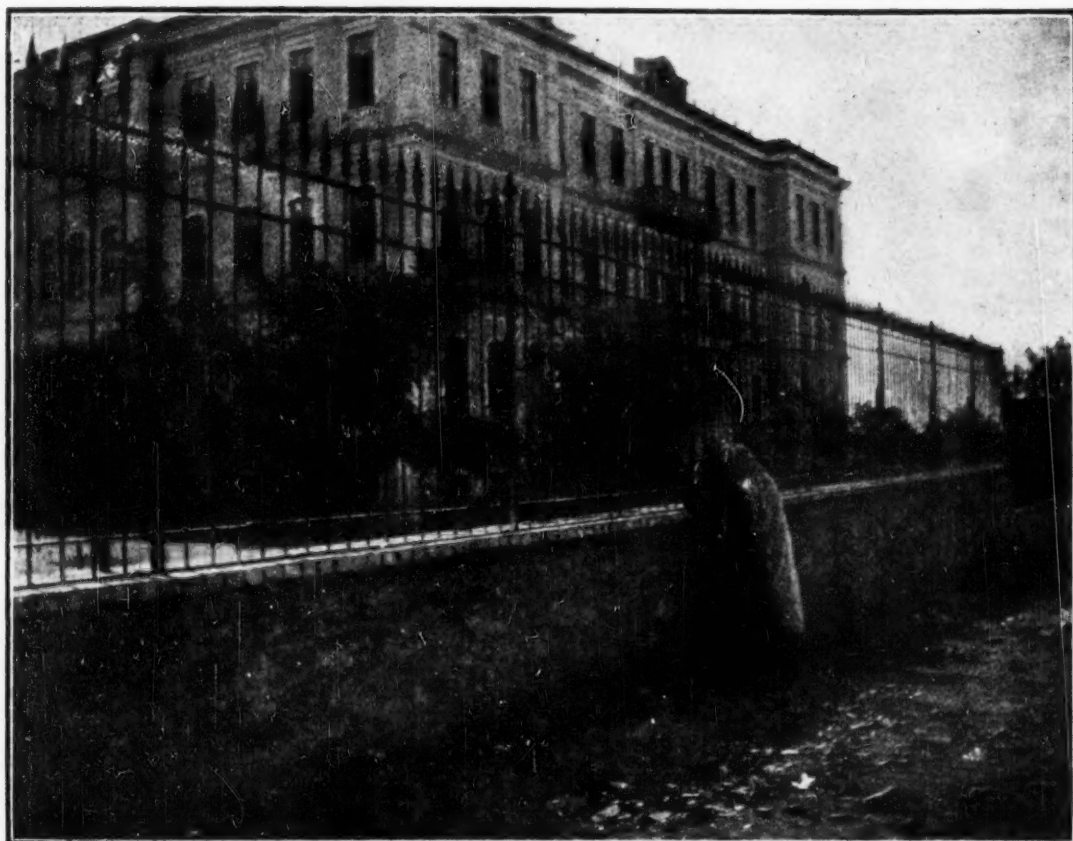
The life of the Harem, if changing, is doing so very slowly, and without much telling to the world without. Sometimes, as one passes, voices, raised in anger, come from the houses, but the cause, one can only guess.

Woman is woman the world about, and even the Turkish damsel loves to "shop." So you see her at her best on the Grand Bazaar. The guild system of industry obtains here, and so prices for a given article are the same in every shop well nigh. Rock-bottom prices,

that is! Wages paid the apprentices are the same throughout the bazaars. This reduces competition to a minimum, and bazaar-keepers' lives are the idlest of all the lazy East. Traveling coffee vendors do a good business what between shoppers and shop folk. So, too, do the sellers of *ju-jube* paste, or Turkish delight, as it is called.

When the trade is slack and the bazaar-keeper is not partaking of these things, he is at the *nargileh* or water pipe; his eye, the while, feasting on the array of embroideries and filigrees on his shelves. He is fond of barter as a pastime — maybe because it is his only chance of a chat with these mysterious women buyers. He shakes his head right and left for *yes*, and up and down for *no*. He knows given voices, he has heard them so often—all women of a given region dress identically the same. Their face is, of course, hidden.

Here and there on the bazaar, Spanish Jews sell pomegranates to the wo-



Turkish girls revealing their faces to students behind the walls of a Turkish school.

men. The pomegranate is to them much what the apple is with us, a staple of the fruiterer. Now and then it is taken with sugar—oftener without. The juice is employed in dyeing the cloth for the *fezes*, and so hedges are planted on the shrubs, at the roadside.

Up over the fruiterer's shelves a clock may stand, that milady may know when it's time to be returning, and on these Moslem clocks one notes that the hour hand is the longest.

But Harem life, despite these shop-pings and the occasional outing to the country, is a cloistered, silent life. In the smaller towns, especially, the quiet of the streets of Harems or homes impresses itself on the traveler. Only the

dogs, with their litters, housed in the crannies of the garden walls break the silence, and these only if a strange dog enter their particular by-way.

Walls stretch from house to house, and in these, the doors bear great knockers, which one uses before entering, that such dames as may be in the courtyard may take to the house, or cover.

Through the lattices sometimes you see women peeping out at passers. Now and then a guitar's notes pierce from the walls.

But otherwise it is a world of mystery—a women's world unto itself, to which no man, save nearest relatives, may ever hope to penetrate.



## Review of Reviews

BEING A SYNOPSIS OF THE LEADING ARTICLES APPEARING  
IN THE BEST CURRENT MAGAZINES IN THE WORLD

### The Business Side of Campaigning

Stupendous Task of Directing National Political Campaigns is Accomplished by  
Business Methods and Modern Organization at Enormous Expense.

SHORTLY before his death Senator Hanna prophesied that the steady growth of the campaign fund would soon require the organization by each national committee of a bank or trust company. Time has not yet verified the prediction. The curtailment rather than the growth of campaign contributions is leading to the application of scientific management and strict business principles to the conduct of a national campaign. The inner recess of a national committee's headquarters now might be, to all appearances, the aery of a train despatcher or the conning-tower of a War Secretary on the eve of a decisive battle. An official map dotted with pegs and veined with different colored threads represents a bird's-eye view of the distribution of oratorical talents. Each peg is labeled with the name of a man or a woman. Instructions are given by wire and the movements of the various speakers are as accurately recorded as the movements of a train in a railroad schedule. Headquarters, remarks Katherine Graves Busbey in the Sunday Magazine, are no longer a luxuriously furnished suite in a fashionable hotel. They are offices in a business building, and there is the crisp, commercial snap of a well-conducted business about the atmosphere.

"In the good old days, when the campaign fund, once started, took substance and girth unto itself as silently and swiftly as a rolling snowball, and any protest against the 'fat-frying' of protected interests, 'blocks of five,' or 'shaking the

plum-tree'' of insurance companies and banking concerns were regarded as the protest of the disappointed—like the cannibal complaining to the missionary that a neighboring clan 'have killed and eaten my father without offering me one little bit,'—a conservative estimate of the total cost of a presidential campaign, including the smaller campaigns in every State carried on in connection with it, would not have fallen far short of eight million dollars. The national committee headquarters must have had fully half of this sum at its disposal, and no accounting of the disbursement thereof was expected. Naturally, intrigue and subterranean management and waste became prime forces in dissipating this enormous fund. . . .

"Undoubtedly the realization that great sums of money could no longer supply the sinews of political warfare accomplished the amputation of a deep-incrusted gangrene of graft; but with all possible economy the election of a president costs money. A campaign fund is an absolute necessity so long as we have campaigns. The national headquarters of the Republican party handled about two millions at the last election, the Democratic headquarters used less than a million, but it cost two hundred thousand dollars to elect Abraham Lincoln in 1864, and at that time the body of voters was only about a fourth of the some sixteen millions of to-day, and now there are forty-eight States to be covered.

"Moreover, since the change to business-

like methods, other new and legitimate drafts on the campaign fund have been acquired. The organization has come to be as extensive as that of the executive offices of a great railroad system, and the cost of maintaining the national headquarters, with the paid force of employees ranging from forty to a hundred men and women, often amounts to three thousand dollars a day."

The work of the campaign embraces the distribution of literature and the distribution of oratory. The sum of three hundred thousand dollars for postage is needed to send a single sealed document or letter to every American voter. The distribution of a single important speech in printed form to a limited contingent has cost national committees as much as five thousand dollars. And in the last campaign twenty such speeches were delivered and circulated.

"When Senator Root, then Secretary of State, made his famous emergency speech at Utica, New York, at the close of the 1904 campaign, presses all over the State were set in action printing millions of copies of it. The cost of the issue was between fifty and sixty thousand dollars; but it is supposed to have saved the State for Mr. Roosevelt.

"The printer's devil of the countryside can, during one of these political contests for national supremacy, attend all the ball games without killing a grandmother to justify his holiday; for there hangs in the national committee rooms a list of all country newspapers with a circulation of over sixteen hundred, and all country weeklies are supplied with 'patent insides' of partisan news and comment. All the country dailies desiring the service may have stereotyped stuff absolutely free, and proof slips are mailed to more important papers. The great rise in popularity of the ready-to-wear garments in trade has hardly been more rapid than the development of the ready-to-print plates and ready-to-circulate supplements as propaganda in a campaign.

"It is a varied output,—editorial sheets, political news and comment, cartoons and campaign poetry. The use of the pithy, poetic tirade and long doggerel parody by the rival parties has largely subsided; the mascot ditty like Mr. Clark's 'Houn' Dawg Song' representing about the sole survivor of this form of campaign ammunition."

Cartoonists employed at headquarters receive salaries larger than that of a United States Senator. The miscellaneous literary output from national headquarters figures up prodigiously. Two hundred million documents issued for the Republican campaign

alone, printed in German, French, Spanish, Italian, Swedish, Norwegian, Finnish, Dutch and Hebrew, will be shipped by the carload to the chairmen of local committees who attend to the distribution. Posters and advertisements in newspapers require skilled specialists to be effective. The activity of the spellbinders demands no less attention. One hears of fees of ten thousand dollars paid to noted orators for campaign services, and frequently of fees of three hundred dollars a night; but, we are told in the army of spell binders the salary rarely exceeds two hundred dollars a week, and the average is fifty dollars a week and expenses. "Still," Miss Busbey goes on to explain, "the pay envelopes of some five thousand orators, even irregularly in action, do mount up. The silvery eloquence of a campaign costs over two hundred thousand dollars, and every time a great meeting is held in a city like New York the incidentals call for perhaps four thousand dollars. If a torchlight parade is to precede it, from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand dollars more must be provided."

"Just how much is accomplished by this modern oratorical army is difficult to compute. The national committees of all parties claim that converts are made in this way, and that in doubtful districts it has been the means of winning enough votes from the opposition to make a decisive majority. It is undoubtedly the most effective method yet discovered of holding to a party those who have already yielded up their consciences and the most efficient weapon for routing that dread 'General Apathy'; for awakening an interest in a community of rock-ribbed partisans who nevertheless have sunk into a sort of dignified coma and need stirring up 'to get out the full party strength.'"

Various "picturesque features" have become "small by degrees and beautifully less." They filled no ballot boxes, and—we are a practical people. The leaders discovered that the people were tired of the glittering generalities of the average political bunkum; they were not to be herded by party lash nor stampeded with political claptrap from the stump.

"Therefore, the modern spellbinder, the 'mercenary' if you will, like the man of business, the soldier, the Salvation Army evangelist, concerns himself more with results than conventional methods, with matter rather than form. He is a man who has something to say and knows how to say it well. He is logical, cold, emphatic, and makes his points by telling pithy facts and



figures, clearly, fairly, and succinctly stated. So far as it is possible for his manager, the chief of the speakers' bureau, to mold him, his speeches come within Froude's brief definition of Caesar's style where he says that the Roman spoke 'without ornament, but directly to the purpose.'

Spellbinding de luxe is reached in the special train tour in which the candidates themselves and the political headliners indulge. They must be pretty "big guns" to be thus favored, since the expense of this exclusive form of railroad transportation, now that the Railway Rate Bill has eliminated all special concessions, averages about three hundred dollars a day. These cars, equipped with speakers, stenogra-

phers, press correspondents, literature distributors, etc., are routed in the same manner as a theatrical troupe. An advance man, marking the itinerary, precedes the "star." By carefully calculated schedules one hundred meetings may be addressed in one week. The most significant feature of modern campaigning is the fact that all transactions are on a strictly cash basis. A week after the polls are closed all bills are paid. In 1888, the writer reminds us, the Republican headquarters collapsed with a debt of a million and a half—approximately the sum handled by the Republican national committee in the 1908 election, which left no deficit, but instead a small sinking fund.

## The Birth of the Baby Bond

Rapid Growth of Bond Expressed in Three Instead of Four Ciphers Indicates

Thrift in Purchase of Securities of the Highest Grade.

THE birth of the Baby Bond—a bond expressed in three instead of four ciphers—points to the fact that we are beginning to develop the quality we most lack as a nation—thrift. Each year, remarks the Financial world, the one-hundred-dollar-denomination bond increases in popularity. Each year finds more bond-dealers considering the advisability of cultivating business of this character, while railroads and corporations no longer turn a deaf ear to the demand of the small investor. The time is not far distant when the annual purchases of small denomination bonds will run into hundreds of millions, for our capacity to absorb such issues is far greater than that of France, where this form of investment has been especially favored. How well the French deserve their reputation as a nation of investors is strikingly illustrated by the outcome of a state railway loan recently brought out in Paris. The offering, which was for sixty million dollars of four per cent. bonds at par, was oversubscribed more than thirty-two times. By far the larger portion of this enormous total was made up of subscriptions from small shopkeepers, farmers and working men.

In France, Mr. John Grant Dater explains in *Munsey's*, the humblest citizens may participate with the wealthiest capitalist in buying securities of the highest grade, for all important French loans are issued

in denominations as low as one hundred and five hundred francs, or twenty and one hundred dollars. Our capitalists and corporation managers think and act in millions, and cater primarily to men of wealth. Ninety-nine per cent. of the total capitalization of legitimate American corporations is represented by stocks of a par value of one hundred dollars and by bonds of a denomination of one thousand dollars, or "multiples thereof." We pursue a policy which excludes countless investors from participating in most of our best bond issues by making the denominations of the bonds too large. "If," the writer goes on to say, "bankers would inculcate the saving habit among their clients; if they would prevent the tremendous ravages of the get-rich-quick promoter, with the consequent heavy loss to legitimate industry, they should make it possible for investors of slender means to buy securities of the best character."

"For one man who can purchase a thousand-dollar bond, there are probably fifty, and perhaps a hundred, who could buy a hundred-dollar bond; and they would do so, too, if securities of the highest grade were readily available for purchase in amounts or pieces suitable for persons of limited resources.

"Not only is the money of the small investor worth saving, and worth having,

but nothing is better calculated to beat down opposition and win friends for honest corporations and constructive enterprises than to bring many men of small and moderate means into the companies as investors. Such persons would not be so prone to criticize themselves or to brook the intermeddling of demagogues if they had direct personal interest in great legitimate undertakings.

"Moreover, much ignorant hostility toward Wall Street would probably disappear if bonds of the best character, safe securities, were brought within the reach of the man with a small pocketbook. Though Wall Street may not appreciate it, countless people who have been swindled in fake stocks,

because they did not know how or where to buy better securities, believe that their misfortunes are chargeable to Wall Street, with which they associate every one who deals in stocks."

Even now, T. B. Lyon points out in *Investments*, all U. S. Government bonds and a large number of municipal issues can be purchased in hundred-dollar denominations. There are also well known railroad, public utility and industrial Baby Bonds.

These bonds yield from four to six per cent. Most of them are listed on the Stock Exchange. There is always, we are informed, a market for Baby Bonds; they can be instantly turned into cash.

## Another Universe Beyond the Stars

**This World is Merely a Part of Vast Spiral Stellar System, According to Theory of Leading European Astronomer.**

SINCE 1907 the writer has devoted a considerable part of his time to the spectroscopic observation of the spiral nebulae, writes Dr. Edward Arthur Fath in the September "Century." One result of this work was the discovery of fourteen absorption lines in the spectrum of the Andromeda nebula which corresponded, line for line, with absorption lines in the solar spectrum. A photograph of the spectrum of the sun taken with the same instrument looks precisely like that of this particular nebula. This implies that the Andromeda nebula has the physical characteristics of the sun. The nebula is four times the apparent diameter of the sun. Its distance is not known, but a conservative estimate would place it among the nearer stars. If we make this assumption it places the nebula at least ten million times as far away as the sun is from the earth. Consequently its real dimensions are at least forty million times those of the sun. Since the diameter of the latter is 866,000 miles we obtain nearly 35,000,000,000,000 miles as the diameter of the nebula.

Now, this great body gives a solar spectrum. What does this mean? The simplest assumption, considering its enormous size, appears to be that it is a vast assemblage

of suns so far from us that no telescope has been able to show the suns separately. If it be true, however, that the nebula is so far away that its component stars cannot be distinguished, then it must be at a much greater distance than we first assumed; in other words we must place it not among the stars, for these can be seen separately in the telescope, but beyond the stars. This would make it another universe. Our own universe we shall call the Milky Way, for there is good reason to believe that the stars which make up the Milky Way as we see it, together with the other stars, form a single system.

What form has the Milky Way? For many years there has been a theory that it too has a spiral arrangement, but not until very recently has there been much evidence in support of it. Within the last few months, however, Prof. Kapteyn, the great European astronomer, has brought forward evidence which points in this direction. Without going into the matter further, it can be said that we must at least recognize the possibility of our being a part of a vast spiral stellar system and having the privilege, when we look at the Andromeda nebula to see ourselves as others see us.



## Determination is a Business Builder

**Success Not so Much the Result of External Conditions as it is That of a Man's Mind—Determination Brings Accomplishment.**

VERY few people make a habit of determination. Ask your friend who is adding a new department to his business or is marketing a new commodity what he thinks of his chances of success, and he will tell you that he believes he is on a good thing. Ask him if he is sure and he will likely look upon you as a fool.

A man will determine to take a step of this nature, but he does not often determine to make it succeed, declares The Organizer, the British Business Magazine. Put two men of equal capacity up against the same job. Suppose one of them makes up his mind that at all costs he will win, while the other, however enthusiastic, merely believes he will win, and you create two entirely different propositions with different chances.

Most men do not start a new project with the fixed determination to success; they think they do. They start something which they think ought to pay; they may be right. They work at it for a time, and as the inevitable difficulties are met their enthusiasm gradually cools. Although they may not admit the fact to themselves, they are continually in a vague state of wonderment as to whether they will in the end be able to overcome all the difficulties or whether the latter will overcome them.

We agree that the man who makes up his mind to win through usually has a different sort of personality. He is a stronger and a rarer type; but most of us, whatever our personalities may be, would have a far greater chance of success if only we made up our mind not to start a thing unless we were sure we were prepared to see it through.

You see, a man does not determine, as a rule, to do a thing which it is impossible for him to do.

For instance, you could not come to a determination to butt one of the Trafalgar Square Lions off its pedestal; you know perfectly well that, however hard your head may be, the attempt would be useless.

You do not come to a determination to do a thing unless you have made up your mind, by taking every practical means to assure yourself, that that thing can be done, and it is for want of this preliminary investigation of the difficulties and possibilities that so many men go astray.

A man does not decide to do a thing, come what may, if he has not got enough data on which to form some conclusion of what may come. He believes and thinks and hopes things will go all right—that is all.

Success is not nearly so much the result of external conditions as it is that of a man's mind. A man builds success within himself. He has gone more than half way towards accomplishment when he has come to a determination to accomplish.

Only a little while ago we came across a case which illustrated the necessity for determination. A young man of capacity and energy had started a factory. He had invested his money and expected to succeed.

Naturally he met heaps of trouble and difficulty, and the day came when he said, "Is the game worth the candle?" and he asked us to have a look at his proposition for him.

There was no doubt that he had selected a pretty hard row to hoe. Amongst other things he wanted more capital, and it was really the question of putting in further money that crystallized his doubts and misgivings.

But when one came to really dig into the facts and figures there was no doubt that the business could be made successful.

Together we did our best to look the proposition straight in the face. We took the difficulties one by one, and said, "Is this something we cannot overcome?" and we found that we could not give "best" to any of them. Not only did we examine those that had presented themselves in the past—we tried to look ahead and think of all those that were going to crop up in the future.

The verdict was in favor of the business, and we said to our friend, "You have been wondering for a good long time whether this business is going to succeed. You have never made up your mind to make it succeed, but now you see you can succeed if you will succeed. What are you going to do about it?"

It looked good enough to him to make it succeed, and he came to a determination, and that business has had a different spirit and an entirely different chance ever since. He is succeeding. There is no longer any doubt about it. He is having plenty of difficulties, and will have for a time, but he has given up looking at each one as a possible coup de grace.

## Pleasure and Profit in Travel

**"When People Travel for Pleasure, Pleasure is What They Travel for,"**

**But How Many Are There Who get it at a Reasonable Outlay?**

PERHAPS it is rather late in the season to preach sermons on travel. Besides some people are ready to take advice on any subject but that of taking care of themselves while away from home. But a great many people have yet a great many things to learn about traveling—its pleasures and profits.

Writing in Lippincott's Magazine, W. J. Lampton holds it is practically undebatable that when people travel for pleasure, pleasure is what they travel for. Yet how many get it, or, if they do get it, find that the wear and tear in mind, body, and pocket-book have been almost prohibitive? And why is it thus? The answer is easy. It is because those who travel are not philosophers. And not mere philosophers, but profound philosophers. Unless they are that, they will find that pleasure in travel is a delusion and a snare, a burden and a disappointment. The ordinary traveler comes home after his trip, long or short as it may be, swearing mad and worn to a frazzle. The philosophic traveler gets back home serene and satisfied. There's a reason for this. Listen. First off, before the traveler sets forth on his journey, he must be fully assured that travelers in general are the legitimate prey of everybody who is not traveling, that is to say, who is at home, trying to make just as much money as he can without violating the Constitution and the by-laws. Sometimes the limit is exceeded, but this is usually not intended, or, if intended, the violator tries to make it only so far beyond that the traveler will not think it worth while to delay his journey in order to get even. When the traveler is thoroughly convinced that he is the legitimate prey of everybody who is not traveling, he will permit himself to be overcharged, to be ill-treated, to be swindled in small things, to be neglected for more profitable travelers, to be rammed and jammed and generally imposed upon, and will take it all composedly and in good humor, knowing that he is only getting what is coming to him, and that if any of his fellow-travelers are not treated likewise they more than make up for it in what they have to pay for immunity.

Secondly, to be comfortable, the traveler must not go forth expecting to practise home economies. What he must do is to

set aside a certain sum as traveling expenses and let it go freely, reserving only so much as will get him home again by the shortest route. When he goes to his train or boat, he should go in a cab. It costs more, but he gets there without being tired out carrying hand luggage, or worried because the street car is held up and he has just time to get aboard, hot and puffing and mad and ugly all over. He should ride in a parlor car, if by day, or a sleeper, if by night, because in either case he is sure of his place and is not crowded in like a steer in a stock-car. It costs more, but what is his traveling fund for? Isn't he traveling for pleasure? Then why not have it? He can practise economy at home. When he goes to a hotel, he should go to a good one—not necessarily the most expensive, because that is often not the best, but to a good one, where he will have comfortable lodging and edible food. It may cost him four or five dollars a day, and he could save as much as two dollars a day by going to a cheap place, but is he traveling for that? He is not. He is traveling for pleasure, and often tells people so. He likes to do it, because it sounds more elegant than to say he makes his living as a traveling man. It really is more elegant, because travelers for pleasure are supposed to have money, while the other kind haven't. That's why they have to travel.

The comforts of travel constitute one of its chief pleasures, and to have comforts one must pay for them. The traveler who expects to do this, and has his mind fully made up not to economize, will find it a great relief to give no thought to the passing dollar. Let it go. That's what it was saved up for, so why try to retain it, or mourn its loss? He may not always get his money's worth—indeed, he seldom will—but if he realizes that fully when he starts out, he will be disappointed if he has a dollar left when he gets home again. The great difficulty with the great majority of travelers is that they think they can take their home customs and ideas along with them and fit them to all other people and places. They cannot. The only way to travel for pleasure is for the traveler to fit himself to other people, places, and conditions, and pay the cost of it cheerfully, knowing that it need not continue long if he doesn't want it to.



## Prospects of the Man Who Believes Something

**Greatest Business Gift is "To Make Other People Believe in Themselves and Look Up to Themselves"**

IN the Organizer, Gerald Stanley Lee, author of "Inspired Millionaires," declares that the greatest gift the modern business man can have is the gift of making other people believe in themselves and look up to themselves.

Most people would say at first thought, perhaps, that Wilbur Wright, when he flew around over the heads of the people in New York a few years ago, a black speck above a whole city with its heads up, was not doing much for modern business.

But the real importance of the flying machine does not stop short with a little delicate, graceful thing walking, as it were, on the air instead of the ground.

The big and revolutionary thing about Wilbur Wright's flying was that he changed the minds of the whole human race in a few minutes about something. There was a particular thing that for forty thousand years they knew they couldn't do; and now they could.

It naturally follows now—and it lies in the mind of every man who lives—that there must be other particular things. And as nine men out of ten are in business, most of these particular things are going to be done in business.

The Wilbur Wright spirit is catching

It is as if a lid had been lifted off the world.

One sees everywhere business men going about the streets expecting new things of themselves and one another. They expect things of the very ground, and of the air, and of one another they had not dared expect before.

And all in an astonishing degree because Wilbur Wright flew above New York.

He has touched the imagination of men about themselves. They were profoundly moved because they saw him in their presence inventing a new kind and a new size of human being. He raised the standard of impossibility, and built an annexe on to the planet while they looked, took a great strip off of space three miles wide and folded it softly on to the planet all the way round before their eyes.

For three miles more—three miles further up above the ground there was a space where human beings would have to stop saying "I can't," and "You can't," and "We can't." If people want to say "I

can't" and "You can't" they will have to say it further and further away from this planet now. Let them try Mars.

The modern imagination takes to impossibilities naturally with Wilbur Wright against the horizon. The thing we next cannot believe is the next thing to expect.

### Things Nobody Believed.

Nobody would have believed ten years ago that an architect could be invented who would tell a man that his house would cost him £10,000, and then hand him back £500 when he had finished it. But the man has been invented; he invented himself.

He represents the owner, and does as the owner would be done by if he did it himself—if he had the technical knowledge and the time to do it.

Nobody would have believed a few years ago that a railway president, when he had occasion to reduce the wages of several thousand employees 10 per cent., would begin by reducing his own salary 30 per cent., and the salary of all the officials all the way down 15 or 20 per cent.

Nobody would have believed some time ago that an organizing inventor would be evolved who would meet his directors and tell them that if they would have their work done in their mills in three shifts instead of two the men would work so much better that it would not cost the company more than 10 per cent. more to offer the better conditions. But such an organizing inventor has been invented, and has proved his case.

Luther Burbank has made a chestnut tree, eighteen months old, bear chestnuts, and it has always taken from ten to twenty-five years to make a tree furnish its first chestnut before.

The other day in a New England city I saw a man who had been a president for an Electric Light Company for twenty years, who had invented a public service corporation that worked. Since he took office and dictated the policy of the company every single overture for more expensive equipment in the electric lighting of the city has come from the company, and every single overture for reducing the rate to consumers has come from the company.

The consumption of electricity in the city is the largest per capita in the world, and

the rate is the cheapest in the country, and incidentally the company so trusts the people that they let them have electricity without meters, and the people so trust the company that they save its electricity as they would their own.

Even the man without a conscience who would be mean if he could, is brought to terms, and knows that if he refrains from leaving his lights burning all night when he goes to bed he is not merely saving the company's electricity, but his own. He knows that he is reducing his own and everybody's price for electricity, and not merely increasing the profits of the company.

It makes another kind of man slowly out of thousands of men every day, every night, who are turning on and turning off their lights in this spirit.

The Electric Light Company has come to have a daily, an almost hourly, influence on the way men do business and go about their work in that city, the motives and assumptions with which they bargain with one another, that is: an influence on their religion that might be envied by twenty churches.

All that had happened was that a magnificent and wilful personality—the kind that went on crusades and took cities in other ages—had appeared at last and proposed to do the same sort of thing in business. He proposed to express his soul—just as it was—in business the way other people had expressed theirs for a few hundred years in poetry or more easy and conventional ways.

If he could not have made the electric

light business say the things about people and about himself that he liked and that he believed, he would have had to make some other business say them.

One of the things he had most wanted to say and prove in business was the economic value of being human, the enormous business saving that could be effected by being believed in.

He preferred being believed in himself in business, and he knew other people would prefer it, and he was sure that if, as people said, "being believed in did not pay," it must be because being believed in had not been properly organized, because ways of inventing faith in people, the technique of trust, had not been invented.

He found himself invited to take charge of the Electric Light Company at a time when it was insolvent and in disgrace with the people, and he took the corporation in hand on the specific understanding that he should be allowed to put his soul into it, that he should be allowed his own way for three years—in believing in people and in inventing ways of getting believed in as much as he liked.

The last time I saw him, though he is old and nearly blind, and while as he talked there lay a darkness on his eyes, there was a great light in his face.

He had besieged a city with the shrewdness of his faith, and conquered a hundred thousand men by believing in them more than they themselves could.

By believing in them shrewdly, and by thinking out ways of expressing that belief, he had invented a corporation—a public service corporation—that had a soul, and consequently worked!

## A Russian View of the British People of To-day

**"The Land of Knights has Become a Land of Burghers, Bereft of Warlike Spirit it once Possessed"**

IT is sometimes well to see ourselves from a foreign viewpoint. At any rate it is usually enlightening. The Contemporary Review has been gathering some foreign opinions of the British people, among which one from Russia is of particular interest. It is written by M. Menshikoff, and appeared in the *Novoye Vremya*, and as the Contemporary Review remarks, is well worth reading. This publicist holds that England

"has ceased to be a military country in the serious meaning of this term. She has lost the warlike instinct, the instinct of chivalry which seeks out enemies and, if weapons are at hand, enters into combat with them. At present England possesses weapons, and more formidable weapons than her foe can boast. But she lacks the dash which should move her to employ them. Manifestly the enormous riches acquired



by her people have produced their inevitable effect. The land of Knights has become a land of burghers, bereft of the war-like character it once possessed. It dreads war, holds it in secret abhorrence. If in bygone days England built a navy for war, to-day she builds one against war, in order to stave it off. Whether these are wise tactics time will show. I personally believe that what really conquers is not so much the means of fighting as the desire to fight. Of the world-powers which struggled for the mastery before the birth of Christ, Carthage was wealthier than Rome, and for that reason was more burgher-like and less inclined to wage war. Well, I am afraid that commercial England has inherited, besides certain strains of Phoeni-

cian blood, the historical role of Carthage. Carthage also built fleets and got together a coalition against Rome, but always put off the day when the enemy might have been crushed. She postponed and postponed, until at last she fell herself under the iron heel of her rival. . . . Of the two nations, Germany is characterised by the inertia of attack, England by that of retreat. What is the real meaning of being prepared to fight, yet not fighting? It connotes the acknowledgment in the depths of one's soul that one is defeated. To delay until tomorrow what should be done to-day is to proclaim that one will be bankrupt to-morrow. . . . Germany feels that she will get ample time to deploy all her forces, and she is deploying them accordingly.

## Marconi's Plans for the World

### Wireless Transmission of all Power for Heating, Light, and Fertilization of Fields Predicted by Wizard

"WITHIN the next two generations we shall have not only wireless telephony and telegraphy, but also wireless transmission of all power for individual and corporate use, wireless heating and light, and wireless fertilizing of fields.

"When all that has been accomplished—as it surely will be—mankind will be free from many of the burdens imposed by present economic conditions.

"In the wireless era the government will necessarily be the owner of all the great sources of power. This will naturally bring railways, telegraph and telephone lines, great ocean-going vessels, and great mills and factories into public ownership. It will sweep away the present enormous corporations and will bring about a semi-socialistic state.

"I am not personally a socialist; I have small faith in any political propaganda; but I do believe that the progress of invention will create a state which will realize most of the present dreams of the socialists.

"The coming of the wireless era will make war impossible, because it will make war ridiculous.

"The inventor is the greatest revolutionist in the world."

The man who made these startling predictions is not a visionary, but one who

already has to his credit one of the greatest material achievements of modern times—Guglielmo Marconi, the inventor of the wireless telegraph.

I was talking with the wizard about his great invention, and I listened enraptured as he opened up before me his plans for the future development of the wireless idea, writes Ivan Narodny in the *Technical World Magazine*.

Proceeding he outlines these changes as follows:

A step further in the progress of wireless stands wireless lighting, heating and transmission of motor power. Each of these systems is based on the same principle as of wireless telegraphy, only the transmitting and receiving instruments are different and the vibrations of the etheric waves have a different nature, intensity and length. The so-called high-potential magnifying transmitter is the instrument to be applied in these new wireless systems of electric energy. This creates a freely vibrating secondary circuit, from which one end is connected with the ground and the other with an elevated conductor. I suppose currents of one thousand amperes and fifteen to twenty million volts will be necessary for producing these waves and for the receiving of them by the consumers.

The generating terminals of the wireless

energy will have to be owned by the State governments. The waves will be sent out to consumers in various degrees of power. Some of the waves will be utilized for dynamic purposes, others for lighting, heating, fertilizing and, possibly, for military purposes. Water and wind power, possibly light, also, will be used for generating purposes in the huge national power-stations. As an example, take Niagara, the water power of which is owned by New York State. Say, for instance, that Niagara would be able to send out every hour one hundred and fifty million horsepower in electric waves, that twenty millions of it would be used for mills, shops, railways, traffic in the cities, and for household purposes, that ten millions would be consumed for lighting and thirty millions for heating and fertilizing within the boundaries of the State. There would then remain eighty million horse-power that could be sold to other States. It would seem at first glance as if the owners of receiving stations outside of New York State could easily steal the energy of Niagara for whatever purpose they wanted it, without payment. But this will be impossible, for in the first place, the waves of various degrees will be so tuned that only corresponding receivers can use them and these receivers will have to be recorded by the municipalities, and in the second place, every user of wireless energy will be obliged to use a meter, like the present gas-meter. Motor waves, for instance, will have two million vibrations, and forty million volts, the light waves measure slightly less and the fertilizing waves

still less. All the generators of energy in New York State will be exactly of the same degree. If this New York wave should overload Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, it could not be utilized there, because all the receivers of those States would have their individual tuning, different from New York. But New York State knowing that it could spare eighty million horse-power as the surplus of what it created might agree to sell it to Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, or any other customer for a definite price. Consequently those States could have certain accumulators which would receive the rest of New York's electrical energy and transform it to the same measure of waves used within their borders. By this method it will be much simpler to handle wireless energy than steam and electricity in their present form.

As soon as the use of wireless energy becomes universal it will necessarily sweep out all the present privileged corporations of power and create a semi-socialistic state of affairs. In the future the government will be the owner of all energy. Individuals will use it to a certain amount free of any charge, but for the rest they will have to pay for the state a definite tribute. This will naturally make railways, telegraphy, telephone, vessels and mills a public ownership. There remains opportunity for an individual under those new conditions. The main trouble with all the to-day's economic friction is that the energy can be owned by certain privileged individuals, who use it for their own selfish ends but not for the benefit of humanity.

## The Selection of a Vocation

Considerations which should Weigh in the Choice of a Pursuit, One of  
the Most Crucial Tasks of Life

PERHAPS nothing is quite so important in life, as judged from the standpoint of success, as the selection of a vocation. Advice from competent authorities is therefore to be welcomed. Writing on the subject Fred W. Claybrook in the *Business Philosopher* says:

"What shall be my vocation?" is a question every man has had to answer and it is the first of importance that will come to all men of future generations. It is fostered for us by ambitious parents from the date

of our birth, and as soon as the child's lisping tongue can give expression, it begins to repeat mother's impressions on the child-mind, as to what he will do when he becomes a man.

Every lad delights to draw, in imagination, fanciful pictures of his future, and it seems an eternity before he attains the age of twenty-one. In his play he endeavors to imitate those men who, by reason of their occupations, have caused him to desire to be engaged in a like pursuit when



he is a man. As the age increases, his mind develops and new ideas are born. The boy who at ten wished to become a lawyer, doctor, or minister, at fifteen decides on something else.

Father, in his effort to assist the son, directs education along the lines that equip him for the occupation he has chosen, and he follows this pre-arranged channel until the time arrives for his start in life. If, at this time, he is still satisfied with his selection and the business is the one for which he is best adapted, he should throw all his energy into the work and make its advancement the pride of his life. On the other hand, if he discovers he has a greater talent for some other line and believes that to be better suited for him, he would act wisely to obey that inclination as life would then hold more for him. Too often, however, we find that they are unwilling to change because of having been trained for a certain work, and they trust to luck for success in a business not entirely congenial. This generally results in the production of "a square peg for a round hole," and the friction thus created checks progress and often prevents success.

The truly successful man is in love with his work and literally marries his occupation. His mind is in perfect harmony with everything pertaining to his business and his chief ambition is to become more efficient in his line. There can be no happy medium, because in this day of progressive competition one must be so loyal to his work that he is willing to sacrifice all other desires in order to reach the pinnacle of success. Loyalty is born of love—it is not mechanical, but a part of one's very soul. Therefore, we cannot be genuinely loyal to the work for which we have no natural inclination.

In choosing a vocation, then, let us remember that God, in his wisdom, endowed men with many different minds and talents, so that the many different affairs of this world might be more productively conducted.

In each of us is to be found a special adaptability for some specific undertaking, and fortunate, indeed, is the one who discovers his talent and determines to devote his life toward its highest development. Some may argue that this rule is not always practical, on the ground that the line of work for which one is suited may not be lucrative—that there may be no opportunity to secure such a position, therefore immediate necessity compels the acceptance of anything offered. We admit these reasons may seem plausible, but we must not forget that this is a day of specializing and that experts are in demand.

Money is a necessity, but the greatest joy to be had with it is not always in what it will purchase. It is the result of intelligent effort, and the man who appreciates the dollars because they are the self-evident acknowledgment of an accomplished purpose has the greatest of all ideas. Because of this he will continue to accumulate wealth and judiciously expend it. He is willing to devote his mind and time to the development of his talents and he strives to become more efficient in all of his undertakings. Money for its own sake alone he gives secondary consideration, because he knows that, in order to obtain the greatest results measured by dollars and cents, he must be able to render the highest possible service. Solomon first obtained wisdom and of that was born wealth and power.

No man can be well poised, happy, or truly successful in any line to which he is not adapted, and there can be no greater mistake than a continuance in such a business. The ambitious man will, under such conditions, avail himself of every chance to prepare for the work he feels fitted by nature to do. His time at night is devoted to study, and the oil thus burned will light his pathway to the open door of opportunity and its brightness will ever be reflected by the glory of his achievements.

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## Lloyd-George's Square Deal

An Authorized Interview with the British Chancellor of the Exchequer,  
in which he Discusses Conditions in Britain

IN the Outlook appears an authorized interview with Mr. Lloyd George by Mr. Robert Donald, of the Daily Chronicle. It is accompanied by an impression, or character sketch, by Mr. Donald, in which,

amongst other things, he says Mr. Lloyd George holds the first place in Britain today as public speaker. He is a first-rate fighting man; his chief characteristic in all his doings is courage. He contrasts him

with Mr. Roosevelt, who is one of the greatest letter-writers of his time, by saying that Mr. Lloyd George never writes letters if he can help it.

The Chancellor, in his interview, says that the miner's strike was but a sign of the times, and he was prepared for it. Its cause was purely social and economic. We are dealing with a much better educated democracy than existed, say, thirty or forty years ago:—

One thing everybody seems to overlook who talks of our political or social principles, and that is the English Education Act of 1870. Since the passing of that Act you have had a great system of national education, constantly improving and broadening. The working classes not only read nowadays, they think.

Wider knowledge is creating in the mind of the workman growing dissatisfaction with the conditions under which he is forced to live. I speak of my own knowledge. Take South Wales, which I know intimately. That was the breeding ground of the unrest which led to the coal strike. Housing conditions in South Wales are indescribably bad. The conditions under which the miners in some districts exist render decency impossible. There you have a country rich in natural blessings; exquisitely formed valleys which offer the most beautiful sites in the world for the building of well-designed townships, and for a mode of life which would elevate and not abase. Instead you find the houses unfit for human habitation. One cannot wonder that the educated democracy will stand that sort of thing no longer.

Working men are realizing that they contribute to the wealth of the community without getting a fair share of the good things which result, and that is one reason why they strike, ostensibly for a minimum wage.

The disturbance of industry, the widespread but remediable poverty of the people as a whole, can be cured, and it is the aim of the Liberal Party to provide the cure.

Mr. Lloyd George insists that wasteful and extravagant expenditure must be checked. The civilized countries of the world are spending nearly £500,000,000 a year on weapons of war. Great Britain is spending something like £70,000,000—that is, about £8 for every household in the kingdom. "Were this burden removed Great Britain could afford to pay every member of the wage-earning classes an additional dollar a week without interfering in the slightest degree with the profits of capital." Another source of waste, Mr. Lloyd George points out, is the way the land of this country is administered:—

It is not producing more than a half of what it is capable of yielding. An enormous area is practically given over to sport. You have millions of acres exclusively devoted to game. A good deal of it is well adapted for agriculture and afforestation.

When you come to the land around the towns, here the grievance is of a different character. You may have a greater waste in parsimony than in prodigality. That is the way the land around our towns is wasted; land which might be giving plenty of air and recreation and renewed health and vigor to the workman is running to waste, as the millions in our cities are crowded into unsightly homes which would soon fill with gloom the brightest and stoutest heart.

The greatest asset of a country is a virile and contented population. This you will never get until the land in the neighborhood of our great towns is measured out on a more generous scale for the homes of our people.

Another source of waste, Mr. Lloyd George mentions, is unemployment of the idle rich:—

These people account for something like two millions of our population; their sole business is to enjoy themselves, often at the expense of others of our great multitudes who live lives of arduous toil without earning sufficient for food or raiment or repose.

In these directions the time has come for a thorough overhauling of our conditions. That time comes in every enterprise—commercial, national, and religious; and woe be to the generation that lacks the courage to undertake the task.

Asked what part the Church should take in the matter, Mr. Lloyd George replied:—

The function of the Church is not to urge or advocate any specific measure in regard to social reform. Her duty is to create an atmosphere in which the leaders of this country in the legislature and in the municipalities may find encouragement to engage in reforming the dire evils which exist. First, the Church must rouse the national conscience to the existence of these evils, and afterwards to a sense of the nation's responsibilities for dealing with them. Second, the Church must inculcate the necessary spirit of self-sacrifice without which it is impossible for a gigantic problem of this kind to be dealt with. Third, the Church must insist on the truth being told about these social wrongs. The Church ought to be like a limelight turned on the slumlands, to shame those in authority into doing something. In cottages reeking with tuberculosis, dark, damp, wretched,



dismal abodes, are men and women who neglect their Church because she neglects them. No speedier way of reviving the wavering faith of the masses could be found than for the religious bodies to show that they are alive to the social evils which surround us.

Speaking of the Insurance Act and its bearing on consumption, Mr. Lloyd George

said that that was one of the most terrible diseases in the land. In London alone four millions of wages are lost every year through consumption. Speaking of the housing question, he said:—"I regard the slum child as a great national asset, and we must carve out for him a brighter future if he is to be worthy material out of which we shall weave the fabric of this great Commonwealth."

## What the Women's Vote Has Done

### Chief Results Due to Women's Vote in Countries where Woman Suffrage Exists are Recounted

WRITING in the *Grande Revue*, Marie Louise Le Verrier recounts the chief results due to the women's vote in those countries where woman suffrage exists.

The countries where women have the right to the parliamentary vote include six States in America. In the granting of the vote to women, Wyoming appears to be the pioneer, not only in the United States, but in the world. In 1869, when woman suffrage was introduced, Wyoming did not belong to the Union, and when it became a State in 1890 it was still the first suffrage State. In 1893 its House of Representatives passed a resolution unanimously declaring that not only had the exercise of the suffrage wrought no harm, but it had done great good in many ways. It had largely aided in banishing crime, pauperism, and vice from the State, and that without any violent or oppressive legislation; it had secured peaceful and orderly elections and good government, etc., and as the result of its experience Wyoming urged every civilized community on earth to enfranchise its women without delay.

In the same year (1893), Colorado took the advice offered and proclaimed political equality of the sexes. Utah and Idaho followed in 1896, Washington in 1909, and California in 1911. In Washington women have made great use of the "Recall," which permits electors to recall officials whose performance of their duties is unsatisfactory. The case of the Mayor of Seattle will still be fresh in the minds of most readers.

While the women of Wyoming have been exercising the political vote for over forty years, the women of Great Britain have been agitating for it in vain for close upon half a century. Meanwhile certain British colonies have shown themselves more enlight-

ened in this respect than the Mother Country. New Zealand set the example in 1893, Southern Australia followed suit in 1895, then came Western Australia in 1899, New South Wales in 1902, Tasmania in 1904, Queensland in 1905, and finally Victoria in 1908. In addition, the federal suffrage, with the right to be elected, was extended to all women in 1899.

In Europe we have to look to the Scandinavian countries for examples of the benefits derived from the women's vote. Here Finland was the first to take its courage in both hands in 1906, and Norway followed in 1907. In Iceland the question is practically settled. In Sweden, though woman suffrage has figured in the King's Speech, and the King has expressed himself in sympathy, no Bill has yet become law.

Having briefly enumerated the rights accorded to women, municipal and otherwise, in various other countries, the writer draws attention to the main influences of the women's vote. The most noteworthy point about the countries where women exercise the vote is that practically everywhere women have not begun by asserting their own personal claims. Their first act has been to declare war on alcohol, and their next concern has been laws for the protection of children. We hear of the great prohibition victory at Caldwell (Idaho), where the women recalled the Mayor and the Municipal Council. In New Zealand, also, feminine direct influence has had excellent results in the cause of temperance. In 1894 the country was divided into sixty-two districts for the purpose of dealing with the drink question. Thanks to the women, thirty-nine districts nominated a commission of temperance moderates, while twenty-

three elected prohibitionists. Since 1894 the women have learnt to co-ordinate their efforts, and recently absolute prohibition for the whole of New Zealand has been passed. But it is in Scandinavia where women have achieved their most brilliant successes in their war against alcohol. In Norway there is now only one cabaret to 20,000 inhabitants, and suicide, crime, and poverty have greatly decreased. In Finland, where drunkenness, as in Sweden and Norway, was a national vice, local option, which was adopted in 1866-1892, gave way to prohibition in 1893. Later still sterner measures were introduced, but it has not been found possible to enforce them rigorously.

Before making laws for the general welfare of children, the women's ardent desire is to raise the age of protection of young girls, one of the most difficult of reforms to obtain. The women of Colorado, who were politically enfranchised in 1893, introduced a Bill in 1894 to raise the age from fourteen to twenty-one. The senators were in consternation at such a proposal and resisted it violently, with the result that the age was raised to eighteen, a victory of four years for the women. Similar laws have been passed in Utah and in Idaho; and in Australia the legislation on this question is much more complete.

On the whole, however, it is the children who have most to gain by the women's vote; and it is not only the strong and healthy, but the feeble-minded and the criminals among them, to whom women extend their solicitude. It was the women who were the means of instituting in Colorado in 1903 the famous courts for child delinquents. Most of the laws regulating child-labor are also due to them. In matters relating to education their influence has everywhere been most beneficent. They decide questions relating to the school buildings, the hours of study, the holidays, etc., and they have even gone so far as to require that teachers shall not only be competent, but that their private life shall not give occasion for criticism. Questions relating to public health, cleanliness of cities, erection of drinking fountains, pure food, and many more important matters apt to be considered mere

details by men, are in women's eyes of supreme importance.

George Creel and Judge Lindsey have testified to the fact that the complete citizenship of women has raised the intelligence, the character, and the mutual esteem of the two sexes. The possession of the vote has made women take an interest in political and general questions, and this has naturally stimulated the interest of the men. The interest taken by women in public affairs has indeed forced men to greater activity, and there is no evidence to show that the widening of the domestic horizon has had any evil results. The two Chambers of the Federal Parliament of Australia in 1910 declared that the women's vote after sixteen years' operation in different parts of the country, and nine in the Australian Federation, had fully justified the expectations of its partisans and deceived the fears and the black prophecies of its enemies. Its effects had been (1) the gradual education of women to understand their responsibility for the welfare of the community and (2) the urgency of domestic social legislation.

Wherever the experiment has been made a large percentage of women have used the vote, and the percentage of men voting has been considerably increased. The women of Colorado have made over twenty laws in less than twenty years. It took them only one year to win the woman's right to be equal guardian with the father of their children, while in Massachusetts, where men legislate on behalf of women, it required fifty-four years to attain the same result. Every objection against the vote disappears as soon as the vote is adopted. So true is this that the Anti-Suffrage Leagues of the five Australian States where women vote are moribund, and in the Australian Parliament there is not now a single anti-suffrage member. The implacable enemy of the woman suffragist is the liquor-seller.

Without the vote, concludes the writer, one may agitate in vain. What is needed is the material and moral cleansing of the streets, homes for working people, higher wages and better conditions of work, and, above all, the closing of drinkshops. The vote is the only means by which one can get these reforms.



## Labor's Real Troubles

### Workman Getting Too Small a Wage and Paying Too High a Taxation on Purchases to Maintain Standard of Living he Desires

MR. T. Good, writing as an old workman, offers some "plain facts and comments" on the labor troubles of to-day in an article in *World's Work*.

The first fact of the present turmoil is that the average workman is getting too small a wage and is paying too high a taxation upon the things he purchases to maintain the standard of living he desires. In short, he is convinced beyond all doubt or question that he is not getting a fair share of the world's good things; and this is the bedrock fact upon which we must base our theories, our policies, and our legislation. Unfortunately, the workers have not yet learnt how to use their trade unionism or their franchise to their best advantage. Why is there at this time pronounced retrogression in labor affairs? Much of the discontent is due to "speeding up," not only hustling the workman over his job, but including in its train unemployment, or more casual employment, and possibly less pay. Within the last dozen years many industries have been well-nigh revolutionized, and labor has been economized to an extent hardly dreamt of by the outside public.

Not only have many firms Americanized their works, but there came the Workmen's Compensation Act, which had as one result the weeding-out of aged and delicate

men—to make room for the reckless and inexperienced, with the further result that accidents increased. The Minimum Wage Act will have the same effect in the coal trade, argues Mr. Good. But the chief point he makes is that our employers, becoming alarmed at the prospects of an American invasion, set about introducing hustle and grind, and our workshops were converted into prisons, if not hells. Concurrently with these harsher conditions there has been reduced pay. Little by little the pay and the conditions have worsened. The Board of Trade Reports tell us that the rate of wages has increased, but fail to record that the actual earnings have declined. There is more broken time as well as more bustle, racket, and danger compared with fifteen years ago. At the docks and wharves gangs are reduced in numbers, and cargoes are loaded and discharged not only with fewer men, but in less time and for smaller wages. To these causes of discontent must be added the increased burden in higher rents, rates and taxes, and higher prices of food. And there is one other cause, a very human one, which cannot be ignored—the contrast between the lot of the working classes and the growing luxury among the people whom the workers are expected to look upon as their "betters."

## Is He the Coming President?

### An Interesting Character Sketch of Woodrow Wilson, the Democratic Candidate for Presidency of the United States

DR. Woodrow Wilson, the Democratic candidate for the American Presidency, is the subject of a character-sketch in the *American Review of Reviews* by Henry Jones Ford, Professor of Politics in Princeton University.

He says that the most salient characteristic of Woodrow Wilson is a love of fun, which creeps out on every occasion:—

Whatever his experience may be he instinctively sees the funny side of things, and he returns from every excursion with a fund of amusement for the home circle just as a bee brings honey to the hive. It is a

very merry home circle. There seem to be no secrets there.

When nominated for Governor of New Jersey the papers made unpleasant remarks upon the way his nose fits his face:—

But he himself got hold of a Limerick that seemed to him to express his position exactly, and he recited it with glee:

"As a beauty I am not a star;

There are others more handsome by far.

But my face,—I don't mind it;

For I am behind it;

The people in front get the jar."

The camera cannot catch the mobile features and the eyes twinkling with fun.

He has an extraordinary capacity for getting through work without strain or fret. His "Congressional Government" ranks with Professor Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire." As a lecturer he has greatly developed:—

He holds that information without insight is of little value and of late years his method has been to put a printed syllabus in the hands of his students and make his lectures an elucidation of the theme.

His ability as public speaker has also greatly advanced:—

His voice, always good, of late years has acquired a peculiar vibrant quality that carries its tones without strain or effort. He speaks very distinctly, and although his voice does not appear to be raised above a conversational pitch, it is heard without difficulty, whether in a great auditorium or in the open air. When he has to make an important speech, he prepares himself carefully as to matter and ideas, but he can safely trust himself to the occasion for his diction, which is unfailing in literary distinction.

He is fond of outdoor exercise:—

Some years ago he was very fond of bicycling, but of late years golf is his favorite game, just because of its distinctly out-of-door character. He puts in a good deal of time playing golf during his summer vacation, which he used to spend at Lyme, Connecticut. When at Princeton and he can find the time, he likes to play around on the golf links there. In his personal habits he is abstemious. He neither smokes nor drinks, and he does not serve wine on his table, although he provides cigars for guests who do smoke. Although spare in figure, he has a wiry strength, conserved by his lifelong habits of temperance in all things and replenished by a fine faculty for taking his rest. He is a good sleeper, and nothing that can happen seems able to agitate his mind or cause wakefulness. This makes him a good traveler.

His spirits are remarkably equable, neither elated by success nor discouraged by failure. He is very easy and democratic in his manner, meeting all sorts and condi-

tions of men without reserve or precaution. The writer says that "under the Parliamentary system he would undoubtedly have been a great leader, equal to Gladstone or Lloyd George," in capacity for expounding and advocating great public policies.

Of his attitude to religion the writer says:

It does not require much intimacy to discover of what these consist—namely, a deep religious faith, penetrating the whole nature of the man and informing all his acts. This is the source of that peace of mind which seems to make him immune to worry or trouble. He takes things as they come, makes the best of them, and abides by the event with simple and complete resignation to the will of God. The idealism that has now entered into philosophy from fuller knowledge of the implications of the doctrine of evolution was long ago perceived and appropriated by Woodrow Wilson.

I remember once being with him at a gathering in one of the students' clubs at Princeton when the conversation drifted around to religion. We were grouped about a big fireplace, and the talk had been of a desultory character, with a jocose element predominating, when some mention was made of Herbert Spencer. Wilson caught the theme on the bound, and before he got through with it he had turned Herbert Spencer's philosophy inside out, exposing the inadequacy of materialism and vindicating the Christian creeds as symbols quite as valid as any known to science. His attitude on such matters is ardent and positive, very different from the negative position sometimes assumed by college professors, whose attitude towards religion might be described as respect for a venerable social institution rather than sincere belief in its truth. Scholars of this kind are among those whom Woodrow Wilson is in the habit of classing as "ignorant specialists." Although a member of the Presbyterian Church by birthright, and regular in his attendance, he does not talk on such subjects along denominational lines; but he is quick to assert his Christianity and to claim for its dogmas a perfectly secure basis in logic and philosophy.



## United States in a New Light

**Does America Consist of a Congerie of Nations Who Happen to be United Under a Common Federal Government?**

IN the *Sociological Review*, A. E. Zimmern, writing on seven months in America, upsets gaily some of the prevalent notions about the United States:—

America never has been a political democracy, as everyone familiar with the Constitution, and the circumstances under which it came into being, will admit. It has never been less a free democracy than it is to-day. The liberty of the subject is far less surely than in Western Europe; there is far less free speech (by which is not meant unbridled speech) and far less free writing, both in books and newspapers. Class distinctions, so far from being absent, are becoming as marked as they are in Europe, though somewhat different in form, being based on distinctions of wealth, nationality, and color rather than of rank and breeding. And the belief that the country enjoys self-government is, as Mr. Roosevelt has lately once or twice observed, the thinnest of fictions. In reality it is governed by a small knot of powerful financiers and business men, who enjoy immunity owing to the shelter afforded them by the complicated structure of the ostensible government.

There is to-day, he adds, no American nation. America consists at present of a congeries of nations who happen to be united under a common federal government. An increasing number of immigrants leading a migratory life have neither the rights

nor responsibilities of citizenship. There is a new proletariat or hobo, which has assumed gigantic proportions, representing the Wanderlust of all the nations and the bitterness of the disinherited.

America "does not assimilate its aliens, as England does." On the whole, the different races keep themselves, and lead their own spiritual life. So far as they lose their nationalism, they lose their best spiritual heritage. America is not a melting-pot; it is a pot of varnish, or, as a German says, it is a sausage-machine for grinding out equality sausages. The various nationals have a new environment and new qualities. These are the qualities of the pioneers.

Mr. Zimmern enumerates "an inexhaustible fountain of kindness and good-nature, a wonderful alertness and adaptability, an undaunted self-confidence, a ferocious optimism, an ingenious delight in novelty, a nonchalant venturesomeness, a strength of purpose, and a vigorous tenacity in action, a complete absence of self-consciousness, all the qualities of childhood excepting reverence, above all, intense and abounding and infectious vitality, instinctive loyalty and comradeship in action, idealism in the darkest hours. "Pioneers, O Pioneers, is the song of successive generations of young Americans, novitiates into the Dionysiac spirit of transatlantic life." But "the human soul can strike no roots in the America of to-day," for want of a social background.

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## Men Who Think They Are Busy

**Are You a Business Man or Just a Busy Man?—There is a Wide Difference Between the Two**

A DISSERTATION on the man with executive and planning ability as contrasted with the man of petty detail is presented in *Business Builder*.

Are you a business man or just a busy man?

Of busy men there are hundreds in the factories, offices and stores of every village, town and city in this broad land. But how many of these busy men are business men?

Hard workers they are, none better—all

day long and often into the hours of evenings, conscientious, too, always on time, never absent from their places.

As far as busyness would carry them these men have gone—plodders, pluggers, busy men. The lower rungs of the ladder they climbed fast. Hard work did it. They got half way up, in line for greater responsibilities and higher promotion, but they stuck. Busyness did it.

Others climbed up after them, then passed

them. These busy men became all the busier, frantically trying to go higher. But still others went by them.

There are busy men all over the land today who speak bitterly of the fact that they did not get a square deal, a right chance.

Many of them do not know that their employers tried in every way to help them help themselves, but their own busyness would not permit it.

A man is just a machine. His body can be made to turn out just so much of work. He has a limit. When the amount of his day's work reaches that limit he can do no more.

Some men can do more than others before they reach their limit, just as a hand-fed press will turn out fewer hourly impressions than an automatic feed. But the automatic has its limit just as surely as the slower machine.

The busy man who stops half way up the ladder, who can't go up another rung for the life of him, has reached his limit of busyness. The busier he tries to get then, the looser will become his hold even on the rung to which he has climbed, for when you try to crowd a machine beyond its limit you produce poorer work or break the machine.

The merely busy man is a detail man, and not only that, but he often absolutely refuses to part with his detail. He is afraid to trust it to another. Possibly he is jealous of his work and feels that in passing on any

share of it he is reducing his value to the firm he works for.

But, meanwhile, what are these men doing who pass him on their way up? Are they merely capable of greater business than he? Is it merely that their capacity for detail work is greater than his?

The difference is that they are on the road of business men, not busy men. At the bottom of the ladder they went through the apprenticeship of business. They, too, worked and plugged and attended to details, and rose rung by rung to greater responsibilities. But as they rose they never failed to shift some responsibility onto others. They let others carry the bricks, while they built the house. They shouldered work onto others, and used their time in planning and erecting.

With them, there was no sentimentality about this and that job which they had always performed and wanted to perform. They shifted jobs to those under them. They directed, watched, suggested—but they didn't carry the bricks.

No harder workers will you find than these men who plan and watch and direct the details that others do—or none less prone to busyness.

Don't let your work be your master; be the master of your work. Control it, but don't let it control you.

Don't be merely a busy man, be a business man.

## Lightning Calculators

### Psychology of Harnessing the Subconscious Demonstrated in the Phenomenal Case of Seven-Year-Old Boy

A STUDY in the psychology of harnessing the subconscious is given by H. A. Bruce in McClure's Magazine, in which the phenomenal case of Miguel A. Mantilla is cited:

Not so very long ago there passed through New York a seven-year-old boy, who, although the general public had heard little about him, was an object of considerable scientific curiosity. His name was Miguel Alberto Mantilla, he was the son of a Mexican banker, and he was then on his way to Europe for a pleasure tour with his father. There was nothing about his appearance to suggest that he was in any respect an extraordinary boy. But, as certain scientists had been informed, and as they were eager to

verify for themselves, he possessed a singular mental accomplishment, rare not only among children but among full-grown men and women. And, to make his "case" more interesting, this accomplishment had first manifested itself with dramatic unexpectedness.

Briefly stated, the story that had preceded him to New York, backed by the weight of affidavits sworn to by judges, lawyers, educators, and prominent business men of his native town of San Juan Bautista, was as follows:

Until he was six years old, little Miguel's life had been that of the average child, a life made up mostly of eating, sleeping, and



playing. No attempt had been made to educate him, except that he had been given some elementary instruction in reading. On the evening of February 1, 1910—that is, two days after his sixth birthday—his father was discussing with his mother the advisability of keeping open, on at least one of the three holidays that would occur in February, the bank of which he was manager.

"I think," he observed, "that I will close it on two of them, but keep it open the third"—naming a date.

Miguel, playing on the floor, looked up sharply.

"But father," said he, "you certainly will have to close it that day, for it will be Sunday."

"That is true," responded his father, after a moment's thought. "And how did you know it would be Sunday?"

"Why, that was easy for me. I can guess many things more difficult than that."

"In that case," said Mr. Mantilla, smiling, "perhaps you can tell us on what date the first Sunday of April will be in 1918?"

To his amazement, the child, after an interval of only a few seconds, named a date which investigation proved to be correct. Other questions of a similar character followed. Always the right answer was given. Astonished, perplexed, and possibly a little worried, the Mantillas called in some of their neighbors. Again the boy was questioned; again he displayed an unerring knowledge of the intricacies of the calendar. "What day of the week was January 24, 1839, my birthday?" asked one neighbor, Professor C. M. Maldonado, of the Institute of Juarez. "Thursday," came the prompt and correct reply.

"And the same date in the year 2000?"

"Monday," was the equally correct answer.

Other leading Bautistans examined Miguel in the course of the next few weeks, and so impressed were they with the seemingly supernatural character of his "gift" that they decided that a report should at once be made to the American Society for Psychical Research. In the statement accompanying their affidavits it was stated that:

"He has the rare and surprising faculty of resolving as quickly as he is asked, and with entire precision, such questions as: 'What days of the week coincide with the date of a known month and year?' 'What dates of a month correspond to a day and year determined upon?' 'What years will have, in a month indicated, a certain date which coincides with any given day of the

week?' This alike in regard to years past as well as those in the future, taking into account leap years. He has been asked repeatedly on what date falls, for example, the second Sunday of a month and year indicated. All of which he answers with accuracy and without doubt or hesitation."

Tested in New York by Professor J. H. Hyslop, of the Society for Psychical Research, the boy fully bore out this glowing report from Mexico. In a long examination he made but two mistakes,—barring one slip, which he immediately corrected,—and both of these errors referred to dates in the sixteenth century previous to the change from the Julian to the Gregorian calendar. He named correctly the days of the week on which would fall such a variety of dates as July 4, 1876; August 18, 1854; September 10, 1910; October 1, 1901; and June 6, 1900. He gave 1522 (incorrect), 1910, 1916, and 2000 as years when February 4 would fall on a Friday; and 1630, 1799, 1805, 1811, 1822, 1901, 1907, 1918, 1929, and 2002 as having December 15 on Sunday. All of these and other days and dates, according to Professor Hyslop, he gave with scarcely an exception in less than a quarter of a minute after each problem was put to him. And this at a time (May of last year) when he was not eight, and was barely able to read!

Now, what is the explanation of such astounding mental mastery of the calendar, especially in one so young? Is it necessary to assume that Miguel Alberto Mantilla is the happy possessor of a supernormal faculty denied to the vast majority of men? Is it that his peculiar ability is perfectly normal, but the result of an exceptional inheritance? Or is it merely that he utilizes a power common to all mankind but not commonly drawn upon? And, in this case, would it be possible for others, by appropriate training to develop the same "gift," or one analogous to it?

For myself, after a somewhat prolonged study of the whole problem of "lightning calculation," I am strongly inclined to answer both of these last two questions in the affirmative. I believe, indeed, that the prevalent tendency to regard "boy wonders" of the Mantilla type as products of a bizarre heredity—and hence inexplicable on any developmental theory—is simply the result of neglect on the part of scientists to inquire closely into the life histories of such prodigies. The few really stimulating investigations that have been made—notably those by the Englishman F. W. H. Myers and the Frenchman Alferd Binet—have attracted scant attention from the scientific

world. The average scientist, almost as much as the average layman, regards the lightning calculator as a freak of nature, a thing to be marveled at but not understood—as presenting, for that matter, a riddle the attempted solution of which can only be a waste of time. Whereas, for reasons that I shall endeavor to make entirely clear, there actually is warrant for the assertion that few problems in any field of scientific inquiry, from a practical no less than a theoretical point of view are more deserving of systematic, thorough, and extensive research.

My own belief, to be specific, is that the mental processes of lightning calculators

like little Miguel Mantilla differ not at all from those of ordinary human beings; that the only difference is an unusual facility of access to resources shared by everybody of normal mentality; and that this facility of access, in turn, depends on a factor utilizable by all. I believe, further, that the performances of lightning calculators are essentially, if in a low degree, manifestations of what we call "genius," and that, through diligently studying the mechanisms operant in their feats, we shall gain not merely greater insight into the nature of genius, but assistance in enabling us to approximate more and more closely ourselves to the achievements of man of genius.

## What Wireless is Doing

### Some of the Latest Feats Accomplished through the Use of Wireless Telegraphy are Briefly Described

SOME of the latest feats accomplished through the use of wireless telegraphy are described in the *Technical World*. The span of wireless telegraphy is rapidly growing, we are told. It was but a short while ago that Mare Island, California, and League Island, Philadelphia, a distance of 3,150 miles, were in aerial communication; and one of our naval vessels bound for the Philippines was "picked up" by the wireless station at Los Angeles when the ship was quite 3,000 miles away. All of this is astonishing, and yet it is but one direction in which ether waves can be put to service.

The science of telautomatics is that branch of "wireless" in which ether waves are used for the purpose of directing some mechanical movement at a distance without employing connecting wires.

Within the past few months England, Germany and France have taken up the problem anew to give it a practical value, and in the United States the same question has been approached in another way with encouraging results.

The experiments in Europe have been principally confined to that of guiding either submarines or torpedos by means of Hertzian waves—ether disturbances of electrical origin. The three nations in question have quite carefully guarded the results of their experiments and particularly the apparatus employed, but it is known

that in England the submarine so equipped was able to go through many of the maneuvers which it ordinarily performs under the guidance of its crew. The directive impulses were sent out from a cruiser fitted with a wireless outfit.

The mere idea of giving a submarine this power of action without having a crew on board opens up startling possibilities. The first thought is, No one need be exposed aboard to the hazards which now exist even in time of peace. But that phase of the matter is of secondary importance to the military mind. When the human factor is eliminated from the submarine, the vessel becomes radically different so far as her internal requirements are concerned. It becomes truly a machine in every particular, and space and weight which had to be utilized for the safety and the convenience of the living crew can be put to other uses, and means of propulsion can be employed which could not be used with equal facility or security if men were aboard.

In addition to this, an under-water craft guided and managed by ether waves could be conveniently equipped with a fairly large number of torpedo tubes or torpedo-launching frames, and, with this extra armament made possible by the weights saved otherwise, a submarine of this sort would be far more formidable as a dirigible base from which to discharge torpedos. Of course, the essential part of the whole



scheme is that the guiding station should have the submarine always responsive to the director's command, and this involves some difficulties which are now being met in different ways by the present experimenters. However, the mind of the man of peace is sufficiently alert to picture some of the possibilities of a military instrument of this sort; and there are other directions in which this means of wireless control can be used to advantage.

The general public knows enough about wireless telegraphy to understand that waves are created in the ether by an electrical discharge at the sending station, and these waves travel through the air to a receiving station where they induce action in a delicate coherer which makes and breaks a local electrical circuit. But Hertzian waves of this character are not the only waves which may accomplish the same result.

Sound waves passing through ether, air, water or the earth can be employed in a kindred manner; and light waves—acting principally at night—can also serve as a means by which to set in motion or arrest some mechanical action at a distance. But in every case electricity serves as an agent to transmit the message or impulse of those waves directly to the mechanism to be set going. The waves that span space are, in themselves, too weak to provide energy for a display of power, but they answer, like a little child, to bear their message to another source which is capable of putting some vigorous action in motion. The receiving station, in each case, brings into play a local reserve or "relay," as the electrician expresses it, and this relay is strong enough to do the work required, that is, to open a valve, swing a lever, or operate the electrical switches that may be needed to start, stop, or reverse some form of motor. This, in brief, is the foundation of the science of telautomatics.

In France, the Gabet wireless submarine or torpedo boat has been directed from a distance. It was found that the little vessel responded to the guiding Hertzian waves within one-sixth of a second from the time they were dispatched from the sending

station. In the Gabet system, a hand, something akin to that of a clock, passes over a number of contacts, each of which is for a separate use. Ordinarily, the touching of any one of these would close a circuit and set things going then and there. But this would never do for proper distance control. Gabet makes this hand sweep completely back and forth across all of these connections in a very short period, and the hand must stop at the right contact for a longer while before the circuit is properly closed, in order to start the particular movement for which that contact is designed. It is this interval of lag which furnishes the margin of security and allows the connecting hand to settle upon the chosen contact—mere passing rapidly over the others does not produce any result. With the present methods of "tuning," the receiver on the submarine or torpedo can be made responsive only to waves of a certain arbitrary length. This minimizes the effects of interference by other waves generated at an enemy's station. The experiments in England and in Germany have been along kindred lines so far as the employment of Hertzian waves has been concerned, but the governments of neither of these countries have given out details. There are, of course, several ways of accomplishing the same end, and the Gabet system is only one of them.

The aeroplane is now being fitted with apparatus for receiving and transmitting wireless messages over space from a height of quite five thousand feet. In a way, the task is somewhat more difficult than that of guiding a torpedo or any form of naval craft, but there is nothing impossible in the problem, and the dirigible balloon and the aeroplane in the near future will probably be directed by some form of wireless for certain kinds of military service where the presence of a human director or observer may not be needed. All of this may seem astounding now, but actual achievements have blazed the way to their attainment. We are living in an age of rapid and tremendous strides.

## Where Christian Science Gets Its Wealth

**Christian Science Church is Very Rich—Some of the Means by Which Large Sums of Money are Raised in Behalf of the Cause**

"CHRISTIAN Science since Mrs. Eddy" is the title of the leading article in McClure's Magazine for September, written by Burton J. Hendrick. Since the death two years ago of the "discoverer and founder of Christian Science," the world has watched closely for signs of her successor, but this article shows how the Christian Science Church is still being conducted under the rules and by-laws made by Mary Baker G. Eddy. Not the least interesting portion of the article tells of the great wealth of the church and the means by which its is amassed.

The Christian Science Church is very rich—just how rich cannot be said, for here, again, details are not accessible. The Mother Church in Boston possesses in lands, buildings, and endowments not far from \$7,000,000. Outside of its regular sources of income, which are large, it has one unique method of raising money. It has merely to intimate to Christian Scientists all over the world that it needs it. In this case the fifteen hundred Christian Science branch churches automatically become tributaries to the Mother Church. When Mrs. Eddy decided to build the present large Temple in Boston, she merely intimated that contributions from all loyal Christian Scientists would be welcome. The golden stream at once started flowing, and the \$2,500,000 needed was rapidly raised. Several church organizations in distant parts of the country, which had accumulated building funds of their own, at once laid aside their plans and forwarded the money to Boston. The Christian Science Church never gives strawberry festivals or miscellaneous entertainments: it simply asks for money and the money is there.

In addition to these voluntary offerings, the church has many other sources of supply. "Every member of the Mother Church," says Section 13 of Article VIII, "shall pay annually a per capita tax of not less than one dollar, which shall be forwarded each year to the church treasurer." If there are 100,000 members at present, and if each paid the minimum, this would bring in \$100,000 a year. The probability is that the fund is much larger, as the by-laws permit each member to contribute as much as he wishes. Another source of regular income is the dividends

upon investments. Here again we are so much in the dark that any guess would hardly be worth while. As the present litigation over Mrs. Eddy's will is practically ended, the church will soon come into possession of a capital endowment from that source of not far from \$2,500,000. Of this about \$1,000,000 is in stocks and bonds, while the remaining \$1,500,000 represents the capital value of the Eddy copyrights. This large fortune represents Mrs. Eddy's commercial success as an author. From this standpoint she was unquestionably the most successful author of her time. How many writers of books have there been, since the invention of the alphabet, who died leaving an estate of two and a half million dollars? How many have there been whose copyrights represented a capital value of \$1,500,000? How many books published in 1875, as was the first edition of "Science and Health," are now selling at the rate perhaps of 50,000 copies a year.

Unquestionably the church's largest single source of income is the printing and sale of its authorized publications. It has one of the finest printing houses in the country, which keeps constantly busy turning out Christian Science literature. Its catalogue includes twenty-seven titles of Mrs. Eddy's own writings, the official periodical organs of the church, and a large number of pamphlets — reprints of lectures and articles from the Journal and the Sentinel. Its profits upon these several publications must be very large. Though this publishing house is purely a business and is conducted upon strict business lines, it is a business of a decidedly unique kind. The Christian Science Publishing Society is fortunately placed in that it has its market already prepared. Its expenses consist merely of the cost of production. It does not have to hire an expensive force of salesmen or spend large sums in several kinds of advertising. Every one of the branch fifteen hundred Christian Science churches and societies act as an agency—a kind of bookstore—for the sale of Christian Science literature. Every one of the fifty-five hundred Christian Science healers is a perpetual advertisement and agent for the orthodox publications. These several agencies sell without commission. The Society does no advertising except in the



columns of its own publications. The purchase of Christian Science literature is enjoined upon all orthodox members as a religious duty. "It shall be the privilege and duty of every member who can afford it," says Section 13 of Article VIII, "to subscribe for the periodicals which are the organs of this church." Judging from the evidences of prosperity which these publications show, this injunction is generally regarded.

The Publishing Society has one peculiar responsibility. It passes upon the qualifications of professional practitioners. The Christian Science Journal, the church monthly, contains a catalogue of nearly sixty pages of Christian Science healers. It is not absolutely necessary for a healer to publish his advertisement in the Journal, but its publication gives him an official indorsement. The trustees of the Publishing Society devote three afternoons a week, and sometimes more time, in passing upon applications. They sit in solemn court, something like a secret consistory passing upon the canonization of a saint. The applicant must be a member of the Mother Church in Boston, and he must agree to devote all his time to practice. The chief duty of the Publication Committee, however, is carefully to investigate his record as a healer. The application must present evidence of at least three cures, the cases to be substantiated by the testimony of others than those healed. Incidentally, these "cards" bring in a considerable revenue to the church; with the advertisements of the branch churches, which also appear monthly in the Journal, the income from this source must amount to about \$60,000 a year.

All Christian Science publications sell for large and, from a commercial standpoint, what would be regarded as excessive prices. The most important book, "Science and Health," which, in its cheapest form, costs considerably less than a dollar to manufacture is sold for \$3.18. Practically all of the hundred and thirty-six official publications of the church sell at similarly high rates. The latest enterprise is a German translation of "Science and Health." Until the year before her death Mrs. Eddy absolutely forbade any translation of this book. She did not believe that her philosophy, with its delicate shadowings of thought and its precise shading of words, could safely be intrusted to any foreign language. The considerable German following—there is a flourishing church in Berlin, one of its distinguished members

being the Count Von Moltke, nephew of the great Field Marshal—finally induced her to permit the experiment. The first German translation is published as these lines are written. It is a bulky volume. On one page appears the English in Mrs. Eddy's ipsissima verba. On the opposite page is printed its German translation. This system will be maintained in all future translations. "Science and Health" will never go forth in any language except side by side with the original English. It is as though no reader could get the New Testament in English unless accompanied by the original Greek version.

The church's most ambitious undertaking in the periodical line is the Christian Science Monitor, its daily two-cent newspaper. Merely to enter the editorial rooms shows that here we have a newspaper entirely different from any other established. The Bohemian atmosphere that hangs over most newspaper headquarters is lacking. Everything is as neat, as spick-and-span, as a healer's office. The floors are of hard wood and are covered with rugs. The office furniture is of the latest make; the editors are immaculately dressed, and there are frequently flowers upon the desks. The perpetual fog of tobacco smoke that envelops the average sanetum is not evident here; smoking, swearing, and loud talking are prohibited. The paper that is published embodies this atmosphere. It is absolutely clean. It prints no scandal, no divorces, no salacious elopements, and no parading of family skeletons. It is not quite true, as is sometimes said, that it makes no reference to the disagreeable and the calamitous aspects of life—that it has no news of murders, railroad accidents, and other tragedies. As a matter of fact, it gave almost as much space to the Titanic disaster as the rest of the press. The policy of the Monitor is to "feature" or "play up" the "constructive" aspect of life. The feminine mind, which so frequently turns first to the death and marriage notices in a newspaper, meets disappointment here. The Monitor has no death column and no obituary department. Moreover, no one ever "dies" in this newspaper; he "passes on," usually in a few lines. In the main, the Monitor is an excellent newspaper. It is well written, terse, and entirely free from vulgarity. Unfortunately, however, it has the limitations of its virtues. It refuses to acknowledge that there is any evil in the world. It does not conduct "crusades," and never "goes after" anybody. It never takes sides. In the present political campaign, it is not

supporting Wilson, Taft, or Roosevelt. In its news columns it has a regular department called "The Candidates," in which, day after day, it impartially gives the same amount of space to each man. Whatever this is, of course it is not journalism, the essence of which is necessarily a battle against demonstrated evils, personal and impersonal.

These several enterprises make the Christian Science Church a great business organization. Besides this, there are many thousands of the rank and file who have an immediate financial concern in its success. There is a rapidly increasing army whose livelihood is dependent upon the church.

People earn their living at Christian Science in several ways. It has a large number of readers, teachers and lecturers. Besides, it has one species of worker absolutely unique. The church has thousands of workers in an already well populated professional field—that of healing the sick. This is the work which so largely distinguishes it from other organizations, and which at times has brought down upon its head such popular hostility. There are probably not far from ten thousand men and women—largely women—who, regularly and intermittently, give Christian Science treatment in exchange for fees. Economically and ecclesiastically considered these men and women are the foundation of the church. Remove them and Christian Science would not last twenty-four hours. They furnish the church all its converts; it is through their indirect influence that its literature is sold. They give a human interest to an ecclesiastical edifice which is otherwise rather cold. How can a church possibly survive, it is urged, that does not baptize its members, that does not marry them, that does not bury them—that apparently fails of consolation and sympathy at all the great crises of life? The answer is found in the thousands of men and women, for the most part gracious and sympathetic, who are constantly coming into the closest personal touch with downcast suffering humanity, consoling, cheering, apparently putting everybody at ease with himself and the world.

Nearly all Christian Scientists, in one form or another, are engaged in this work. This is really what Christian Science is.

Thousands "help" others simply as a "Christian duty, without every thinking of fees. Even to engage in "treating" professionally, one does not have to take a regular course. Any member of the church can paint his name on a sign, add "C.S." and take patients. Only in case he devotes all of his time to healing, and maintains a regular office, does his advertisement appear in the Christian Science Journal. But there are thousands of lawyers, school-teachers, business men, and heads of households who take patients outside of office hours. They can be called up by telephone and appointments made. Mr. John D. Works, the present "progressive" Senator from California, when he was upon the Supreme Bench in Los Angeles, would retire after the day's sitting, to his law chambers, where a number of patients awaited him. Nearly all officers of the mother and branch churches—trustees, readers, editors, publicity men, and janitors—also give Christian Science treatment at odd moments for fees. The colored elevator-boy in the Publication Building in Boston practises Christian Science healing among his own race.

These practitioners, regular and irregular, probably treat not far from 6,000,000 patients a year and receive in fees an aggregate sum ranging from \$6,000,000 to \$12,000,000. It is estimated, for example, that the average income of the fifty-five hundred advertised practitioners is from \$1,000 to \$2,000 a year, which would make their annual earnings range from \$6,000,000 to \$10,000,000. Many practitioners, of course, earn far more than this average. There are at least twenty-five in Boston who earn \$5,000 and upwards, and many more than that in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles. Those who have a church salary and who practise in addition also make liberal incomes. The average earnings of a Christian Science teacher are usually placed at about \$7,500. As to the fees which may be charged, Mrs. Eddy fixed that, as she did everything else. One of her last acts was a letter to Mr. Archibald McLellan, in which she said: "Christian Science practitioners should make their charges for treatment equal to those of reputable physicians in their respective localities."



## The Great American Forum

William Jennings Bryan at \$50,000 per year, Now Leads Chautauqua and Lyceum Lecturers in the States

A MOST interesting article on "The Great American Forum" appeared in *World's Work* for September, dealing with the growth of the Chautauqua and Lyceum courses in the United States. These chautauqua assemblies in the summer and lyceum courses in the winter are among the mightiest forces of popular information and diversion that operate to-day. Millions of people derive from them their knowledge of things above the common ruck of life; millions obtain from them the bulk of their lighter entertainment; and, most significant of all, millions absorb from them their political faith and are by them directed to their course of political action. The progressive movement that now is sweeping the country owes its strength very largely to the chautauqua, just as the abolition movement gained its momentum chiefly from the free platform of the lyceum.

More than one thousand chautauquas were held in the United States last summer. The average length of session was ten days; the attendance one thousand a day—a million people influenced by one institution. About ten thousand lyceum courses were given last winter, attended by five million people. And remember that the lyceum was born in the struggle for freedom for the slaves, and that the heart of the chautauqua movement is in Iowa, the home of progress and reform.

The lyceum was founded upon the demand for a free forum for the abolition and temperance propagandas while the pulpits were closed and the newspaper columns denied to the advocates of those causes. Wendell Phillips, Ralph Waldo Emerson, John B. Gough, Susan B. Anthony, Henry Ward Beecher—these were the founders of the lyceum. It served their purpose and they passed on.

But the lyceum continued. James Redpath, its most successful manager, developed the lyceum from a lecture bureau system in which he was supreme. Upon the retirement of Mr. Redpath, Mr. George H. Hathaway and the late Major J. B. Pond became the managers. Mr. Hathaway is still at the head of this bureau, having been continuously in the business for more than forty-five years. In 1880 Major Pond retired from the bureau and began the personal management of distinguished plat-

form people. Major Pond's method was to contract with men and women of established reputation—explorers, preachers, authors, or singers—for a certain number of appearances and then to book these attractions along the route of tours that often were as long as a circuit of the United States. From 1874 to 1887, Henry Ward Beecher delivered 1,200 lectures under Major Pond's management; Mark Twain and George W. Cable in joint readings earned \$36,000 net profit in two seasons; Bill Nye, James Whitcomb Riley, and George Kenman traveled together in 1888-9 as a lecture "team"; Henry M. Stanley gave 110 lectures in the United States and Canada that earned \$287,070 in gross receipts (this is the greatest success ever achieved in the lyceum); in 1895-6 Mark Twain made many thousands in the American part of his round-the-world tour; in 1901 Ernest Thompson Seton delivered 260 lectures in 26 weeks, a feat of endurance hard to rival. Major Pond also managed reading and lecture tours of F. Hopkinson Smith, Thomas Nelson Page, Lieutenant (now Rear-Admiral) Robert E. Peary, F. Marion Crawford, A. Conan Doyle, Max O'Rell, Lew Wallace, "Ian Maclaren," Anthony Hope, Hall Caine, and many others.

Major Pond's attractions were expensive and distinguished people whose lectures appealed to large city audiences. Two independent lectures now work this field with extraordinary success: Burton Holmes and D. L. Elmendorf, with their illustrated lectures on travel. Both these men are natural speakers of great charm who work up their materials with consummate art. Each has a gross income of more than \$100,000 a year from a season of only ten weeks.

Of the present day lyceum attractions and performers, the article continues:

The lyceum and chautauqua attractions are divided into two classes—the people who are on the platform because of a fame made in other lines of activity, and the people (far the larger number) who have won their place on the platform from sheer ability to make good thereon.

The first class includes the public men and celebrities. Part of them make good from ability. They are the only ones who remain after a season. Bryan, Champ

Clark, La Follette, Folk, Hoch, the roll of governors, legislators and judges is long. Most of them make good. But Bryan is the only one who can draw his fee (its value in attendance) on chautauqua or lyceum course.

The second class includes the long list of lecturers, writers, readers, entertainers, and musicians who really keep the lyceum and chautauqua alive. They are the lifeblood, the survival of the fittest. Making good is their daily business. After the people have been collected to hear a "great gun" and (usually) are disappointed, while the treasury is depleted to pay the big fee, the professional lyceum talent put the people back into good humor by "delivering the goods," and at modest figures. Dr. A. A. Willits, past ninety, helped to make the lyceum along with Beecher, and is yet alive and filling occasional dates. Col. George W. Bain is yet filling full seasons. On the honor roll are a multitude like Strickland W. Gillilan, Leland Powers, Doctor Cadman, Col. G. A. Gearhart, Katherine Ridgway, and musical clubs like The Chicago Glee Club, The Apollos, The Dunbars, etc.

The "talent" have their "union," the International Lyceum Association, which is made up of 762 members. It is at once

a distinguished and a various body. Hon. Champ Clark, speaker of the House of Representatives, belongs to it; and so does Von Arx, the Magician. Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of Denver, rubs elbows at its meetings with the Beulah Buck Quartet; and Senator Vardaman of Mississippi fraternizes with Balmer's Kaffir Boys.

The rewards of the lyceum and chautauqua performers vary greatly. William Jennings Bryan makes \$50,000 a year as a lecturer. Ex-Senator Frank J. Cannon, ex-Governors Folk, Hoch, and Hanly, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley and Mr. Francis J. Heney every one make \$10,000 a year or more. Speaker Champ Clark, Senators La Follette and Bristow and Gore, Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Governor Hadley, Representative Victor Murdock, and the Rev. Drs. S. Parkes Cadman, Frank W. Gunsaulus, and Newell Dwight Hillis would every one make that much if he devoted his whole time to it at the rate he now receives for as many dates as he can spare from other work. These men ordinarily receive \$150 to \$200 and their railroad fare for every lecture.

These are the "top-liners." Lesser attractions are paid from \$25 to \$100 an appearance. Perhaps \$50 a week is a fair average for the humbler "entertainers" who are hired by the year by the bureaus.

## Churchill and the British Navy

### The National Review Sharply Criticizes First Lord of the Admiralty on His Handling of the Naval Situation

IN the National Review for September a sharp attack is made on Hon. Winston Churchill in connection with his handling of the British Admiralty situation in view of the rapid development of the German navy. If, says the National Review, Mr. Churchill will not build ships, he makes up for it by moving the British fleets backwards and forwards. For the last six years the Admiralty has been steadily concentrating all our available and effective battleships in the North Sea—a necessary precaution in view of the rapid advance of the German Navy and of its own inexplicable and criminal failure to meet the large German programmes by adequate new construction. In that process of concentration the Mediterranean was steadily denuded. The climax was reached last March, when Mr. Churchill announced that

the depleted British battle squadron, which still remained at Malta, would be removed from that base to Gibraltar and counted as part of the fleet in home waters. Forthwith a very natural outcry was raised by Lord Kitchener and the commanders in the Mediterranean, who saw clearly that the weakly garrisoned and badly fortified Mediterranean bases would be at the mercy of either of the strong fleets which Italy and Austria are so rapidly creating in the south of Europe. Thereupon Mr. Churchill undoes the whole work of concentration in the North Sea. Having called home the Mediterranean ships on the plea that they are wanted near home, he sends out four battle-cruisers from the North Sea to the Mediterranean, though in March he declared that these very vessels were of extraordinary value as the fast wing of a battle-fleet in the North Sea, and though in the



interval since he delivered that opinion, Germany has decided to make an immense increase in her fully manned force in the North Sea. So that we reach this extraordinary conclusion: The battle-cruisers which were necessary in home waters before Germany made this increase are unnecessary now that she has determined to make it. The ships which were required for our safety, when she only maintained 21 fully manned armoured vessels, are not required now that she has set to work to raise her fully manned strength in armoured ships to 37. Such is Mr. Churchill's new strategy, adopted at the order of Mr. Lloyd George.

No words can exaggerate the immensity of the danger in the North Sea with the new dispositions which Mr. Churchill has accepted or originated. On his own showing, Germany will have in the North Sea, possibly at the end of 1913:

- 25 battleships fully manned in the High Sea Fleet.
  - 4 battleships all fully manned in the Reserve of the High Sea Fleet.
  - 8 armoured cruisers fully manned in the High Sea Fleet.
- Against these, we provide the following:
- 25 battleships fully manned in the Home Fleet;
  - 8 battleships fully manned at Gibraltar,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  days' distance;
  - 8 battleships half manned in the Second Fleet;

with perhaps 12 fully manned armoured cruisers. Yet Mr. Churchill has himself laid down the principle, that we must have such a margin of strength as to meet at "our average moment" the strength of an enemy at his "select moment." The average strength of our fleet in battleships will be less than 25, to allow of ships docking and refitting. The strength of the German fleet at its selected moment will be 29. Of course, if Germany is so obliging as to give us a month's or even a week's notice, we can muster 33 battleships. But do Mr. Churchill and the War Staff really imagine that she will do this? Germany at the Hague Conference opposed and defeated a proposal that even so little as twenty-four hours' notice should be given before beginning war. Why? Admiral Stiege wrote in the March number of *Ueberall*, under the undoubted inspiration of the German Admiralty, that the commander-in-chief of the High Sea Fleet should be given the power to attack our fleet when any favorable opportunity offered. Why? And to complete the series of indications, Professor Hans Delbrueck

in last month's number of the *Preussische Jahrbucher* wrote that the German Navy has now become so strong that, if the circumstances were favorable and an advantageous moment were seized, Germany might win in a great sea-fight and "inflict a death-wound upon England."

Mr. Churchill and the War Staff are, then, gambling on the chance that Germany will give them ample warning and enable them to bring home the ships which they have scattered. They are doing this, though Mr. Churchill has declared that the one factor which differentiates naval from land war, "is the awful suddenness with which naval warfare can reach its decisive phase," without "the vast process of mobilization, the very first signs of which must be noticed," and though the very action of Germany in maintaining "four-fifths" of her Navy on a war footing is unmistakable evidence that with her the blow will precede the word.

But, even so, we have not exhausted the dangers of a deplorable situation. Mr. Churchill assumes in all his estimates of future force in the North Sea that the British ships will be completed punctually to date, and that Germany will never dream of accelerating her present programme. As to the first assumption, it can only be said that two ships of our 1909 programme, which should have been in service in April last, are still unready, that the ships of our 1910 and 1911 programmes are weeks behindhand, and that any recurrence of the recent strikes would derange his fine calculations. As to the second assumption, we have to remember Mr. Asquith's admission in 1909, that he had been quite wrong in 1908 in his views as to what the naval position would be. He had assumed, he said, on the strength of the Admiralty's information, that the German programme was a paper one, and that the German ships would be built more slowly than our own. What if Mr. Churchill is making a similar mistake to Mr. Asquith's and what if the Admiralty is as wrong now as it was in 1909? In that case by December, 1913, it is at least possible for Germany to have 21 "Dreadnoughts" in the North Sea, whereas Mr. Churchill is calculating upon her only having 13, and is providing but 22 British vessels, and this when every "Dreadnought" of ours is with the flag. Mr. Churchill is not merely gambling on the chance that Germany will give him warning. He is also gambling on the chance that she will not accelerate—that she will be so good as to surrender an opportunity now well within her grasp.

It is for these reasons that Mr. Churchill's policy must be condemned as one of absolute treachery to the Navy and to the nation. He is scattering our "Dreadnoughts" during the most critical period in our history. He has thrown a great chance away. He has wasted precious months, when every day is of importance. "Five minutes," said Nelson, "makes the differ-

ence between a victory and a defeat." What will happen, if, at Germany's "selected moment" the British fleet has to wait four and a half days for the arrival of the battleships at Gibraltar, a week for the battle-cruisers at Malta, or a fortnight for the half-manned ships of the Second Fleet to "shake down?" "Five minutes"—and Mr. Churchill wants five days!

## How Imperialism Pays

### Imperialism on Economic Basis as Shown in Expansion of the Territory of the British Empire

THE Socialist Review contains an interesting study by Ludwig Quessel on the economic basis of Imperialism. He remarks on the unexampled expansion of the British Empire, which within the short space of three decades has incorporated territories in Asia and Africa which exceed in extent the whole of the continent of Europe.

The most remarkable feature, the writer says, of this extension is that, except in the Boer War, it proceeds without any sort of heroics, as coolly and unconcernedly as the work of an experienced business man only anxious to keep out of the limelight:—

"There is something captivating in the contemplation of this noiseless work of conquest, modestly concealing its huge successes, never talkative, never shouting about the mailed fist, but quiet able to use it when the business of gulping continents demands it. . . . On the other side it is right to mention the many services of British Imperialism to the advancement of civilization in backward countries."

Yet it involves great financial sacrifices from the Mother Country, which is governed by the electorate. Why does the electorate consent to this burden. The writer says:—"Wherever England plants a new outpost of Empire, British trade with this subject territory shows a notable increase—if only because the security of a competent State administration is necessary to modern business activity."

But this extension is not enough. The passion for expansion is due rather to the search of British industry for new export markets as it finds or fears itself threatened by German industry in all markets not under the British flag. Though the new export markets are open to the world, yet

"the fact of Imperial control frequently has the effect of an insurmountable tariff wall." For example, the German African colonies, which have no protective tariffs and no preferential discriminations in favor of German industries, import thirty-three times more German metal goods than the English do. Conversely, India is a free trade country:—

"But just as in the German colonies, so here the mere fact of Empire has the effect of a high protective tariff. This, again, is easily explained as regards the metal industry. Whether the Government itself builds its railways, bridges, harbors, etc., or employs contractors, the whole of the material will usually be supplied exclusively by the home industry. And in tropical dependencies the State is everywhere the principal consumer of structural material."

But the same effect appears in other industries in which the Government is not an important consumer. The textile imports into India from England are thirty-four times as much as those from Germany and the German African colonies. The textile imports from Germany are nearly three times as much as those from England. The writer concludes:—

"Regarded from an economic standpoint, the hatred of England which breathes from the writings of German Imperialists is seen to be no irrational passion, but the expression of a revolt of the possessing classes in Germany against the immense expansion of the British Empire in recent decades. The ground of this revolt is the economic grievance that in all the Asiatic and African markets incorporated in the British Empire, however much the German export industries may under the law be free to compete, they are in actual fact entirely 'frozen out.'"



## The New Woman of the New East

Dr. Albert Shaw in a review considers the position occupied by women in China, Japan and India.

IN introducing papers on the "New Woman in China and Japan and India," Dr. Albert Shaw, in the *American Review of Reviews*, thus compactly sums up the situation:—

One of the most significant and deep-reaching developments of the modern spread of liberalism and social progress is the awakening restlessness of the women of the Orient. The Oriental woman has farther to go than the woman of the West, but she has already taken the first steps in the direction of a larger participation in the life of her people. In Japan and China women are attending the universities, entering into business and professions, and already taking an active part in public life. The reformer, Kang-Yu-wei, in his book, "A Criticism of the Chinese Classics," called attention, many years ago, to the fact that the raising of the status of woman has always been an essential part of the spread of democracy. It is more than half a century since women began to be educated in China. This was when the missionary movement had attained important proportions. Two decades ago a crusade began against the binding of the feet, which was a great step forward. In 1907 the Government formally recognized the right of women to education and began to plan schools for girls. A newspaper edited by women was one of the first developments of the woman movement in China. In March of this year the hall of the National Assembly of the new Republic at Nanking was made the scene of violent demonstration by militant Chinese suffragettes, discontented with the measure of "emancipation" granted them by the new regime.

Social regeneration in India is going on swiftly and steadily. The whole mass is being affected by the leaven of social reform. In this social revolution—for nothing short of that term can express the exact situation—the Hindu woman is playing a most heroic part. All the rest of the vast continent of Asia is experiencing the stirrings of the woman movement. The languorous ladies of Persia are stirring, and in Turkey and Egypt they are already awake. Altogether it is a vast and portentous movement.

Adachi Kinnosuke recounts the achieve-

ments of some of the noted women of the new China. He tells of an actress named Chin Chilan, who made much money by her acting and charming personality, which she despatched to her comrades in the United States for the purchase of arms and ammunition. This was discovered, and she was beheaded. Another martyr of the revolution was Chuehin, the only daughter of a wealthy merchant, who left his entire fortune to his child at his death. She put the whole of it into the treasury of the revolutionists. She undertook the work of smuggling arms, ammunition, dynamite, and bombs into China. Arrested, tried, condemned, she wrote out her case in English, feeling that in that language alone she could appeal to the world. We are next told of Madame Su, now sixty-five years of age, who moved twelve hundred Chinese students to tears by her pathetic eloquence about the needs of their country.

Happily, this high valuation of womanhood is no sudden outburst. The writer says:—

Mr. Okuda, while he was serving as the Third Secretary to the Japanese Embassy at Peking, made a careful study of the social and commercial life of China and wrote a book. He says that petticoat government is a general thing in China; that the position of her women is even higher than that of her Occidental sisters. "China is the country which respects and values her women exceedingly," he declares. "A country where woman's power is strong. Even among the lower classes the husband cannot lay a violent hand on the wife, and the matrimonial quarrel has only one end invariably—the victory for the wife."

Basanta Koomar Roy says that the custom of early marriage is changing fast. Hindu boys refuse to marry until they have finished their education. The prohibition of marriage between members of different castes has led to inbreeding, with physical degeneracy as a result. Now there is a great movement for inter-marriage between the different castes. The remarriage of widows is also proceeding apace. Sometimes parents advertise for a young widow of a different caste to marry their boy. The Indian woman is said to be the soul of the Nationalist movement. Side by side with Indian National Con-

gress there is a Women's Conference, to pass resolutions, and travel as propagand-plan work to better the condition of wo-ists. They are now breaking out as jour-n-men. Women leaders make speeches, and alists.

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## The Latest in French Automobiles

**New Type of Low-Priced Car Which is Proving Very Popular Although  
it Has Some Rather Serious Disadvantages.**

ROAST chicken once a week was the wish of the French peasant in bygone ages. The modern Frenchman, less modest, substitutes a motor car for the fowl. French manufacturers have responded to this demand by producing low-priced autos, based somewhat on the principle of the motorcycle. Scores of these have been manufactured at prices varying between two hundred fifty and five hundred dollars. The cheap automobile of this type has been successfully imitated in England.

There have been inexpensive automobiles built on the established lines of the costlier type; but, so W. F. Bradley assures us in *The Technical World*, there appear to be more possibilities by working along motorcycle rather than automobile lines. Such, at any rate, has been the experience of European manufacturers, who have found it almost impossible to get below five hundred dollars on cars of the usual build, but have been able to produce four-wheeled motorcycles at half this price. A vehicle of this description costs little more than a high-grade motorcycle, the up-keep is about the same, its speed is equal to any two-wheeler, and its comfort is infinitely greater.

"It is a long, narrow, boat-like vehicle, mounted on four wire wheels, carrying its passengers in tandem fashion, with the driver at the rear, and having one single or two-cylinder air-cooled motor under cover in front. The frame, consisting of two wooden members, is narrowed in front, the sides are enclosed, the top is closed in by the gasoline tank, while the front is left open to allow a free passage for the air. A single chain running under the footboards

takes the drive to a countershaft, on each extremity of which are a couple of pulleys from which power is carried to the rear wheels by belts, as in a motorcycle. The two pulleys permit a quick change of gear ratio.

"There is neither clutch, gear box nor differential. The rear axle is attached to the extremity of a pair of inverted semi-elliptic springs, the front hanger of which is pivoted, thus allowing the axle to be moved forward or backward by means of a lever at the driver's right hand. It is by this means that the belt can be slackened off to disconnect the motor. At the front here is a tubular pivoting axle, with a coil spring suspension."

Any man who knows how to manage a motorcycle is at once familiar with this little car. Its use is not confined to pleasure purposes, a large number being used in France for quick delivery work. In some cases—note again the economy of the French—the touring model is convertible. On week days it carries drugs and groceries; on Sundays and holidays it is transformed, by the turn of a screw, into a touring car for the family.

"It weighs complete only from 300 to 350 pounds, has an eight-horse-power, two-cylinder, air-cooled motor, chain transmission to a countershaft, and double belt drive to pulleys on the rear wheels. For utility service, with calls for work over heavy roads, in snow, or amongst dense traffic, the four-wheeler has limitations. But these limitations are even more strongly felt by the motorcycle. As a little pleasure vehicle it has a remarkable future before it."

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## Told in the Smoke Room

### HE AGREES.

The Heroine—"You are a wolf in sheep's clothing!"  
The Villain—"Bah!"

### A HIGH LIVER.

"They say he lives on the fat of the land."  
"Yep; he makes an anti-fat cure."

### NOT CRAZY.

"Do you think Oscar proposed to me merely on account of my money?"  
"Well, my dear, you know he must have had some reason."

### PRAY FOR THEM.

A colored preacher, in closing his sermon, said to the congregation:  
"And now let us pray for the uninhabited portion of the earth."

### APPEARANCES COUNT.

"What's the trouble, Henry?"  
"The rudder's dropped off."  
"Oh, well, never mind—let's go on. It didn't show, anyway!"

### NO OFFENSE.

She—"Pardon me, sir, for walking on your feet."  
He—"Oh, don't mention it. I walk on them myself, you know."

### HER ADDRESS.

Husband of Militant Suffragette (to his secretary)—"Take this note around to my wife, please."  
Secretary—"Certainly, sir. At which er—jail is she stopping?"

### MISTAKEN.

Mr. Timid (hearing noise at 2 A.M.)—"I think, dear, that there is a m—man in the house."  
His Wife (scornfully)—"Not in this room."  
—Tit Bits.

### A SUBDUED MENU.

Crushed Oats. Mashed Potatoes.  
Beaten Biscuits. Whipped Cream.

### BLISSFUL IGNORANCE.

Freddie—"What's an optimist, dad?"  
Cobwigger—"He's the fellow who doesn't know what's coming to him."

### MODEST.

The Magistrate (about to commit for trial)—"You certainly effected the robbery in a remarkably ingenious way; in fact, with quite exceptional cunning."  
The Prisoner—"Now, yer Honor, no flattery, please; no flattery, I begs yer."—Sketch.

### WAS A SUFFRAGETTE.

Regular Customer: "I shall want a large quantity of flowers from you next week, for my daughter's coming-out."  
Flower Woman: "Yes, Mum. You shall 'ave the very best for 'er, pore dear. Wot were she put in for?"  
—Punch.

### UNAVOIDABLE.

Mrs. Knicker—"You shouldn't have heating foods in the summer."  
Mrs. Bocker—"Anything I cook makes Tom hot."

### POLISHED.

Mary—"Doesn't Ida keep her hardwood floors in beautiful condition?"  
Alice—"Perfect! Every one who goes there is carried out with a fracture or a dislocation."

### PREJUDGED.

A jury trial in a Western town had gone along for more than an hour when the trial judge discovered that the panel was shy a juror.  
"What does this mean?" he roared. "There are only eleven jurors in the box; where is the twelfth?"  
"Please, your Honor," answered one of the eleven, "he has gone away from here on some other business; but he has left his verdict with me."

### THE ONLY WAY.

If he comes to borrow ten,  
I am out.  
Tell him, office boy, again,  
I am out.  
It's the only way to win,  
Or to save my hard-earned tin.  
For if he should find me in,  
I am out.

### PRENUPTIAL SACRIFICES.

"And you are going to give up smoking?"  
"Certainly."  
"And drinking?"  
"Gladly."  
"And you will resign from all your clubs?"  
"Willingly."  
"Think, dearest, if there is anything else you can give up."  
"Well, for one thing, I give up all idea of marrying you."—Soleil.

### A BISHOP'S RETORT.

The late Bishop of Ripon possessed a ready wit, which stood him in good stead when addressing conglomerate crowds in the open-air. He was once asked by an Atheist heckler if he believed that Jonah was really swallowed by the whale.  
"When I go to Heaven," he answered, "I'll ask Jonah."  
"But suppose he's not there?"  
"In that case," was the crushing reply, "you will be able to ask him yourself."

## The Canadian National Exhibition

FEATURES OF PRACTICAL VALUE WHICH MARKED THE LEADING EXHIBITS AND REVEALED PROGRESS OF TRADES AND HANDICRAFTS

By S. M. Maxim

"WHEN, after a weary climb, we find ourselves on the summit of a lofty mountain, and look back from that commanding altitude over the ground we have traversed, what is it that we behold? The minor details of the scenery, many of which seemed large and important to us as we passed, are now lost to view, and we see only the great and imposing features of the landscape, the high elevations, the town-studded valleys, the deep and winding streams, the broad forests."

In the introduction to one of his historical works, Dr. Charles Morris penned the foregoing words some years ago in an effort to give his readers a correct historical perspective. It is the same when, from the summit of an age, we gaze backward over the plain of time. The myriad of petty happenings are lost to sight, and we see only the striking events, the critical epochs, the mighty crisis through which the world has passed.

Not otherwise is it in the estimation of the outstanding features of any great exhibition, such as the Canadian National Exhibition, held recently in Toronto, to which we devote considerable space in this issue. In the course of a day's visit at one of these "timekeepers of progress" one sees many sights and meets with numerous experiences, all of which are important and interesting at the time. But when all

has been seen, what remains which is of practical value? True the spectacular features stand out prominently in the estimation of many who wish but to be pleased by the latest thrillers, but after all the things worth while, both as a means of personal benefit from the visit and as an evidence of the progress of the country, are the exhibits of natural products and manufactured goods, as set forth in the various booths in the great buildings.

And yet how many persons hurry through the exhibit sections lest there may not be sufficient time to "see the sights?" It is only after they have returned home, and have reviewed the exhibition in general, that they place things in their true perspective and realize that the real purpose of any exhibition which is a success in the truest and broadest sense is to present exhibits.

With this idea in mind we have set our camera to photograph and have instructed our writers to describe some of the leading displays which really contributed to the success of the Canadian National of 1912. The accounts will give the reader a good idea of some of the best features of practical value shown at the fair as also of the great progress which has been made in the past year in the various trades and handicrafts.



**THE NATIONAL LAND, FRUIT  
AND PACKING CO.**

There was something new at the National Exhibition this year. Sometimes the complaint is heard that there is too much of a sameness about the exhibits from year to year. What the public seems to desire most is a continual change—new products, new methods, new men. We add the "men" because after all, behind the product and back of the methods in marketing it must be the brains and ingenuity and capital of business men. The exhibit of the National Land, Fruit and Packing Company, of Toronto, marks the start of a new and important Canadian industry. Unlike some of the other exhibits this one, in order to be properly appreciated, had to be personally tested by the visitors. Those who made the test will not soon forget the experience nor the product itself.

The products exhibited were Sun Gold Cider and Sun Gold Vinegar. Canadians as yet have scarcely realized what good cider is and the possibilities that exist for the making of it in Canada. As a matter of fact, Canada possesses natural facilities for the production of cider which are unequalled in the world. What better cider, for instance, could be imagined than that made from Ontario Greenings blended with the juice of Tolman Sweets, or Baldwins and Russets squeezed together, but best of all, sparkling, spirited, non-fermented juice of Northern Spies, gathered from the orchards along the shores of Georgian Bay? It has been well said that they grow the finest Northern Spies in the world up on the foothills of the Blue Mountains behind Collingwood on Georgian Bay. Likewise they also grow the finest Spies in the world in Durham and Northumberland County and in Prince Edward County as well. In fact, anywhere along the shore of the Great Lakes,

from Collingwood to Kingston, the same supreme excellence is found. The world longs for Ontario Northern Spies and acknowledges their title of highest rank.

What, then, could be more natural than that Ontario should become the centre of a great cider industry? That is what the future has marked out. Already a commencement has been made. Mons. Lucien Brosse-Brossard, late of Dieppe, Normandy; Frankfort, Germany; Devonshire, England, has come to Canada to make cider. He has been brought here by the National Land, Fruit & Packing Company, of which H. Pollman Evans is President. The Company has launched into operations on a huge scale, having acquired the ownership or lease of great areas of apple orchards in Ontario. It is said that if its holdings of trees were spread out in a single line they would reach a distance of 950 miles. The concern estimates that there are 140,000 trees under its control within the Ontario triangle of the Great Lakes. The entire yield of these orchards is made into Sun Gold Cider and Sun Gold Vinegar. In addition, it has secured cold storage houses at Trenton in the Bay of Quinte district and in Thornbury near Georgian Bay, where Northern Spies are most Northern and therefore, harder, juicier and more flavory. Again, a cold storage house has been located in Toronto, the shipping and distributing district of Ontario. The company has also built an Evaporated Apple Factory and Vinegar Factory and a Cider Mill at Mimico.

The methods of production pursued by the company, under the direction of the expert whom it has engaged, are most interesting. In the first place let it be said that there is no trace of alcohol in the finished product. The sweet, pure, unfermented apple juice is clarified, filtered, carbonated, bottled and made permanently

cold from the press to the lips by a system. The secret of all is keeping the apple yeast from fermenting by straining and filtering every possible germ of ferment out of it and preserving it religiously from contact with air. That is why they insert the carbonic acid—the gas forms and fills the neck of the bottle as tight that no air can leak through the crimped tin stopper. The leakage is all the other way and when the bottle is opened for use the gas runs through the cider and gives it the sparkle and life of champagne.

An inspection of the cider mill of the company at Mimico is well worth the expenditure of time involved. Here the latest machinery has been installed and the system of the company in producing only

the finest brand of cider and pure cider vinegar is carried out faultlessly in every detail. Within the mill, chains of wire baskets run from the storage room to the presses, carrying apples in large quantities. Reaching the presses the apples fall into chutes to other baskets, which are passed through two scalding baths for purposes of sterilization. When they have emerged from this process they are ready for the grinding machine in which they are cut finely by revolving knives and finally squeezed by the pneumatic plunger. The juice from the presses drops to the pans below and is filtered through silver-plated pipes to the basement, where it flows into six barrels of Louisiana Cypress wood, each holding 17,000 gallons—the temper-







ature of the cellar being kept at 28 degrees. Before being bottled the cider is filtered 28 times and after the bottling is kept in cold storage. The whole system is one of the finest it is possible to devise and cannot result other than in a product—whether it be cider or vinegar for both are produced by the company—of the highest grade and merit.

Sun Gold Cider is decidedly a healthful beverage, clearing uric acid from the system, helping rheumatic and gouty persons and is a powerful factor in quenching thirst.

Over \$1,000,000 is involved in the conduct of the business, including the ownership, lease and maintenance of orchards, the harvesting of apples, and the converting of them into Sun Gold Cider and Sun Gold Vinegar and the placing of the products upon the market. A most extensive

business has been built up and the merits of the lines are such that undoubtedly it will rapidly expand from year to year as the public becomes more familiar with the company's products.

The National Land, Fruit & Packing Company, whose headquarters are located at 37 Yonge Street, Toronto, has been a most enterprising and successful company and is to be heartily commended in its latest efforts to produce a pure thirst-quenching drink and a pure cider vinegar for Canadian consumption.

#### CUTTING CARS.

As in the past, the real automobile value offered in the CUTTING seemed to excell that of all competitors, and while the

basic principles of construction heretofore adhered to remain the same, important changes along the lines of improvement and refinement were shown in the 1913 Cutting Cars exhibited at the National Exhibition this fall.

The main features characterizing these cars are: unit power plant, three point suspension, self starter, Rough Rider cush-

plant, which is held by a three point suspension; the three vital parts, the motor, the clutch, and the transmission are combined as a single unit, enclosed and suspended on a true three point suspension, making it absolutely impossible for these parts to get out of alignment. No matter how the frame twists as the result of rough or uneven roads, the alignment of the



ions, 12 inch upholstering, great ease in riding, demountable rims, electric lighting, 36 x 4 tires, increased wheel base, nickel trimmings, roomier bodies and full equipment.

Of these the adoption of the unit power plant with three point suspension stands in the foreground. The power is transmitted to the drive shaft by the unit power

three most essential parts of the car always remains perfect.

Emphasis, too, should be placed on the four cylinder vertical water cooler cast en bloc engines, with which the 1913 models will be equipped, the lubricating self-contained force feed system by which the oil is forced through the hollow crank shaft directly to the main and connecting rod

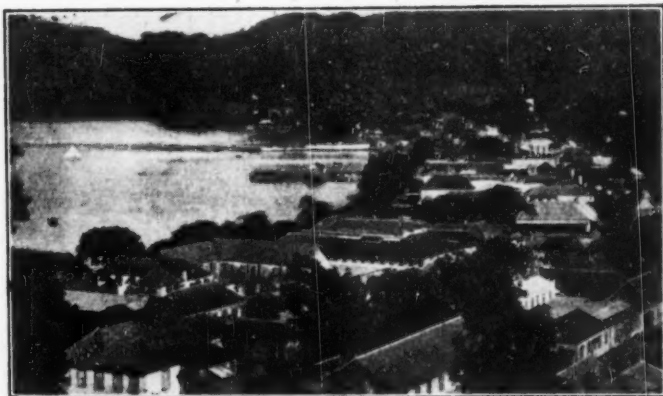


bearings, whereby no oil is wasted as in the splash system; the three special and reverse selective sliding gear transmission in which 35 point hardened and heat treated steel gears are used; the 100 per cent. efficient running in oil multiple disc clutch, and the Westinghouse equalizing brake system. The standard color of Cutting Cars for 1913 will be dark blue, black fenders and hoods and nickel trimmings.

For prices and descriptive pamphlets write the Cutting Motor Sales Company of Canada, 76 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ont.

### ST. VINCENT ARROWROOT ASSOCIATION.

Many years ago some native of the Island of St. Vincent of the Caribbean Sea, discovered a plant from the roots of which he could make a curious sort of flour or meal. He ate it and found it delicious. Other natives tried it and approved. The



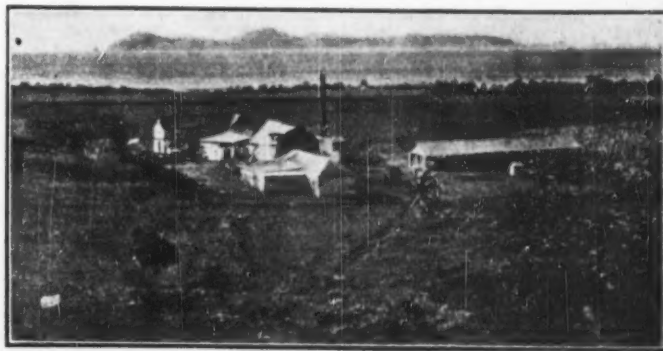
A View of Kingstown, St. Vincent, B.W.I. The home of St. Vincent Arrowroot.

new food proved to be one which stimulated the best of health. The Islanders flourished ever since they have been eating it.

While to-day the whole world knows of arrowroot, it has yet considerable to learn concerning the source and use of the supply. The Island of St. Vincent, which has an area of 85,000 acres, has developed a very large trade in arrowroots, the exports of this line in 1910-11 amounting to \$144,427. The rise of the arrowroot industry has been both interesting and rap-

id. At the beginning, the native method of production was both crude and wasteful but with the influx of white planters into the tropical Island of St. Vincent new processes have been inaugurated and the product is now offered in its best form. As a result the consumption of the product is being greatly increased, although vast possibilities are yet to be realized.

Owing to the abundant supply of pure water the arrowroot manufacture is of ex-



Arrowroot Works, St. Vincent, B.W.I.

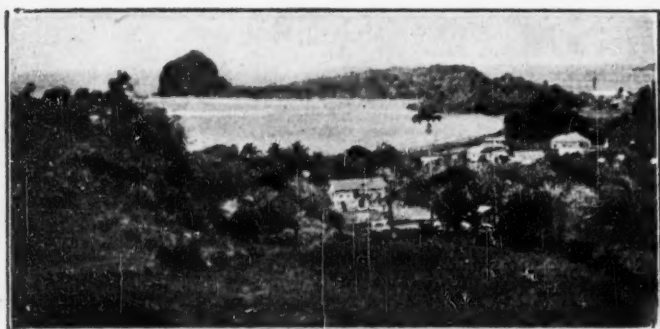
cellent quality, and efforts are being made by the recently formed Arrowroot Growers & Export Association to extend the markets for this excellent commodity.

As in past years the exhibit of British West Indies products at the Fair this year



Unmanufactured Arrowroot in field, St. Vincent, B.W.I.

again proved of a most interesting character. Both in variety and quality the exhibits were decidedly in advance of former years. To those who are unfamiliar with the use of arrowroot a brief reference to its merits may be in order. It is not merely a dish for children and invalids, excellent as



Calliaqua Harbor, St. Vincent, B.W.I.

it may be when applied to that purpose. Rather is it a dish for healthy people who delight in delicious and wholesome food. Arrowroot is a cereal of high quality, and an exquisite ingredient in custards, puddings, blanc manges and other dishes. It makes an excellent breakfast food for the working man or woman and a dainty food for the sick. It builds up strong constitutions in children and can be taken by the weakest digestion.

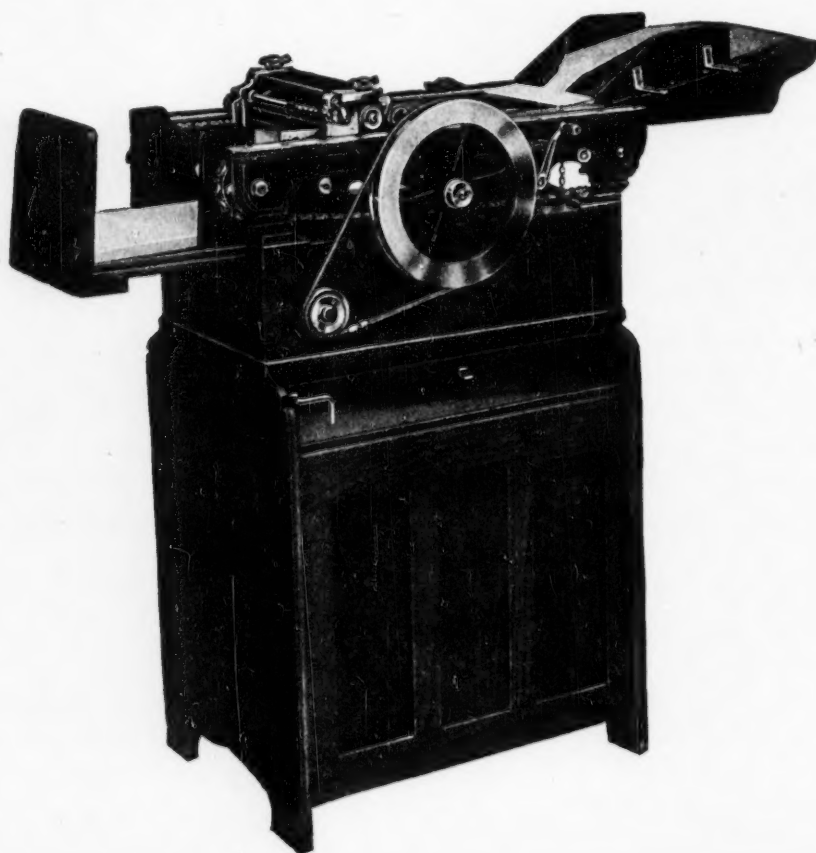
The St. Vincent Arrowroot Growers & Exporters, of St. Vincent, B.W. I., have issued a most interesting booklet telling of the recipes in which arrowroot can be used, and the same may be had for the

asking. This useful book should be in every home. After learning of its many merits and manifold uses one can readily obtain a supply for family uses at any first-class grocery.

#### THE CANADIAN WRITEPRESS COMPANY.

It is probably safe to assert that no exhibit at the Toronto Exhibition attracted more attention among business men, manufacturers, brokers and others conducting a large daily correspondence, than did the Writerpress, which is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable of the many business labor-saving devices which are now on the market. It was inspected by many business men, some of whom are already making use of it, and all of whom were loud in their praise of the merits of the device.

The Writerpress is a strongly built and splendidly equipped machine and is capable of producing as many as 4,000 perfect typewritten letters in the course of a single hour. It will take off wood cuts,



Say you saw the ad. in MacLean's Magazine.



zinc etchings, electric type, etc., at a saving of 75 per cent. on printers' bills. In addition it is equipped with an addressing attachment which will fill in the names of recipients, address envelopes and sign the manager's name in different colored ink in the body of the letters, all at one stroke, so that they are all ready to be sent through the mails. The work is done so neatly and in so uniform a manner that each letter has the appearance of being a personal communication, specially address-

easily produce work that cannot be excelled in quality by a job printer. Not only will the Writerpress typewrite letters, but by means of the ink carriage one can do nearly all kinds of office printing at a saving of one-half the amount which ordinarily would be paid to printers.

Samples of work, complete information, and comments from 3,000 users of the device may be had by writing the Canadian Writerpress Company, Ltd., Hamilton, Ontario.



ed to the recipient and in no wise resembles the ordinary circular to which little attention is now paid by either business men or readers.

To the average business concern it is conservatively estimated that hundreds of dollars can be saved every year through the installing of a writerpress. It may be operated by any intelligent stenographer, office boy, or clerk, any one of whom can

#### THE AUTO TIRE COMPANY.

The Goodrich tire is always a prominent feature wherever automobiles or auto accessories are gathered together. The National Exhibition at Toronto this year proved no exception to the general rule. The Goodrich tire was there—and in the very front rank.



The history of any great enterprise is fraught with many details of interest regarding the various stages of its growth and development. Usually there is a small beginning and back of that some basic idea which has genuine merit in it. Given a good idea—one which means value and service to great numbers of people—all that is required for the success of any project is organization. The history of the Goodrich enterprise tells the story of the company's progress very much after that fashion. From a comparatively modest beginning the firm has grown until to-day it is in a class by itself. The Akron, Ohio, factory of the Company, the largest rubber company in the world, has an acreage of between 65 and 70 acres, and is working to capacity in order to meet the increasing demands which are being made upon it by reason of the enlarged trade in Goodrich tires in all parts of the world.

To the average reader the growth of business can possibly be best judged by a comparison of the forces which have handled the Company's affairs at different stages. Starting in 1869 with a force of about thirty-five workers, to-day this company employs, taking into consideration its main factory at Akron and those employed in the Branches and Depots, fifteen thousand people. They have better than one hundred direct Goodrich Branches and Depots. The Goodrich is the only American Tire Company with a complete European factory and direct European branch and depot representation.

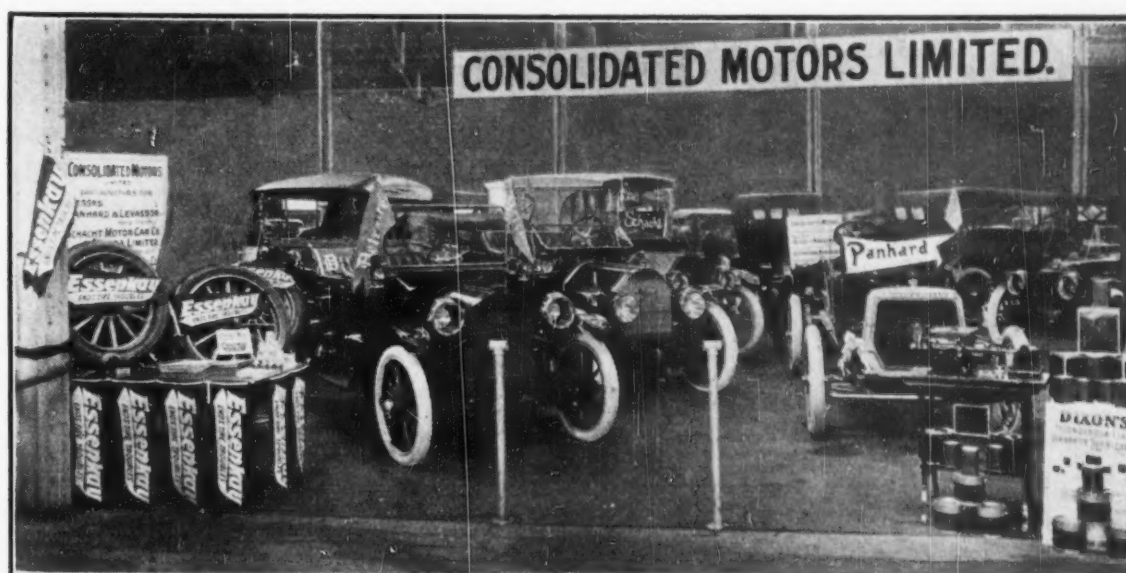
The Canadian end of the Goodrich business is handled by the Auto Tire Company

with branches at 134 Bay Street, Toronto, 42 Bank Street, Ottawa, and at 596 St. Catharine Street West, Montreal. The Company has the most complete stock of American tires and of tire sundries that can be obtained anywhere in Canada. Each Canadian branch is completely equipped with repair departments for making any kind of repair promptly. In addition, everything that is required in the very best and latest automobile accessories is in stock and the Company's promptness and excellence in all manner of repair work, or readjustment work, is unquestionable. Among the accessories are: emergency bands for repairing tires, inside protection patches, automobile spring bumpers, automobile mats, pneumatic hose for compressed and general air purposes, head light tubing, Goodrich rubber cement, Goodrich plastic and many other items which are always useful and at times indispensable in an automobile equipment.

As to the Goodrich products themselves, possibly some reference should be made, although they are of so high a quality as to be already generally accepted by users who desire only the best in automobile equipment. As a matter of fact Goodrich products are pretty much a standard by which all others are judged. The reason lies in the fact that the Goodrich factory is equipped as are very few other factories on the continent.

Every man who is employed by the concern believes that the goods which he and his fellow-workmen are producing are the very best. This knowledge makes him





take an interest and indeed a pride in his work, the results of which are apparent in the product.

Every reader who is in anywise interested in automobiles and their up-keep should write to the Auto Tire Company at 134 Bay Street, Toronto, who will place at your disposal an assortment of useful information embodied in their catalogs and other literature which cannot fail to be of interest to any automobile owner, dealer or repair man.

#### CONSOLIDATED MOTORS, LIMITED

That this is an age of combination, particularly in the realm of great commercial enterprises, has again been forcibly demonstrated in the recent incorporation of Consolidated Motors, Limited. The absorption by the new company of the business lately carried on by the Schacht Motor Car Company, of Canada and the securing of the sole sales rights for a number of powerful and pre-eminent pleasure car and commercial motor manufacturers, have, indeed, marked a new epoch in the history of automobile sales, both in the city of Toronto and the province of Ontario. Not only this, for in addition to the advantages involved in the combination already outlined, the concern now has, at 112-116 Richmond St., West, one of the

best equipped down-town garage, show room, accessory department and maintenance stations in Toronto, carrying with it unrivalled connections for all automobile accessories and supplies.

Under these circumstances a few lines concerning the history of events leading to the formation of the Consolidated Company will be of timely interest. The handsome premises which the Company occupies were originally constructed for the Schacht Company, whose head offices and factory for Canadian business are located at Hamilton. The Schacht Company at that time expected to limit their sales more particularly to the province of Ontario and the territory surrounding their factory, but the extreme competition in Toronto the centre of motoring in Canada, changed the plans of the Company, somewhat, and it was ultimately decided to branch out east and west besides taking care of the territory immediately adjacent to the factory. The result was a very large demand, a demand in fact in excess of the Hamilton Factory's possible production, which in turn led to the Schacht Company's interests being absorbed in Toronto and surrounding territory by Consolidated Motors, which, as has already been pointed out, combines a comprehensive equipment for the conduct of a general maintenance, repair and sales station, while the sales department covers the control of the leading automobile manufacturing companies of the world.



A mere enumeration of the pleasure car and commercial motor manufacturers of which Consolidated Motors has the sole sale rights in Canada, will be sufficient to impress readers of the scope of the Consolidation. These manufacturing companies include:

Messrs. Panhard & Levassor, Paris, France, Established 1889, manufacturers of the famous French "Panhard" Motor Cars and Trucks, Aeroplane and Marine Motors;

Schacht Motor Car Co., of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ontario, builders of Canada's Standard Motor Cars and Commercial Motors;

The Briggs-Detroit Co., of Detroit, Michigan, builders of the "Detroit," the most up-to-date and inexpensive Touring Car in the world;

The Motor Wagon Company of Detroit, Michigan, builders of the "Motor Wagon," the lowest-priced and most reliable form of motor delivery known.

In addition to handling these makes of automobiles, the Consolidated Motors will be distributors for the Dominion for the Blue Ribbon Metal Polish Company, of Indianapolis; the Dewey Pump Company, of Toledo; The Bon-Tour Pennant Company, of Cobleskill, N.Y.; the Joseph Dixon Crucible Company, of Newark, N.J.; and the Essenkay Company of Chicago.

manufacturers of "Essenkay," the perfect substitute for air that "Ends tire troubles." An arrangement has been perfected whereby a complete taxicab, touring car and sight-seeing automobile service is conducted from the Toronto premises, the service being equipped with new high-grade cars.

As to the companies represented in the consolidation, it should be added that each represents a class by itself by reason of its unrivalled productions, both in commercial and pleasure cars. The range, indeed, is most extensive, as a result of which Consolidated Motors will be able to supply the lowest priced form of commercial motor coupled with extreme reliability as well as commercial vehicles of every type and class up to the 14 Ton Tractor built by Messrs. Panhard & Levassor for most strenuous service; while in the pleasure car department no better combination could be desired nor finer range of choice afforded than in the "Detroit," which is claimed to be the most up-to-date and inexpensive touring car in the world, irrespective of any country manufacturing cars, or than the Canadian Schacht, a vehicle perhaps too well-known in Canada to dilate upon other than to say that it thoroughly covers the medium-priced vehicle line. With these two lines of pleasure cars coupled with the Panhard, the standard of French manufacture, possibly for the world, for



the past quarter of a century, those who know the market will realize that it is unnecessary to add anything further, unless possibly, it might be to state that the manufacturers of the last named car, established as they were in 1889, have held from the time of their inception, the great majority of the concessions granted by the French Government in motor transportation both by road and aero, inclusive of the War Department.

Mr. Gerard Muntz, General Manager of the Imperial Loan and Investment Company, President of the Share and Debenture Corporation, and Director of the Schacht Motor Car Company, has accepted the Presidency of the new concern, while the active management is in the hands of Mr. E. P. Clarkson, C.E. Among the other prominent financiers connected with the company are H. Polman Evans, Toronto, President of the Union Life Association and President of the Home Life Association; R. Pellatt of Pellatt & Pellatt, bankers and brokers, Toronto, and F. L. Reid, Hamilton, General Manager of the Schacht Motor Car Company of Canada.

Illustrated catalogues, covering the different lines of manufacture may be obtained by writing for copies to Consolidated Motors, Limited, 112-116 Richmond Street West, Toronto, Ont.

### SOVEREIGN PERFUMES, LIMITED

Sovereign Perfumes, Limited, a Canadian company whose artistic perfumery creations are considered by some of the most discriminating to be equal to the world's best.

Did you notice the exhibit of Sovereign Perfumes, Limited, at the National Exhibition this year? Of all the commercial showings the exhibit of this company was probably the most striking. In the centre of their enclosure a fountain played on a beautiful piece of statuary, the whole bordered and decorated with orchids — some rare and costly varieties being shown. Built up around this artistic setting was the exhibit of perfumes and toilet preparations, and prettily attired girls sprayed the passers-by with the distilled fragrance.

Miss Percy Haswell, the talented actress, who had just terminated a most successful three month's engagement at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, was an added attraction to this exhibit on Friday afternoon of the first week.

Miss Haswell has been using exclusively a perfume made by this company, ever





since her first season in Toronto three years ago. So they named it after her, and for a lark she spent Friday after-

noon in their exhibit presenting souvenirs of Corson's Percy Haswell Perfume to thousands who passed.

She says that a great many of the leading artists who play in Toronto theatres use the perfume creations of this company in preference to all others. Miss Dorothy Parker, of London, England, who starred in America last season, in the pretty little English play "Pomander Walk," uses only Corson's Pomander Perfume, while Mrs. Forbes Robertson is said to favor Orchid Perfume.

So all success to this Canadian company which is gaining recognition abroad.

#### HAMILTON STAMP AND STENCIL COMPANY.

Keen business men who viewed at the extensive display of the Hamilton Stamp & Stencil Company at the Toronto Exhibition this year were impressed with the new idea. There is an incalculable but conditional value in a good name. It all depends on the use which is made of it. If it is not properly presented to the public the real value may never be realized. The public must know to be convinced. And the conviction on the part of the



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public comes on realization of value to the firms.

The business of the Hamilton Stamp & Stencil Co., is to help business men realize on the value attached to sound business reputations and good business names. The company are manufacturers of machine and carriage name plates, brass labels, aluminum trade checks for milk companies, bakers, etc., hotel key, coat and baggage checks, steel stamps of every description, burning brands and concrete stamping brands, rubber stamps, brass copper stencils—for all of which they are known from coast to coast.

Business houses making use of these devices, at a very nominal expense by the use of labels or frame plates may brand their products in such a way that their name will be advertised not only among the firms with whom they deal direct but among thousands of possible buyers in all parts of the country. It is the best possible form of advertising.

Besides their extensive works in Hamilton the company have secured the plant and outfit of the Superior Manufacturing

Company, 93 Church Street, Toronto, a branch to represent their Toronto connection, and are devoting particular attention to steel stamps for use in presses and by hand, as well as rubber stamps and corporate seals. The company are also Dominion agents for the Bradley Stencil machine. Manufacturers and office managers would do well to send for their extensive catalog either at Hamilton or Toronto in order to keep in touch with the latest offerings in connection with these modern mechanical advertising devices.

#### EMPLOY NIAGARA TO DO YOUR WASHING.

The idea is a little startling, isn't it? But the "1900" Washer Co., Toronto, whose exhibit at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, is illustrated above, were able to demonstrate in a most convincing manner that the idea was not only feasible but thoroughly desirable from every standpoint—efficiency, economy, hygienic and non-injury to clothes. They



do not recommend that your soiled garments be taken to Niagara, but instead they show conclusively how the harnessed power of the mighty cataract as embodied in the electric current, was available through mechanical appliances for bearing the universal burden of wash-day. For this purpose a part of their space was devoted to a "Model Laundry."

The exhibit consisted of one of their unequalled motor outfits (self-working Washer and Wringer), a second or independent, motor wringer, and a self heated, motor driven ironing machine or mangle. The combination is readily discernible in the foreground of the illustration, at the centre and left. Incidentally there was an outside Champion Clothes Reel, as an auxiliary to the work outfit.

A working demonstration was actually given; clothes and water were in the machine, which, by the way was of an extra large size that the company is placing here and elsewhere in the larger private residences, hotels, hospitals, sanitariums, and other public institutions.

From the electrically driven washer the clothes were wrung by the electrically driven wringer, and then put through the independent power wringer from the bluing tub. This second wringer is operated at the same time and by the same motor as the machine, and can be run either way when placed between stationary tubs.

After drying to a suitable degree, the clothes were passed to the mangle for the ironing of all the flat articles—bed linen, table linen, curtains, doilies, etc. The particular mangle used was electrically heated, but they are also made for heating by gas or gasoline, to be turned by hand or power, and in widths from 24 to 48 inches. As the work is done on a polished, heated, ironing surface, the machine actually irons the garments passed through it and puts a higher polish on the finest table linen than can be secured by hand work.

The manager and his corps of assistants were justly proud of this "Model Laundry," and were also glad to refer interested parties to many of the complete outfits (in addition to several hundred electric machines alone), in actual operation right here in Toronto, to say nothing of their long list of customers throughout Canada from coast to coast. They are firm in their be-

lief that the "satisfied customers are their best salesmen."

The 1900 Washer Company has a Dominion-wide reputation as the sole manufacturers of the world renowned "Junior" and "Gravity" hand operated washing machines, and will be glad to furnish full particulars in regard to any of their machines, and details of their remarkable trial offer. An inquiry will receive an immediate reply if addressed personally to the Manager, Mr. H. H. Morris, c. o. the 1900 Washer Co., 359 Yonge St., Toronto.

#### THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT TELEPHONE COMPANY.

THE remarkable growth which has marked the development of rural telephone systems throughout Ontario during the past few years, together with the increasing number of municipalities that have successfully undertaken to build and operate their own local telephone systems made the exhibits of telephone equipment at the Exhibition of unusual interest to many hundreds of visitors who were there from all parts. No exhibit attracted more attention and certainly none seemed to be more complete from the standpoint of the requirements of the local and rural telephone systems as that made by The Canadian Independent Telephone Company, whose offices and factory are located on Duncan Street, Toronto. This exhibit consisted of every type of telephone used on a rural system and also types used on central energy systems. The Lorimer Automatic telephone which is used in cities and towns, the girlless telephone which has been making such a success in commercial operation in Brantford and Lindsay, was also shown, as this automatic system is also made in the factory of the Canadian Independent Telephone Company. They also exhibited a one hundred and fifty line and a fifty line floor cabinet switchboard, and these were connected up to demonstrate the up-to-date way in which they are equipped, the drops and jacks being self-restoring, easily accessible and the coils readily changed and interchangeable. In fact, the switchboards had many distinctive features which seem to be decided advantages over any other types that were exhibited.

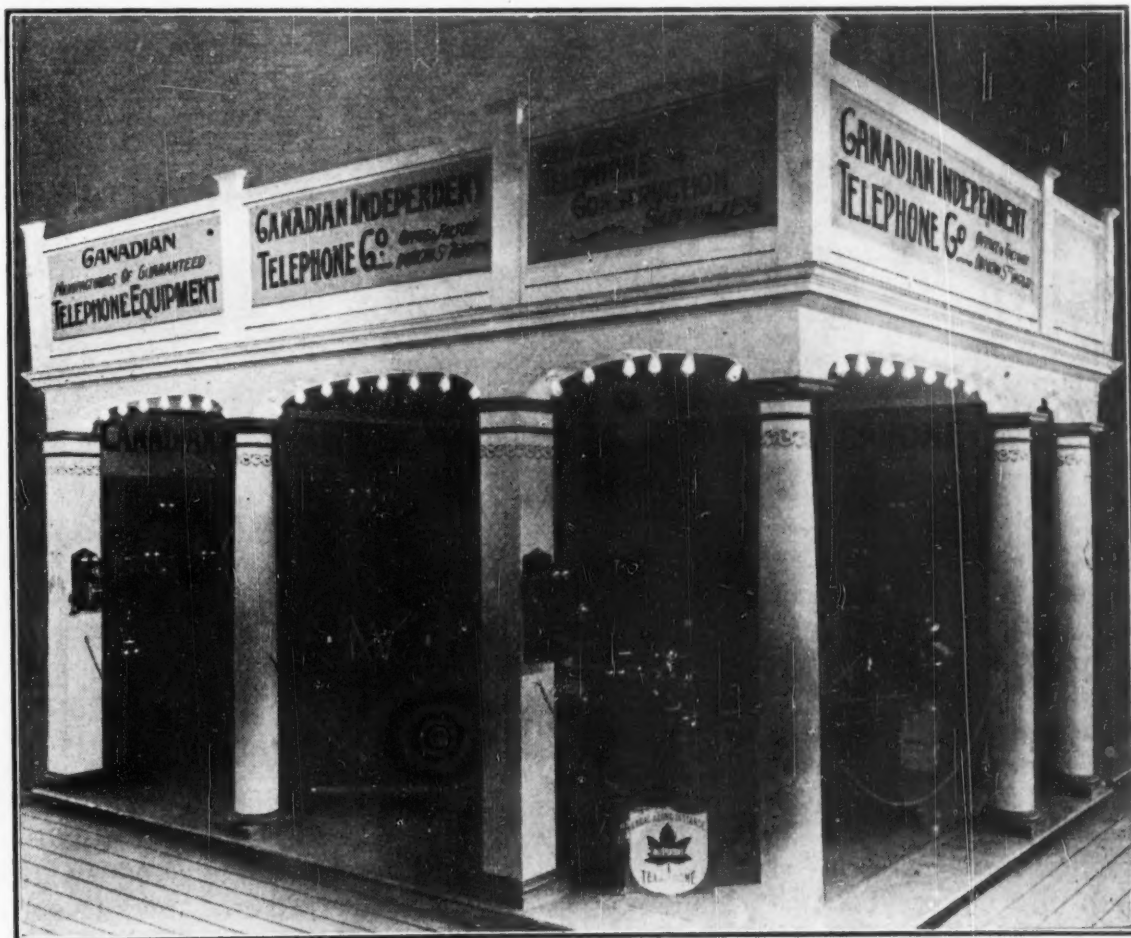


In their telephones the Company again demonstrated what has been characteristic of the exhibit every year, and that is that they are continually keeping up-to-date. For instance, while other companies are still using the old-fashioned push button telephone for giving the non-interference service on rural bridging lines, the Canadian Independent Telephone Company showed all their bridging telephones this year without any push button, but all equipped for push button service through the new patent hook switch. With this hook switch, if you ring with the receiver

allows the stand to be taken apart and gives access to all parts.

The Company guarantees their telephones for ten years against any defect in material or workmanship, and they also guarantee everything they send out to be first class quality. They report a very large increase in business this year over any former year, although last year they doubled their business over the year proceeding.

Further particulars can be obtained by writing for their illustrated catalog. Write their head office on Duncan Street, Toronto, Ontario.



on the hook you ring only the subscribers on the line; if you ring with the receiver off the hook you ring the switchboard only. They also had on exhibit a new desk set for party line service, and this was also equipped with the new hook switch. This removes the awkward necessity of reaching for a push button when making a call, and the change will undoubtedly make desk equipment more popular on rural lines. Then, too, this new desk stand is a marvel of simplicity, as the removing of one screw

#### THE SPIRELLA COMPANY.

This was the first year in which the Spirella Company has exhibited its corsets at the National Exhibition. From this, however, it should not be gathered that the company is a new one. It is the largest made-to-order corset concern in the world. But its progress and development have been rapid. Eight and a half years ago the Spirella Corset was unknown. Today it is being manufactured in factories



in Canada, the United States and England. 7,000 trained Corsetieres are employed, as they are not obtainable in stores, and it is being worn by over two million pleased women. Every city of importance has the Spirella Corset fitting parlors and also the corsetieres who go to patrons' homes, take measures and have corsets made to meet individual needs. The new corset, to be stylish and correct, must be modelled for that distinct type of figure to which the wearer belongs, adapted to living forms, and so constructed as to persuade and mold the imperfections of the figure while bringing out and accentuating the grace of the natural, perfect lines. Spirella Corsets are the highest perfection in correct, stylish corseting. Each individual type of figure is adequately provided with a model designed to artistically corset the figure for which it was designed. There are models for the slender, willowy figure, the well developed figure, the figure, of full development, form training for the portly figure, abdominal and self-reducing—60 different models in all. The

outstanding feature of the Spirella models is that they are all boned with Spirella, the stay that will not break, rust nor take a permanent bend, or come through the cloth, while in addition, it possesses the indestructible qualities of comfort, durability and health. The stay is made of light steel wire scientifically constructed to give wonderful resiliency and pliability. A section of Spirella boning can be tied in a knot and upon being released it will spring back perfectly straight, and this without impairing its wearing qualities. It will bend sideways as well as toward the front and back, which no flat steel or whalebone will do. This was practically demonstrated at their exhibit by the graceful bending of "The Spirella Girl" which thousands witnessed. For full particulars, and booklet, regarding these excellent corsets, which are sold under a one-year guarantee against rust or breakage in washing or wearing, patrons should address, Spirella Company, Niagara Falls, Canada, or to "The Corset Shop," 5 Bloor Street West, Toronto. Phone N. 5575.

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**THE NORTHERN ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY.**

One of the interesting exhibits at this year's Exhibition was the booth of the Northern Electric & Manufacturing Company where was shown a line of telephone and fire alarm apparatus and also various electrical supplies. This company has had a remarkable growth in the last few years as the result of supplying high-grade material, giving quick deliveries and correct prices, and are now the largest electrical suppliers in Canada as well as the second largest telephone and fire alarm manufacturers on the continent.

A complete line of rural telephones of the famous 1317 type were shown, all being connected to a regular switchboard. The telephones were of the type that employ push button ringings which enable a subscriber to call central without ringing any of the other phones on that line. This is decidedly a great advantage over the old type which would attract all farmers on the line and thus sectional type of switchboard was also cause a great deal of "eavesdropping." A

shown. The advantage of this board is that the telephone companies or factories need only procure at the time of the original installation only the units that are really required. Then, as the system grows, additional units may be added in a similar manner as one would add units to a sectional type bookcase.

One of the new novelties that was shown was the apartment inter-phone system connected up in working order. By pressing a button of the vestibule set one could call any one of the suite phones or the janitor could then converse with them. If it was decided that they should be admitted into the apartment a button would be operated in the suite sets that would operate the door opener. The janitor's phone was of a type very similar to the vestibule set and it was possible with it to call any of the suites or vice versa. This is a new development and is one that should be provided in every apartment house. It costs very little more than that of the ordinary door bell speaking tube system, yet its convenience is far greater and certainly it is more sanitary.



A wide variety of private telephones were shown. Private telephones have come to be a necessity in every business. By their use the manager or superintendent of a factory is able to get into immediate touch with anyone in the organization and thus effect more efficient management. They are built in capacities of from two to twenty-four stations and in either flush type sets or non-flush sets. Inter-phones are made for service and are designed by the largest corps of expert telephone engineers on this continent. They will save so much time, labor and money that their use is now becoming quite general.

With the rapid development of electrical systems in Canada there has been an increased demand for all types of electrical appliances throughout the Dominion. With these the Northern Electric Company has kept pace by supplying the trade with a complete line of electrical heating apparatus including toasters, irons, warming pads, stoves, as well as all kinds of lighting appliances. In these lines only the highest grades are carried as they are secured direct from the largest and most successful manufacturers and are fully guaranteed.

The Northern Electric Manufacturing Company, whose factory is in Montreal, have telephone experts in Halifax, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary and Vancouver any of whom would be glad to furnish details and information on any electrical necessities.

#### THE ASBESTOS MANUFACTURING CO.

##### Asbestoslate.

The Asbestos Manufacturing Co. was in a class by itself at the National Exhibition this year. It was, indeed, a part of the show. The fact becomes patent when it is explained that the new government building, the women's building, the police station and the fire hall were all roofed with Asbestos cement roofing slate. Thus the company could point out with pride to exhibition visitors, the practical display of its product which, figuratively, proclaimed its merits from the house-tops. It was a first-class advertisement too, and one which carried conviction with a great

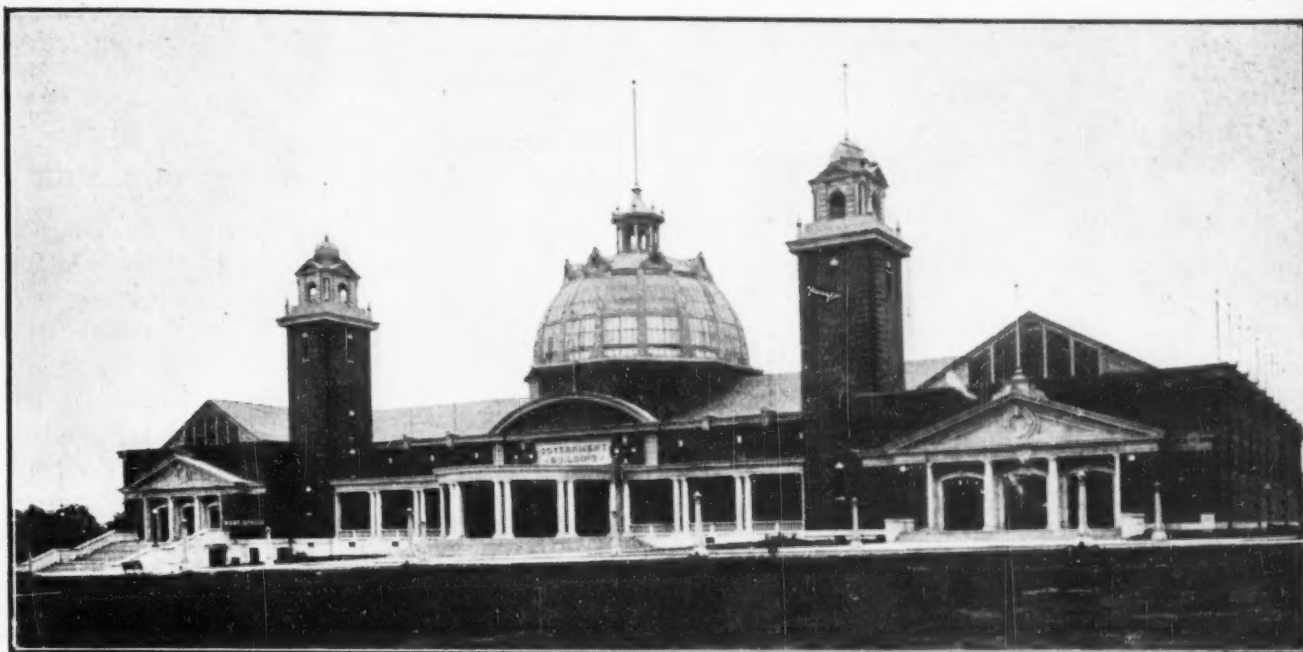
many people who were interested in building materials. While the company carries a complete line of asbestos goods and asbestos building lumber it particularly featured the asbestos cement shingles this year.

The Asbestos Manufacturing Company is making cement roofing slate on the principle that if it produces the "best made" the consumers will produce the sales. That faith has been justified. Roofs made of Asbestos slate are in evidence everywhere. Neither in purchase nor in use will the roofing give anything but satisfaction. Indeed the satisfaction which is provided is possibly best demonstrated by the enormous supply; over two hundred million asbestos cement shingles were used in 1911 and the demand is still increasing.

"The roof that outlives the building" is the slogan which the company has adopted in advertising its product and it is one which is certainly striking the popular fancy, for it appeals to reason. The Asbestos Cement shingles, which are furnished in Newport Gray, Indian red and slate colors, are permanent because they are the best possible product of Portland Cement reinforced with interlacing Asbestos fibres. The indestructibility of Portland Cement, combined with the flexible and impervious nature of the shingles, enables the roofing to withstand the most serious conditions perfectly. The company guarantees them absolutely in any climate. The cost of the shingle lies nearly all in the value of the material. There is no duty to pay and as the company is now handling them in car lots in the larger cities, the freight is materially reduced. As to designs, they are shown in either diagonal or straight laid slate method.

Apart from the standpoint of artistic appearance, in asbestos shingles one has a roof, when properly applied, that will outlast the lifetime of the building. The simple exposure to the elements causes the cement, that has been deposited upon the asbestos fibre in the process of manufacture, to crystalize, and it then becomes better and better; in fact, more serviceable as time rolls on. Cement has been known to crystalize as long as twenty-eight years from the time it was first mixed. This is





only proof of the claims made for asbestos shingles—that they improve, toughen and harden with exposure to the elements and atmospheric conditions. Another good point which these shingles have, and it is not to be overlooked by any manner of means, is the fact that they do not have to be painted to preserve them, as the elements take better care of asbestos shingles than the best paint or dressing that has ever been manufactured.

Being fireproof and not affected by continuous moisture or frost, or subject to deterioration by the elements in any way, it is obvious that asbestos shingles and asbestos building lumber may be employed freely and confidently in a vast variety of places where ordinary lumber has failed.

Any persons who are contemplating building in the near future should write at once to the Asbestos Manufacturing Company, 263 St. James Street, Montreal, for catalogs and quotations in order that they may take advantage of this permanent "Asbestoslate" roofing material.

#### **VACUUM CLEANER AND CARPET COMPANY.**

A feature of interest at the Toronto Exhibition this year was the Hoover Electric Suction Sweeper which is manufactured by the Hoover Suction Sweeper Co., of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario. A soft hair bristle brush is electrically re-

volved that sweeps up hair, thread, lint, and shakes loose the embedded sand and grit. The powerful suction lifts the floor covering  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch off the floor, thereby suspending it on an air cushion while the cleaning is being done and the dirt deposited in a chemically treated dust proof bag. The ball-bearing wheels on which the machines are mounted, and that hold them  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch off the floor account for their being so easily guided about. Only the slightest effort is necessary, the natural force of the body while walking is all that is required. In addition to removing all forms of dirt and litter, the cleaning effect of The Hoover Suction Sweeper is very beneficial to floor coverings because of the manner in which the mechanically revolved brush lifts the crushed down nap and keeps it standing in its intended position, thereby restoring the original coloring effect. Because of the extreme ease with which they can be used and the rapidity with which they clean, also their ability to remove all forms of dirt and litter, they are very practical for the daily and weekly cleaning; and because of their operating so similarly to an ordinary carpet sweeper the machine strongly appeals to women. Nozzle cleaner tools for use above the floor level are supplied if wanted, and in a large variety of styles suitable for all kinds of cleaning above the floor.

Hoover Suction Sweepers are made in

three sizes—The Hoover, 12 inches wide; The Hoover Junior, 10 inches wide and The Hooverette, 8 inches wide. They have been manufactured for five years by an old and well established manufacturing concern. They are long since passed the experimental stage and have already been endorsed by leading authorities as practical in all respects. They are durably made—quite simple in construction. There are no wearing parts to get out of order. The motor, the suction fan, and brush belt pulley are all direct connected on the same shaft without a joint-bearing or gear to ever wear or cause trouble. The ma-



chines are constructed throughout of aluminum and with a specially constructed dust-proof motor that will withstand any reasonable test.

Hoover Suction Sweepers are far superior to many other forms of cleaning machines in view of the fact that in addition to cleaning with suction, they sweep and shake floor coverings at the same time.

This complete line of cleaning machines are now being successfully marketed by the following well-known business houses throughout the Dominion:—The Robt. Simpson Co., Toronto. A. M. Bell & Co., Halifax; James Ogilvy & Sons, Montreal; Thos. C. Watkins Co., Ltd., Hamilton; Purdom Hardware Co., London; C. Ross Co., Ltd., Ottawa; Quebec Railway, Light & Power Co., Quebec; Gracey & Crane, Calgary; Jos. Maw & Co., Winnipeg.

Complete information concerning Hoover Electric Suction Sweepers will be

cheerfully sent anywhere upon request addressed to the Company's Factory and Office at Windsor, Ontario.

#### THE BARNES ELECTRIC CLEANER.

It is claimed that cleaning house becomes a pleasure with the Barnes' suction cleaner, one of the finest cleaners on the market, having all of the attachments and equipments of the most modern and expensive machines. Since the close of the National Exhibition of Toronto, where this splendid machine was exhibited, the Advance Manufacturing Company, which produces them, has been working overtime to supply the demand. The machine sells at a most reasonable price solely on its own merits and by reason of its exceptional performances.

The success of any air cleaning machine is in proportion to the volume of air that is drawn through it per minute. In the Barnes electric cleaner, not only the maximum amount of air is drawn through the machine, but the minimum of power is used. This not only makes the Barnes a low-priced machine to buy, but the lowest-priced machine on the market to-day to operate.

As to the construction of the machine, it is built under the Barnes' patents, is the only practical shoe that has ever been placed on a vacuum cleaner, and possesses hose attachment that can be applied the same as those in highest-priced machines built. The shoe by reason of its construction gathers the dirt through two slots, one following the other, or, when necessary, the entire bottom plate may be removed leaving an opening many times that of any other machine ever built. In addition it has a broad polished base like a flat iron and cannot wear or tear the finest rugs or drapery. The Barnes' runs easier than a carpet sweeper, weighing but six pounds and so light that a child can operate it. It gets more dirt than machines that weigh and cost five times as much. With the brush attachment it will pick up all lint, hair, ravelings and even cotton batting from the longest nap rug. It is equipped with the best motor made, has only two bearings to oil and is absolutely guaranteed.





As evidence of the high standard of the Barnes' electric cleaner it is but necessary to quote from a recent issue of the "Good Housekeeping" magazine, which maintains a department for the investigation of household apparatus of all kinds. Of this machine, this reputable magazine said:

"The Barnes Electric Cleaner is a small, fan-type suction cleaner, weighing only a little over five pounds. This machine rests flatly on the floor and there is a suction opening both front and back permitting the dust and dirt to be taken up on the backward as well as on the forward passage of the cleaner. Corners can be cleaned easily, due to a projection of the "shoe." The dust is gathered in a bag attached to the wooden handle. It is equipped with a lamp cord for connection with any lamp socket. This cleaner operates on any available lighting circuit and the cost of operation (at ten cents per kilwatt) is about one-half of a cent per hour."

A most interesting booklet, giving the complete details of the construction and operation of the Barnes' suction cleaner, may be had on application to the Advance Manufacturing Co., 100 Church St., Toronto.

#### DEATH & WATSON.

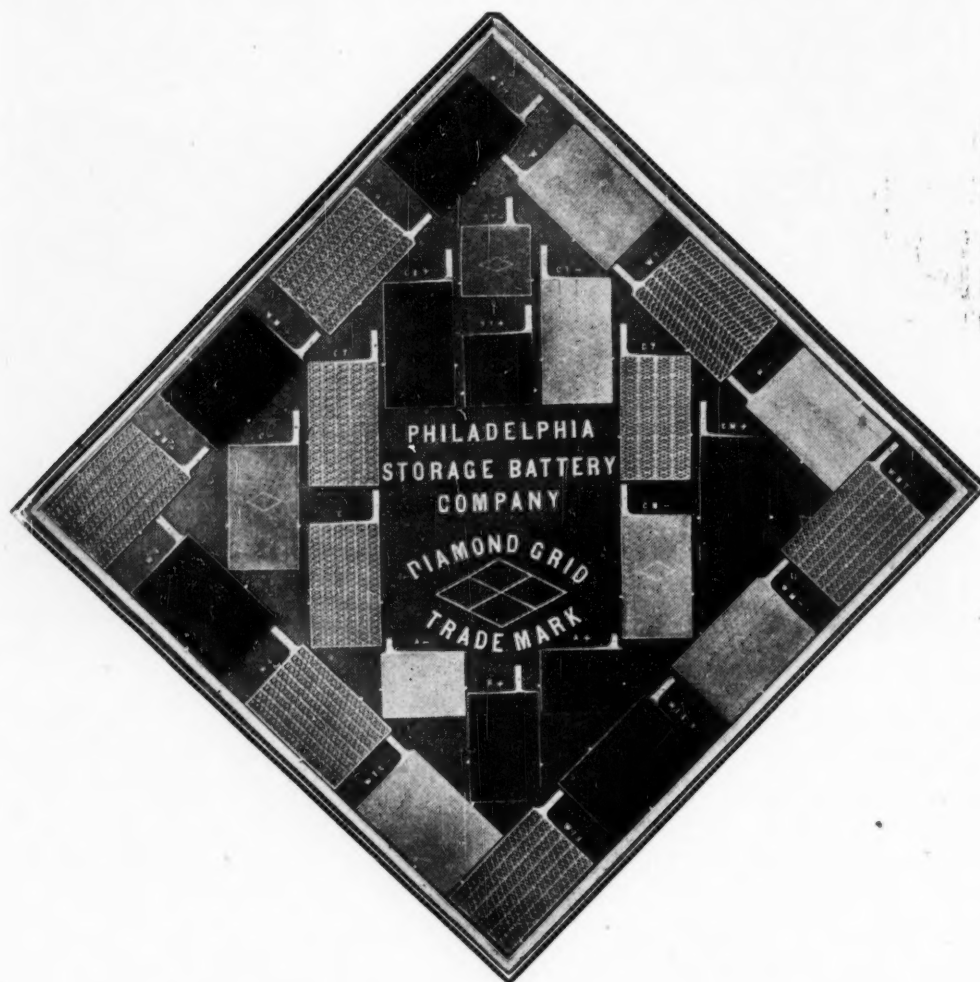
One of the greatest improvements made in the past two years, in the automobile, is in the lighting. It is strange, in view of the great advances this industry has made in recent years, in body design, in carburetors, in tyres, in bearings and power plant, in the development and use of high grade steels, and in many other ways in which motor cars have been made more comfortable and more easily operated, nothing was done to improve the illumination. Expensive and beautifully

modelled cars, equipped with all sorts of comforts, came out with dirty, mussy oil lamps and dangerous, inconvenient and inefficient acetylene headlights. This day is past, and in their place we have the handsome and convenient electric lights.

The electric bulb permits free play to the designer, evidenced in the very handsome lamp bodies seen on the latest cars. More noteworthy, however, than the appearance, is the comfort and efficiency of

One great advantage of electric lighting is that it can be fitted to an old car just as easily as a new one. Death & Watson, Ltd., in their exhibit in the Transportation Building, showed their system of equipping oil and gas lamps with electric fittings at small cost, making the lighting equal to the best 1913 model.

This firm are agents in Ontario for the Philadelphia Storage Battery Co., makers of the highest grade storage batteries. They

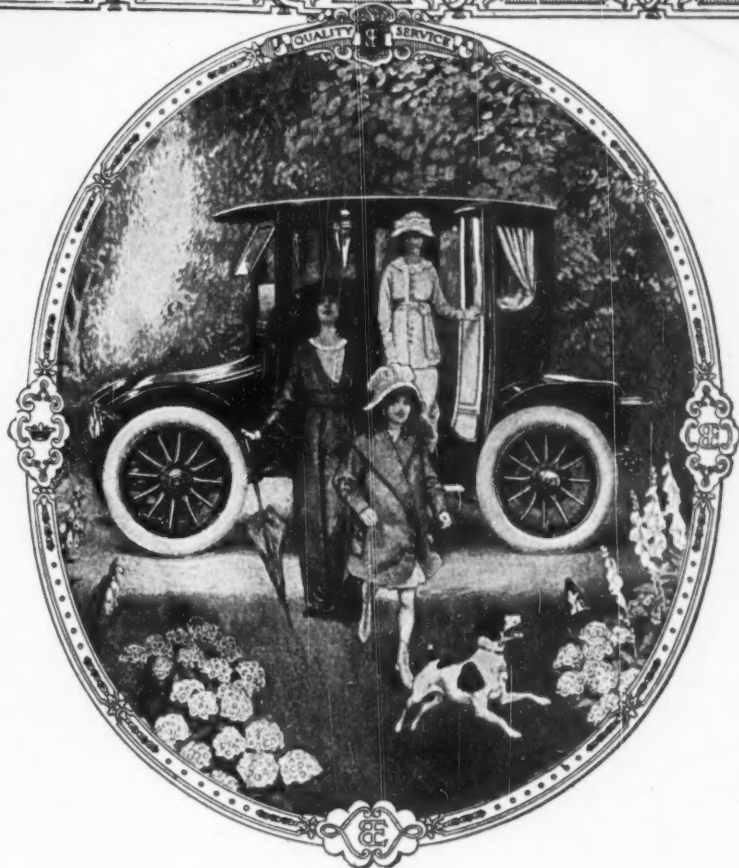


electric lights. There is no getting out into the mud and slush and striking match after match in the attempt to "light up" on a rainy, windy night, no fines for having a tail lamp out. Merely the touch of a button to have brilliant side lamps, and safe and clear tail light. Another touch and a quarter of a mile road ahead is illuminated so well, as to make driving at night just as safe and pleasant as in daytime. Certainly, electric lighting is the most noteworthy improvement to be seen in this year's cars.

showed a full line of all sizes of batteries for ignition and lighting, also batteries for electric self starters and electric vehicles.

The Philadelphia battery has been used for many years in the United States and is very popular there. More of these batteries are used in electric delivery wagons and heavy trucks, where batteries get severe service, than any other make. An interesting feature of the exhibit was a complete set of the different sizes of battery plates, arranged artistically on a panel, a photo of which is shown above.





# Baker Electrics



## *New Baker Brougham*

**T**HE high ideals of Canadian aristocracy are fully met by this unapproachable, luxurious and servicable Electric Motor Car.

It is literally a palace on wheels. Has front revolving seats and either front steering wheel or rear side steering lever.

It is large, roomy, comfortable, and at the same time, active, speedy and sensitive to the touch of the driver.

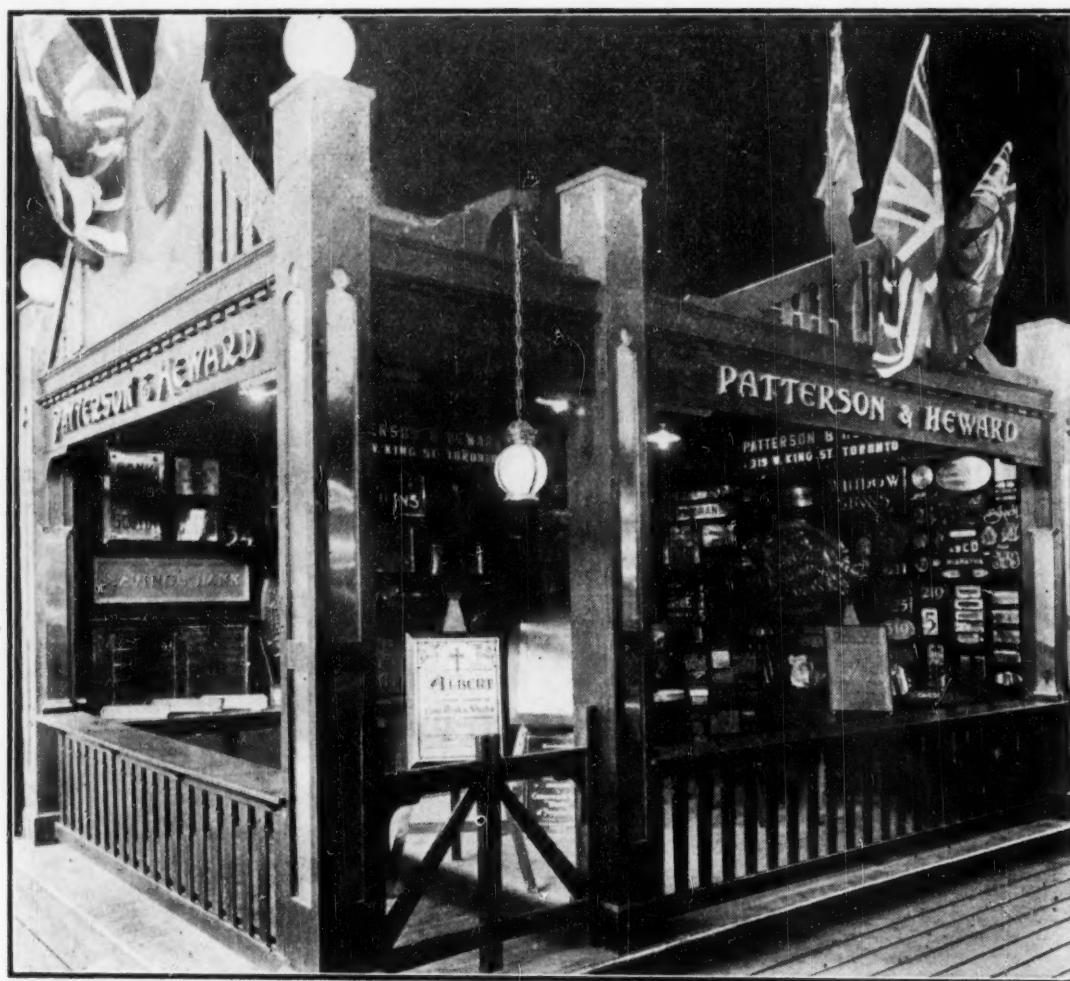
Much in vogue among men and women who want the best. With the low cost of electricity in Canada, the upkeep will be very small.

For quick shipments and best service, the new Canadian Organization has been established.

*Write for descriptive booklet and prices.*

*Baker Motor Vehicle Company of Canada, Ltd.*

*Walkerville, Ont.*

**PATTERSON & HEWARD.**

Patterson & Heward have developed a very large business in monumental and ornamental bronzes, catering to a very select class of trade in this line, largely by reason of the high quality of their products and the satisfaction which is guaranteed. Established in 1884 the Company has made steady progress in originating and executing of fine designs and now enjoy a most enviable reputation in this regard. Messrs Patterson & Heward, whose establishment is located at 319 King Street West, Toronto, are always willing to tender on all brass or bronze work, either for signs, tablets or memorials and to combine with their own designs the best of materials and the most skilled workmanship. Let them advise you as to your needs.

They have an interesting booklet showing the many different kinds of signs, etc., which they make. A copy will be forwarded to all readers of the Magazine requesting same.

**WALTER DEAN COMPANY**

Most products are judged on their merits or by their records. If this test holds good in the case of canoes, row-boats, launches and dinghies, there must certainly be exceptional merit in the lines which are produced by Walter Dean, builder of boats and canoes, of Toronto. A mere perusal of championship records is sufficient to establish this fact. Anyone who cares to look these up will find that Dean canoes won all of the A.C.A. Championships of 1908-9-10-11-12; won 8 out of 10 championships, Canada, 1908 won 8 out of 10 championships, Canada, 1909; won 8 out of 11, Canada, 1910; won 9 out of 11, Canada, 1911; won 10 out of 11, Canada, 1912, besides many other championships in single, double, fours, and war canoe races and also hundreds of club races in Canada and the United States.

This is a pretty form of record but the genuine merit of Dean boats is quite cap-

When writing advertisers kindly mention MacLean's Magazine.





able of upholding it. Walter Dean commenced his boat building business in 1889 with quite a small establishment as compared with the one he now conducts. But during all the years his boats and canoes have been built with just as much real value in them as time, care, skill and the will to build on equality basis could make possible. One policy—the policy of building just as good a boat as it was possible to build—has been maintained throughout. Other boats and canoes may be cheaper but the public has found that the difference in dollars between a Dean-built boat or canoe, and the plenty-good-enough kind, is a difference one's good sense tells one it is wise to pay.

At the Exhibition this year a most attractive line of canoes, row-boats, launches and dinghies was displayed. Probably one of the most interesting of these, and one which certainly drew forth a great many favorable comments from spectators was the Sunnyside canoe model, a model which was designed and registered in 1910. This cruiser model is a decided departure from the canoe of the past thirty years, being graceful, racy, sporty and thoroughly up-to-date in appearance, having the "Dean" elevated decks fore and aft and so con-

structed that on striking it, the water is guided off to the sides, never passing the combing. The ends are built low which results in the wind not affecting the speed. The water is extended the full length of the canoe, which reduces the tendency of the canoe to leave its course and allows the paddler to put all the more force in his stroke. It is built with brass joints and close ribs throughout. There are also two of three thwarts, the centre thwart being moveable.

The reputation of the firm both among individual owners which have made purchases from it, and in the estimation of the general public who have learned something of the merits of its products by reason of the splendid records achieved by Dean canoes is thoroughly established and in consequence an increasing business is done from year to year.

In addition to the Sunnyside Cruiser which has been described the Company carries a full line of boat accessories, including chairs, canoe backs, carrying yokes for canoe or boat, combination back and cushions, spar varnish, solid brass letters, canoe lamps, brass flag poles, canoe covers, paddles and oars, Waterman outboard motors, etc.

Those who are thinking of investing in a canoe or row-boat or launch in the near future would do well to write Walter Dean, at the foot of York Street, Toronto, with a view to securing his handsome catalog of Dean canoes and boats, which gives a great deal of information of interest to buyers together with a full list of the various lines carried and quotations.

#### THE LAKEFIELD CANOE COMPANY.

The Lakefield Canoe Company, Limited, of Lakefield, Ont., is the oldest concern of its kind in the world. It is the originator of all improvements that go to make the modern canoe the graceful craft it is. The metallic joint was invented by a member of the company about thirty-five years ago and a few years later the now well-known flush batten style of construction was introduced. Among the most popular styles introduced by the company are the following: Gordon, Strickland, Peterboro' County, Pioneer, Canuck, Klondike and semi-speed models.

Lakefield Canoes are in active use from

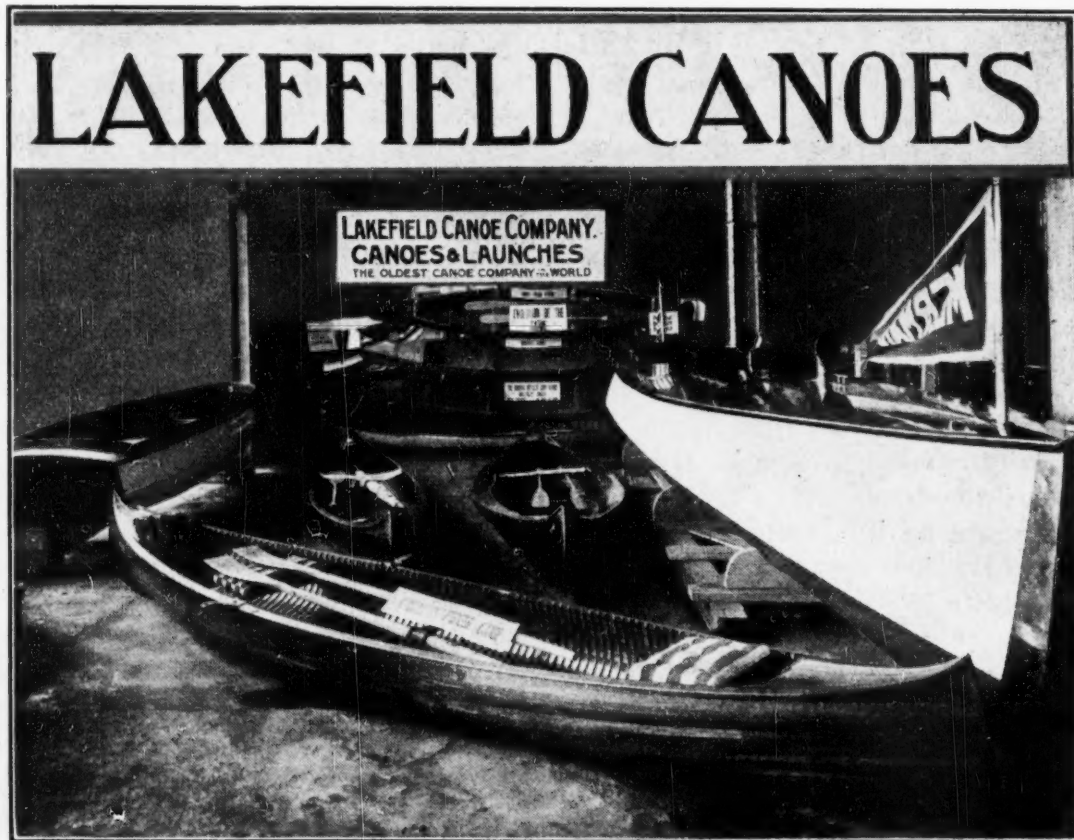
the equator to the poles and as an evidence of their superior quality it may be noted that the company was recently, without solicitation, appointed Contractors to the British Admiralty.

At the Exhibition this year a novel display was made, showing the development of the canoe from the old dug-out through the birch bark and original board canoe to the modern up-to-date close ribbed cedar strip cruiser.

The company has recently gone in extensively for the manufacture of launches with the result that Lakefield Motor Boats are now becoming as well known and popular as the celebrated canoes. One of the most attractive features at the Exhibition was a 28 foot family launch, "The Lakefield Special." Its beautiful mahogany trim and graceful lines were much admired. In striking contrast, a little 16 foot knockabout was also displayed.

To those who are fond of racing it may be pointed out that a racing canoe of this company won the only events in which it was entered at the recent C.C.A. Regatta and in the Victoria, B.C. regatta *every* event was won by Lakefield canoes.

The Company is receiving large repeat





orders from all parts of the world; England, Africa and even industrial Germany ordering largely. An illustrated catalogue will be sent to any reader of this magazine on request.

# **THE CANADA ACME METAL WEATHER-STRIP COMPANY.**

The Canada Acme Metal Weatherstrip is called the Twentieth Century substitute for storm sash and doors. It's a good thing, too, as all persons who have had any practical experience in building will readily admit after examining its numerous merits.

Primarily metal weatherstripping is designed as a protection against winds,

dry ones, and frozen in cold spells. It is claimed Acme Metal Strips effect a saving of from 10 per cent. to 55 per cent. in fuel bills.

The exhibits which were displayed at the Toronto Fair this year, showed a variety of adaptations of strips suited to all lines of windows and doors. Among these the inter-locking hook strip for casement and French windows was of particular interest, as this style of window is most difficult to protect. The device consists of a metal strip bent in such a way as to form a hook fastened to the jambs of the window and in addition a piece of metal double in thickness extending around the sash, which enters into the metal hook when the window is closed, making it absolutely weather, dust and soot proof.



storms and dust. Installed in a window frame and sash, for instance, it forms a perfect contact, preventing cold winds, heavy rains or soot or dust entering a building, and also preventing the sash from rattling, thus acting as a deadener of outside noises.

All one need do to appreciate such a device is move into a house which is not properly equipped and be flooded out during wet seasons, suffocated by dust in

The workmanship of the company is of a superior order. The strips are built into the window frame and sash and a written legal guarantee of 10 years' satisfaction is given. No nails or cords are used that might interfere with the workings of the window. The best evidence of satisfaction is in satisfied customers, including many public institutions which have been equipped with Acme Metal

Say you saw the ad. in MacLean's Magazine.

Weather Strip, on the advice of leading architects and builders.

A catalog containing particulars of the superiority of these Weather Strips, can be obtained by writing the Head Office of the Company, 173 King St. East, Toronto, Ont.

#### THE BERLIN BEDDING COMPANY.

When it is considered that a person on the average spends one-third of his life in sleep, the importance of a comfortable bed becomes evident. In the past few years there have been many improvements in the way of bed equipment, till to-day people are probably as comfortable in their sleep as they have ever been in the history of the world. The two essential factors in promoting restful sleep are high-grade box-springs and first-class mattresses. In the supply of these two factors, no other concern in Canada is meeting with such sig-

for itself" and also "the mattress for restful sleep." It is built by hand, layer upon layer, but in a soft, downy, even surface which ensures both sleep and rest. A laced opening at the end of the mattress permits of inspection that one may see just what material has been used in the ticking which fills it. Only the highest grades of materials are used, as on these depends both the satisfaction and life-time of the mattress. These mattresses, together with the box springs make a combination which is unrivalled.

The Berlin Bedding Company, which will be glad to furnish details and prices on request, has developed an extensive business in Canada, solely on the merits of its products, which are backed by a guarantee.

Further details and interesting particulars as to the superior qualities of the "Kellaric" Mattress, can be obtained by writing the company to Dept. K.



nal success as the Berlin Bedding Company, Limited, of Berlin, Ont.

The company is the largest exclusive manufacturers of high grade box springs and mattresses in Canada. The "Kellaric" is spoken of as "The mattress that speaks

#### PATTERSON & WYLDE COMPANY.

The Patterson & Wylde Company exhibit at the National Exhibition includes a fine display of the celebrated Carter & Company's seeds, of Great Britain, and of





Shanks' lawn mowers. No higher grade of seed can be purchased than Carter's. A special feature was an apparatus ascertaining the vitality of seeds. For this purpose they use specially prepared pads, upon which the seeds are placed and these are kept continually moist. It was easily evident just what percentage of the seeds were germinating. The firm test all their seeds in this manner, casting aside any that are of low germinating power, and thus ensuring the very highest quality.

In England the firm's name is a household word; in the States a big business has been worked up, and in Canada the development has been rapid. In the lawn mowers, hand, pony and motor mowers were displayed. The motor mower is 42 inches wide and is fitted with a reversing gear by means of which it can be instantly started or stopped by a slight pressure on the clutch pedal. Back of the knife bar there is a heavy roller which accomplishes the double purpose of leveling as well as cutting the lawn. This machine will be found invaluable for cricket grounds, large parks and golf courses. Booklets may be had on writing Patterson, Wylde & Co., 133 King St. E., Toronto..

Their splendid illustrated catalogs are very interesting and a copy will be sent on request to all readers of this journal.

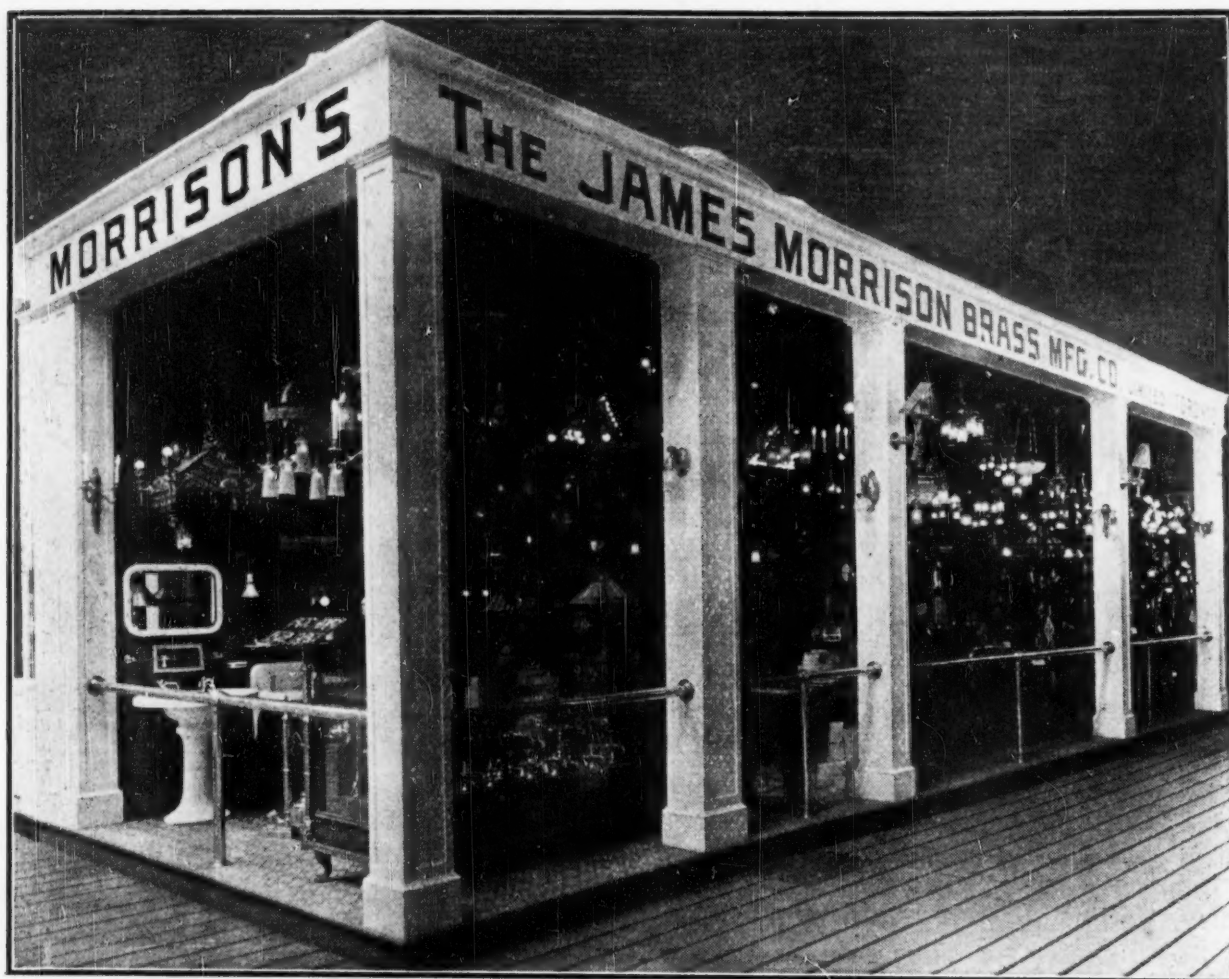
#### THE JAMES MORRISON BRASS MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

On a neat little business card which was handed out to visitors at one of the prettiest booths at the National Exhibition was the following: James Morrison Brass Manufacturing Company—engineers' and plumbers' supplies, gas and electrical fixtures, locomotive and marine brass works—93-97 Adelaide Street, West, Toronto.

This card is rather unique in that in a few words it conveys a general conception of the varied operations of the company in whose behalf it was distributed. After reading it one could better grasp the real significance and true character of the splendid display of the company which occupied a very prominent stand in the Process Building.

Few people there were but passed the Morrison quarters, not only to grasp the genial "metal" hand which was extended from the door-post and gave visitors a gentle electric shock, but to inspect at leisure the wares so attractively displayed.

One of the finest exhibits of electrical fixtures in the entire Exhibition was to be seen here. From the ceiling hung all styles of brass fixtures in a variety of charming and fascinating designs for the drawing room, the den, the library and the dining room, while from the side



walls were shown brackets and other types used in bed rooms. The Morrison Company excels both in originality and quality in its electrical lighting devices, as also in gas fixtures, of which there was a splendid offering. The pretty pedestal lights attracted no small attention, while a large brass lectern was always the centre of admiration.

In the way of plumbing supplies there were some new devices and attractive features, the most interesting of which was probably the Victorian vitreous-china lavatory. A complete equipment was also displayed in plumber supplies, which was of interest to the trade. In the realm of heating the J.M.T. instantaneous steam water heat was featured to advantage. It is used in public institutions, where hot or cold water is required at any moment for shower baths. The whole row of shower sprays as well as the temperature of the water may be controlled by the movement of lever handles—a most simple process which provides an instantaneous and perfect service.

The Morrison Co. probably excel most in their line of Steam and Water Goods, for which they have a reputation second to none. The variety in this line is very extensive, combining every requisite in Brass Goods for Industrial Power Plants, Brass Work for Locomotives, and Marine Service. Injectors for locomotives and stationery boilers, steam, vacuum and recording pressure gauges, steam whistles and other steam appliances were shown in great variety. A large steam ship telegraph apparatus and a smaller fixture of the kind for steam launches, attracted considerable attention—the only goods of their kind made in Canada.

To those interested, the Morrison Company will be glad to send catalogs and quotations on any class of equipment. The company, which has developed a large Canadian business, is greatly extending its premises on Adelaide Street in Toronto, where it will soon have one of the finest establishments of the kind in the Dominion.

When writing advertisers kindly mention MacLean's Magazine.



**ARE YOUR SUSPENDERS INSURED?**

The novel Demonstration Exhibit here pictured was put on at the Toronto Fair by The King Suspender Co., of Toronto—the firm that makes and insures the famous “EZE” (pronounced easy) suspenders for 365 days, against ripping, breaking or dissatisfaction.

“EZE” Suspenders cost 50c the pair at all leading dealers. When you buy a pair you buy yourself a year's solid suspender



comfort—no pinching or straining of shoulders or back, no tugging off trouser buttons.

Do you see those sliding cords in the photo? They move from side to side with every motion of your body—that's what guarantees “EZE” long service and comfort!

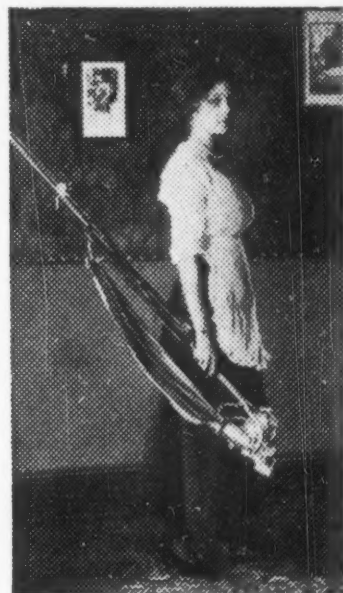
And “EZE” rust-proof metals can't stain your shirt.

Made in all sizes and weights in the nobbiest colors.

Get a pair from your dealer *now*. If he hasn't them, mail 50c to The King Suspender Co., Toronto, Canada.

**THE CALVERT & DWYER CO., LTD.**

Since the closing of the Exhibition, where the Calvert & Dwyer Company, Ltd., displayed two types of vacuum cleaners, they have been deluged with letters and inquiries concerning the machines. It is quite evident from this fact that those who actually saw the machines and followed them in their operations at the Exhibition are convinced of their merits. The company, knowing that it possesses only the finest grade of machine, made a special display this year, putting cleaners on exhibition in the Hydro-Electric Power department and also at the Irving Electrical Supply Co. booth. At each of

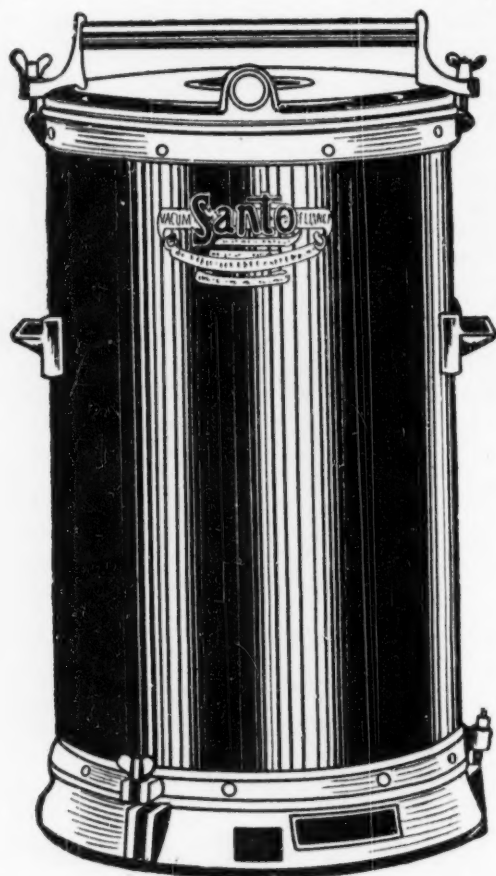


these prominent locations the machines attracted much attention and won many favorable comments from spectators.

The two makes of vacuum cleaners handled by the Company are the Santo and the Premier. The Santo is known and accepted everywhere as the ultimate in portable vacuum cleaner construction. Used with satisfaction all over the world, it is claimed to be the most universally utilized in existence. The steady continuous suction, the high vacuum, the quiet operation, the complete set of attachments, together with the neat yet strong and durable appearance of the Santo, convince one that here is a ma-

chine that was built with a purpose—to do the work and last a lifetime. The Santo pump is so constructed that it automatically regulates the proportions of vacuum and volume of air to suit the cleaning to be accomplished and the renovation in use. This enables it to get the dust and dirt from deep down in the heaviest carpet or rug at the same time cleaning the most delicate curtains and draperies without injury. Even the walls and ceilings, moulding and other places where the dust may not be seen yet hides itself until disturbed, may be readily cleaned.

The other make handled by the firm, the Premier, is a fully efficient electric



carpet cleaning machine, made to get the most dirt in the least time and with the least effort. This machine is equipped with a combination of suction and brush which produces complete renovation through the simple operation of sweeping by electricity. A particular feature of it is a practical self-adjusting handle yoke which permits the cleaning of stairs, sweeping under beds, etc., and also the fact that no stopping on the part of the operator is required to turn the current off and on. The most striking fact in

connection with the Premier, however, is its exceedingly low price; it will be delivered anywhere in Canada at a rate of \$30.00.

Persons who are considering a purchase of a vacuum cleaner should write at once to the Calvert & Dwyer Company, Ltd., 117 Wellington Street West, Toronto, asking for full information and pamphlets describing the various features of this excellent machine.

#### THE CANADIAN TUNGSTEN LAMP CO.

With the rapidly increasing projection of electric systems in Canada, the question of how best to utilize electricity for lighting and other purposes becomes a most important problem.

To the majority of persons electricity is limited in its utilization to purposes of lighting—the lighting of residences, stores, factories, grounds and streets. The vital point is, therefore, how to get the best results in the use of electricity for lighting.

How many users of electricity when switching on their light, realize that the often indifferent and reddish illumination is costing them three or four times as much as the brilliant and much admired illumination of their neighbor? Even Carbon lamps, having a recognized and standard brand, cost for current, three times as much as a "Kolloid-Wolfram" Tungsten Lamp of the same candle power, whereas, many small dealers sell lamps of cheap German manufacture, which consume often six times as much as a "Kolloid-Wolfram" lamp, so that whilst saving a few cents on the original purchase price, the same amount is wasted three or four times over, during a year, in the additional amounts paid to the Power Companies.

The Tungsten Lamp undoubtedly solves lighting problems by giving a maximum light at a minimum cost—a light, too, of a beautiful white color, so restful to the eyes and illuminating to a room. The light is better distributed and is eminently more suitable for all grades of work.

Another feature which characterized the Company's exhibit was a display of the National Electric Iron—the iron that





has stood the test. Without doubt, the electric iron is the most used of all electrically-heated devices at the present time. Unlike many irons, however, the National is a one-piece casting, cored, to receive element which lies flat upon the inside bottom of the iron. This patented construction allows for the storage of heat, which makes possible the use of the iron after the current has been turned off. The ironing surface is thus evenly heated. The element which is stamped from a piece of solid metal, has a resistance equal to sixty times that of copper and the melting point of 2,800 degrees F. As only about 450 degrees F. of heat are used for ironing, the indestructible qualities of this element will be readily seen. Undoubtedly this is one of the best electric irons on the market and is complete with 6 feet of high grade heater cord, attachment plugs and heat insulating stand and is guaranteed for a period of five years.

The Canadian Tungsten Company's head office is in Hamilton, Ontario, where

all kinds of electrical supplies are handled, and where all enquiries concerning lighting problems will be promptly handled.

#### THE ADAMS FURNITURE CO., LIMITED.

ONE of the most interesting points for visitors at the Exhibition while in Toronto was the great store of the Adams Furniture Company, on Queen Street West, near the City Hall. It has been called a "house-keeper's paradise," and it is indeed, as those persons well know who have had the pleasure of visiting and inspecting it.

The Adams Furniture Company has the reputation of being the largest home furnishing institution in Canada. And in this day of big Canadian enterprise, that means something as may be seen by a passing reference to the size and extent of their establishment. The immense premises provide over one hundred thousand square feet of floor space for the display and sale of goods. From one spacious department to another you can go, always



seeing things of beauty and comfort for the home. A run through it cannot but prove profitable.

The great section given over to parlor furniture, for instance, contains elegant three piece suites of modern and period designs, pretty odd pieces, rockers, reception chairs, etc., luxurious Davenports which can be changed into comfortable full sized beds at a moment's notice, another floor devoted exclusively to Dining Room Furniture, another to Bedroom Furniture with a large annex containing samples of Bedding, Mattresses, Pillows, Springs, etc. One division of this store, which is naturally very beautiful and attractive, is occupied by the Drapery Department, showing all the latest fabrics for the making of door and window hangings—here is seen also the daintiest of Lace Curtains that one's fancy might desire. Not the least interesting of all the departments in this wonderful store is the Kitchen Furnishing Section, where the famous "Treasure" line of ranges and heaters are exhibited all the year round. "Hoosier" Kitchen Cabinets and "Cal-

oric" Fireless Cookers being sold exclusively by the Adams Company. Here every Modern Home Labor-Saving Device is found as quickly as it proves its worth.

A large illustrated catalogue contains about 500 photographic cuts of well selected furniture and other lines of home furnishings, which this firm will gladly send to anyone free—for the asking—should be in every home where one cannot conveniently reach the Adams Store. With this catalogue the out of town homemaker is placed on an equal footing with those who live in close touch with the store. Readers of this magazine are urged to write for the catalogue, which will prove a most valuable aid in learning what is really new and nice in Home Furnishings

#### THE D. MOORE COMPANY, LTD.

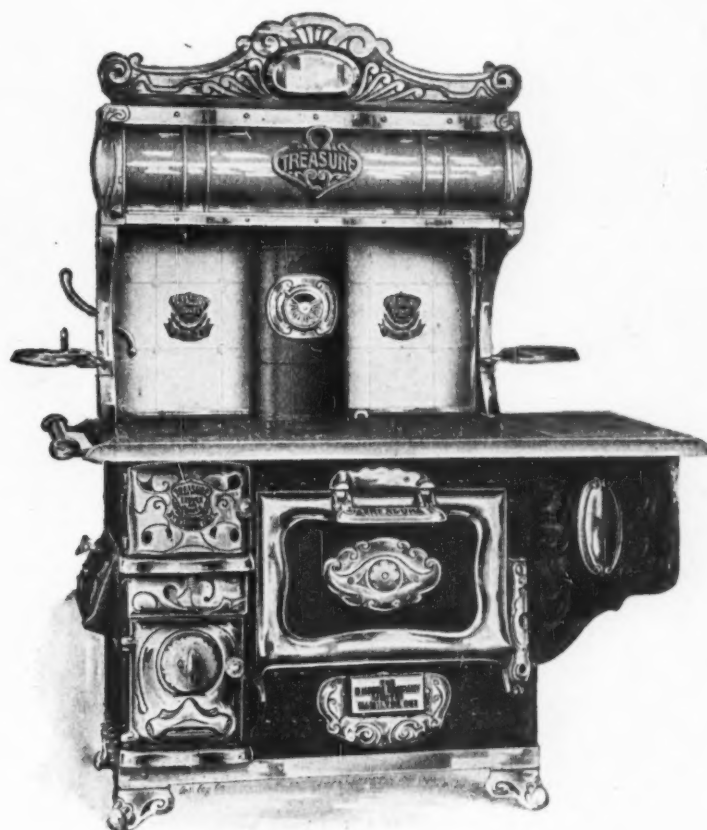
By no means the least interesting class of exhibits displayed at the National Exhibition at Toronto this year was that which embraced stoves, of which a great variety was shown in different styles and



sizes. As in past years the exhibit of the D. Moore Company, of Hamilton, a firm which bears the highest reputation for its products in Canada, showed some particularly fine specimens, all of which combine in making their display one of the best in the exhibition. The exhibit tended to show the number of lines the company is making under the well-known name of "Treasure." The various lines were greatly admired and to those who were privileged to inspect them it was no surprise to

unbeatable, being adequately equipped with drafts by which a fire, if properly checked or regulated, may be held forty-eight hours without replenishing. In appearance, the stove is particularly attractive, being fitted with a beautiful nickel towel bar, which, with the other nickel edges will permit of easy removal.

Of the exhibit of steel ranges, including the Premier, Western and Domestic, many favorable comments on the part of spectators might be recorded, as also of



find that they were made only from the highest grade materials and carried the maker's guarantee.

Probably one of the most popular lines shown was the Sovereign "Treasure," an illustration of which is presented. This was characterized by an innovation of tile backs, which can be made in any color or design to match the wall covering. There is also an entire elimination of bolts from the exterior of the oven door of these stoves, and among other features which mark it was the steel high closet with interior tile back, also glass oven door. As a cooking range the Sovereign Treasure is

the cast iron ranges which included Happy Home, British Treasure and City Treasure, the British being made in two styles, plain and semi-plain. A line, too, which generally commended itself was the I.X.L. Treasure, which can also be equipped with gas attachment.

As in previous years the D. Moore Company, Ltd., again this season, excelled in its exhibit of an extensive line of stoves for heating purposes, of standard styles and possessing varied points in the way of advantages which are greatly to be desired. These lines can be seen at the stores

of any of the company's agents in all parts of Canada. Among them are the Treasure Base Burners, Art Treasure, Empire Treasure, Crown Treasure, Ruby Treasure, Treasure Heater and Oak Treasures in all grades.

Very interesting little booklets, "Mrs Tom's Treasure," and "Base Burners" have been issued by the Company, detailing the advantages of the various stoves carried, and will be forwarded to any person interested, on requests addressed to The D. Moore Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont., or their agents everywhere.

the Luxfer Prisms which increases the flow of natural light into a chamber and distribute it evenly. And the feat is accomplished successfully, too, for by the use of these prisms thousands of rooms which were once badly lighted, or lighted by artificial means, are now full of real daylight.

What is possibly still more spectacular is the effect secured by the Company in the use of stained glass windows, which in addition to their artistic appearance, soften and mellow the light, whether they are used in a chapel, or over a stairway land-



#### THE LUXFER PRISM COMPANY.

TO those persons who had a "light problem" the exhibit of the Luxfer Prism Company at the Exhibition possessed an added interest, although the public generally was charmed by the many beautiful designs shown and the numerous pleasing effects secured.

Let it be understood at the outset that the Luxfer Prism Company is in business—with a purpose. It has made a thorough study of conditions—light conditions—and its business is to better them. In short, it improves daylight.

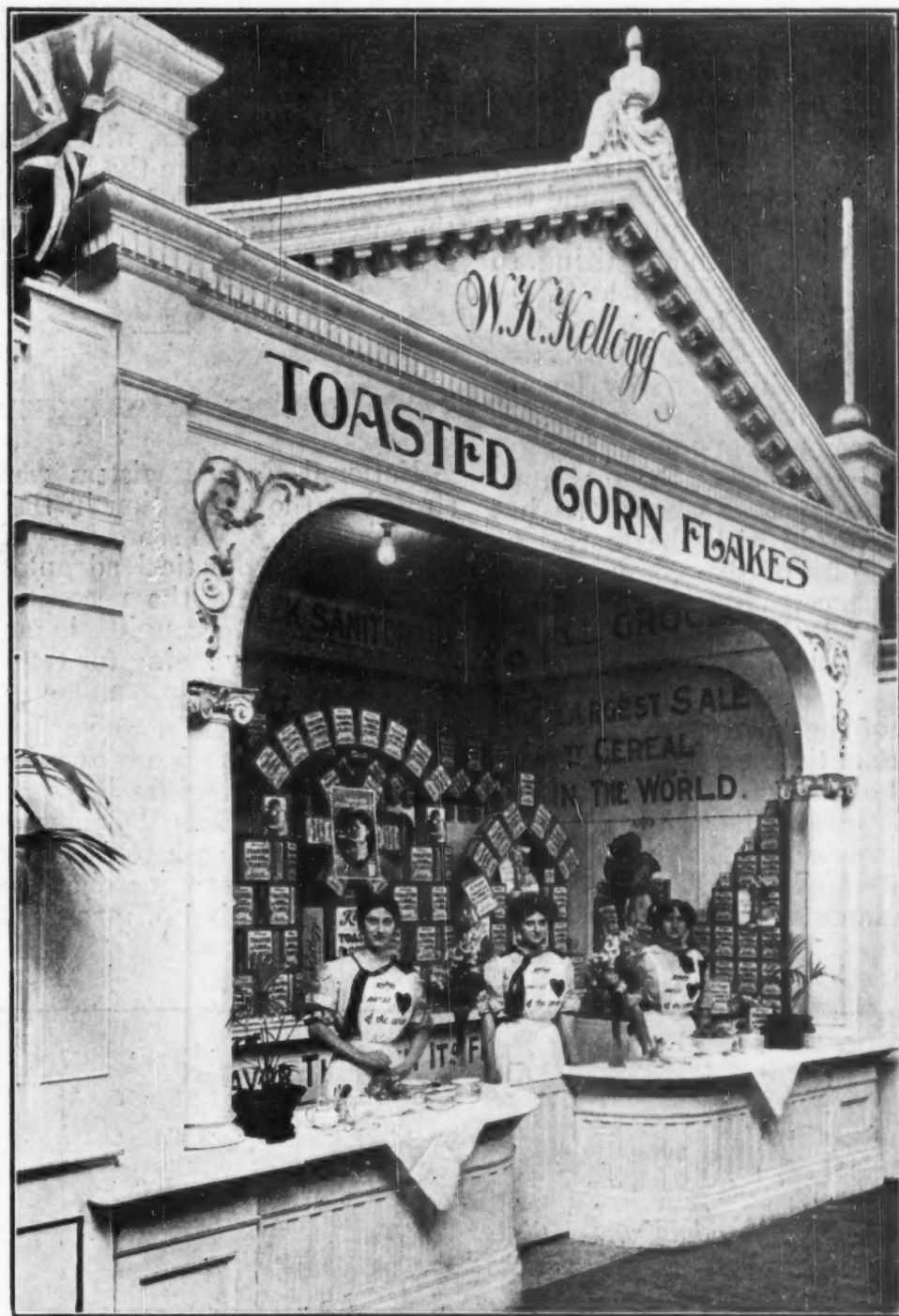
The task is accomplished by the use of

ing, or to fill a window which you may have found not to have a pleasant outlook.

The test of any service is satisfaction. This the Luxfer Prism Company ensures. Their designs are made by experts, their color schemes are guaranteed and skill of workmanship and excellence of material are assured. The company in consequence enjoys a deserved and ever-increasing patronage throughout the Dominion.

Their head office is located at 100 King St. West, Toronto, and they will promptly furnish full particulars on any light problems.





#### TOASTED CORN FLAKES COMPANY.

POSSIBLY one of the most popular booths at the entire exhibition was that devoted to the products of the Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flakes Company. It was the centre of attraction for all classes, a peculiar feature being that it appealed equally to the old as well as the young. Those who tasted Kellogg's Corn Flakes for the first time at the Exhibition were apparently so well pleased that they are likely to join the

vast army of regular consumers of the product, who were also there in large numbers to testify personally as to the merits of the food.

"The sweetheart of the corn"—such was the striking title bestowed upon hundreds of little boxes of Toasted Corn Flakes which were given away free. These samples going into many a home will make permanent friends for the product. White capped and aproned maids dispensing the Flakes with cream and sugar, were kept

busy every moment. The interests of all were well served.

That corn is one of the healthiest cereal foods has long been admitted. The difficulty in the past has been to present the ripened corn to the consumer in a pleasant form. The Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flakes Company have certainly found the proper method. There is no breakfast food so delightfully crisp, so appetizing, so full of sweetness and nutriment as this—Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes.

To those who saw the neat and attractive display at the Exhibition it may be unnecessary to point out that Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes come from a clean factory. Cleanliness is the model of the manufacturers of this product. Perhaps this has had something to do with the marvelous growth in the sales of this company. A factory of double capacity in the last couple of years has had to work up to full capacity in order to meet the increasing demand.

Something of the spirit of the company was in evidence at the Exhibition in its liberal treatment of the public. It knows that there is merit behind its product and is confident of success once the public knows the value of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes. The same spirit is manifested in

its dealings with the grocer. Big dealers are given no advantage over smaller men. All fare alike. From the clean factory great sealed packages of Toasted Corn Flakes, made from the finest materials, go forward to consumers, whose hearty words of commendation are the best possible evidence of the merit of the product and of the success which the Company is meeting in its pure food campaign.

#### NATIONAL CASH REGISTER.

National Cash Registers were demonstrated at the Exhibition in the Manufacturers' Building to scores of visiting merchants. The practical advantages of the cash register and the necessity for it in the store were brought home to them through actually seeing for themselves the registers in operation.

However, other store equipment may be regarded, there is no question that the National Cash Register is an absolute necessity to every keen business man. The installation of a cash register is one of the best investments a merchant can make. It relieves his mind of many details, some





of which are bound to be forgotten. It shows him exactly the amount of cash and credit sales each day, amount of money received on account, and amount of money paid out. It prevents by the "get a receipt" plan, the merchant or his clerks forgetting to charge goods sold on credit. It shows the amount of sales made each day by each clerk it increases the efficiency of each clerk through friendly rivalry, and it gives an additional inexpensive advertising medium through the receipt, which itself is a great advertisement and is most beneficial in times of special sales.

The Cash Register enables the merchant to KNOW and does not ask him to GUESS things.

The exhibit demonstrated that various sizes and types of registers are made by the National Cash Register Company, to suit any business. Any one of them would be a handsome acquisition to the store in addition to their great practical value, and the dealer who has not yet installed a "National" should not delay getting full information. Head office for Canada, 285 Yonge street, Toronto, and Canadian factory in same city.

#### **N.C.R. Kinemacolor Moving Picture Made a Big Hit.**

Another "exhibit" of the company in a separate building scored heavily for the company at Toronto Exhibition. Hundreds of people were entertained with hourly "shows" of colored moving pictures and slides showing the development of the wonderful plant and now world-wide business of the N.C.R. Co. Of great interest were the pictures showing the company's "welfare" work, how, by means of flowers, gardens, country clubs, classes, sports and libraries the company is seeking to make better men and women of its employees—which re-acts on their product and means better Registers for the world's merchants.

#### **THE DOMINION REGISTER COMPANY.**

A MOST attractive exhibit and one which was inspected and commented on most favorably, was that of the Dominion Register

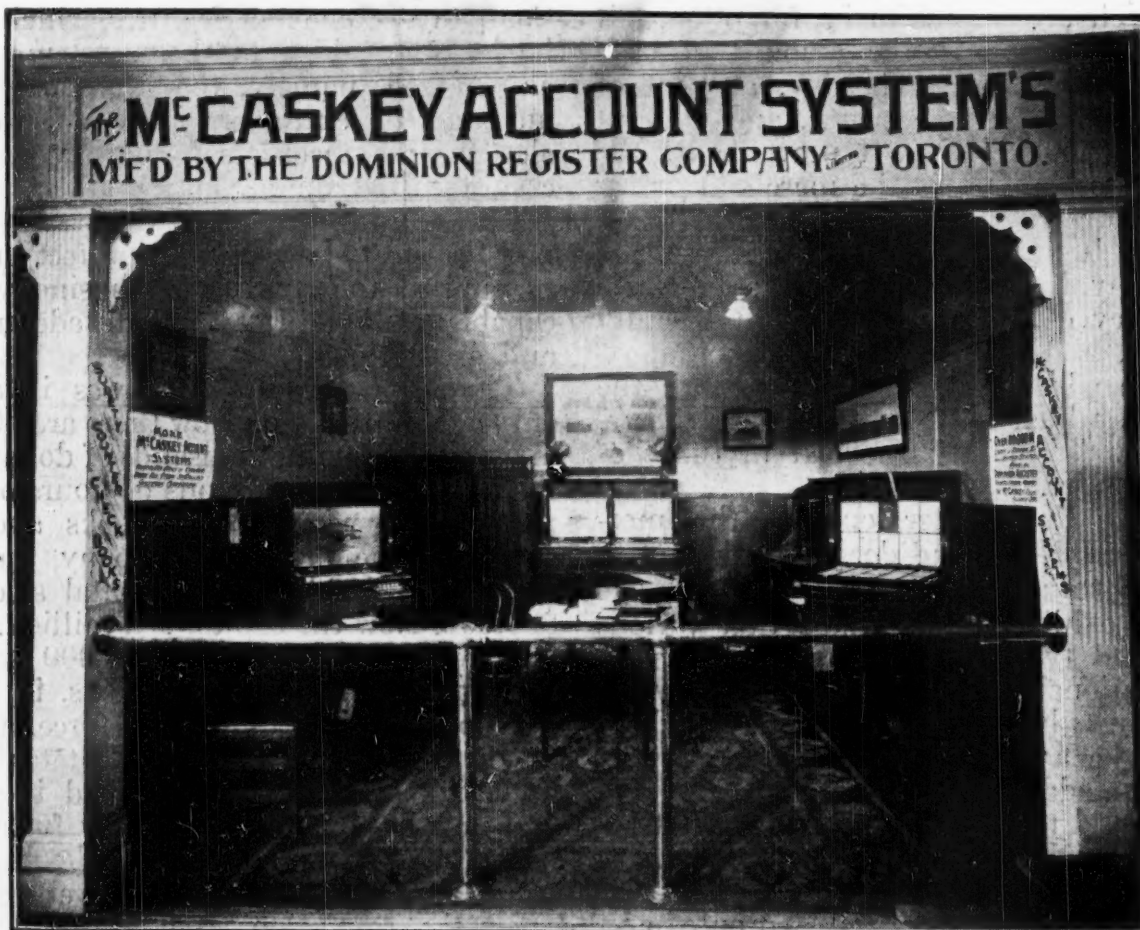
Company. Some new features, which have lately been added to their system, were emphasized, namely, the interchangeable indexing of customers' names, and the electric cash recorders for taking care of cash received on account, paid out, etc. With these improvements the system may now be said to be well nigh perfect in that as applied to any line of business it is capable of handling it both adequately and expeditiously.

The McCaskey Register was invented only a few years ago. Now there are 70,000 in use, daily saving thousands of dollars for merchants, and thousands of hours of unprofitable drudgery over books and accounts. The original company was organized in 1903, with a capital stock of \$30,000. Now the capital is a million. The factory space utilized is 150,000 square feet, and the Company employs, in addition to the factory and office force, a staff of 311 travellers in the United States. The Canadian Company was formed in 1909 and now has a complete factory for credit systems and accessories, account books, etc., in Toronto, and employs 22 travellers who cover the Dominion from coast to coast. Everywhere the McCaskey system is giving satisfactory results and is growing in popularity and general use.

Most business failures are due to a lack of system. The secret of system, is simplicity. Keeping accounts by the old method—day book, journal and ledger—is a complicated way as compared with the McCaskey Method, which is simplicity itself.

The McCaskey system in short, is an account system which takes care of credit accounts in simple order—all in one writing. It turns every retail salesman into a bookkeeper, and he doesn't know it. The original slip or bill made out by the salesman—totaled at time of purchase—and handed to the customer, completes the transaction. The customer sees at a glance not only his previous balance, but the itemized list of purchases just completed and the total indebtedness to date. The duplicate bill is filed in the McCaskey Cabinet, where it is a record of the transaction and a statement of the total amount owing—all of which may be seen by the merchant at a moment's examination.

The advantages of such a system from a business standpoint are enormous. In-



deed, while originally planned for retail merchants, only, the McCaskey System is rapidly expanding into use by the professions, banks, mines, mills, newspapers, laundries, factories and manufacturing industries, of all sorts, where an accurate and quick result in records or figures is desired in duplicate or triplicate with only one writing.

"Book-keeping Without Books" is the title of an attractive booklet, which has been issued by the Dominion Register Company of Toronto. It is really a book on business system and is most valuable to business men. Every reader of this publication should write this company to 92 Ontario Street, Toronto, for this interesting booklet.

#### THE A. R. CLARKE CO., LIMITED.

THE "A. R. C." stamp on any line of goods is sufficient warrant for their value, for the A. R. Clarke Company, manufac-

turing tanners, of Toronto, produce only the highest grade of goods, backed by their established reputation for quality and workmanship.

At the National Exhibition this year considerable space was utilized by the firm in a popular display of the varied and attractive lines which it carries. A mere enumeration of these will demonstrate their extent: gloves, mitts, moccasins, larigans, wannigans, sheep-lined driving sox, sheep-lined coats, leather-reversible coats, corduroy coats and pants, mackinaw coats and pants, duck coats and pants, reversible vests and working shirts.

In the booth were carefully arranged specimens of all of these lines. The goods made a most attractive display for the variety was so great as to challenge the admiration of the most disinterested spectator. At first glance one was inclined to question whether a single firm could handle so extensive an output. On inspection, however, every article was found to carry the brand of the company. The en-



tire walls of the booth were literally covered with the products of the firm. But it must not be thought that the display was calculated to impress one in point of quantity and variety only. The constant aim of the company has been to emphasize quality as well. This feature was by no means overlooked.

Even a casual examination would convince all classes of the merits of the Clarke

boards and occupied a prominent position in the centre of the booth. The combination of raw material and finished product was indeed striking, and elicited numerous comments from interested spectators.

It is the proud boast of the Company that Clarke goods are sold everywhere in Canada, a fact which is undoubtedly true, for the lines carried are of such outstanding value and admit of so wide an appli-



brands, which are declared by experts to be the finest on the market to-day. As a matter of fact, during the Exhibition one of the best authorities on leather goods in Canada unhesitatingly affirmed that there was but one firm which thoroughly knew all points of the business and it bore the name of Clarke.

Apart from the finished products a feature of the exhibit which proved of much interest to many persons was a display of different leathers from which gloves and mitts are made, as well as a side of patent colt known to be the best produced in Canada. These were neatly mounted on

cation that the company readily meets all competitors in whatever field it chooses to enter. The business of the past year in Canada has shown a most gratifying increase and from the orders which are now being received it would appear that the volume of trade for the ensuing year will in turn show a further growth, all of which is a great satisfaction to the company as a mark of approval of its splendid service.

The company has eighteen salesmen on the road covering from Halifax to Vancouver and employs about three hundred hands.

**THE GEORGE B. MEADOWS CO., LIMITED.**

THE George B. Meadows Wire, Iron and Brass Company's exhibit included a variety of its products, notably steel wardrobe lockers for clubs, factories and hotels; fruit pantry lockers, moth proof lockers, bank tellers' cages, iron stairways, bank railings, steel shelving and iron fencing.

These are but a few of the outstanding features of the exhibit, which judged from the standard of workmanship, was one of the best of the entire exhibition. The or-

any section of Canada, thus cutting freight rates to a minimum, and may be erected by a novice with a wrench and screw driver without the aid of an expert mechanic.

The Meadows Company, which is located at 479 Wellington Street West, Toronto, is the recognized leader in these lines, and will be glad to furnish information and catalogs to all interested parties.

All the readers of this magazine should write for their illustrated catalog. It contains valuable information.



namental steel work constituting the front of the booth was very beautiful, the various devices displayed presented a most striking appearance, while a feature widely commented on were the stairways leading through the canopy.

These stairs were quite an attraction. One spiral in design was shown and the other an entirely new iron stair with adjustable treads. This being made in a knock-down shape, is shipped in parts to

**THE NEWCOMBE PIANO COMPANY.**

THERE were numerous displays of pianos at the National Exhibition this year and visitors who paid a visit to the Fair with the intention of securing some pointers which might be of assistance to them in the selection of an instrument were in no wise disappointed.

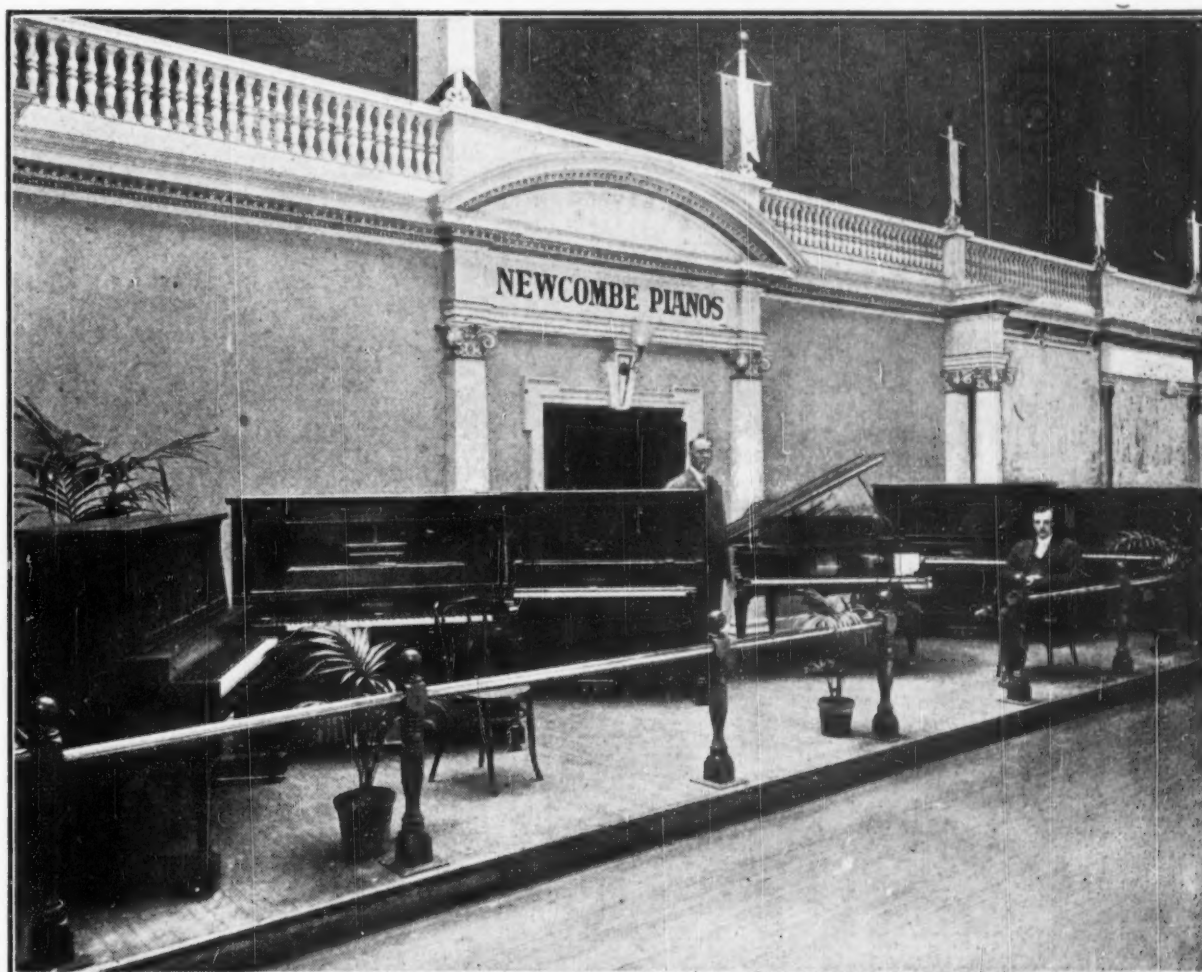
What the average person is seeking in a piano is genuine value at a reasonable



outlay. To that person no other make of piano offered so many advantages—distinct and essential advantages—as the Newcombe. In a word, the Newcombe is a distinctly original creation, whose highest standard of excellence is the result of the progressive improvements made in the building of a new and perfect system of piano construction, avoiding the weak points of other makes. They combine all

acting Straining or Tension Rods which are connected through the back of the piano with the iron plate by tie bolts, and are designed to relieve the tension, or more properly speaking, to counteract the strain caused by the tension of the strings on the front of the piano and to maintain a uniformity of quality and tone.

To those who are followers of the latest improvements in piano construction, it



of the essential qualifications requisite for an artistic piano. The beautiful tone, perfection of scale, susceptibility of touch, elegance of case, together with the quality of the material and workmanship employed in their manufacture, is proof positive of their excellence.

But while the Newcombe may have all the good points of other pianos, it has also its own. Perhaps the most vital of these, to which passing reference can be made, is the Howard Patent Adjustable Counter-

may also be explained that this contrivance is claimed by the patentees to be the acme of mechanical achievement, as applied to piano-forte construction, and is found only on the Newcombe pianos. An assignment of this patent from the inventor has been secured by this Company, which is offering pianos equipped with this splendid device for a small advance on the present price list.

The many persons who visited the Newcombe quarters at the Exhibition were

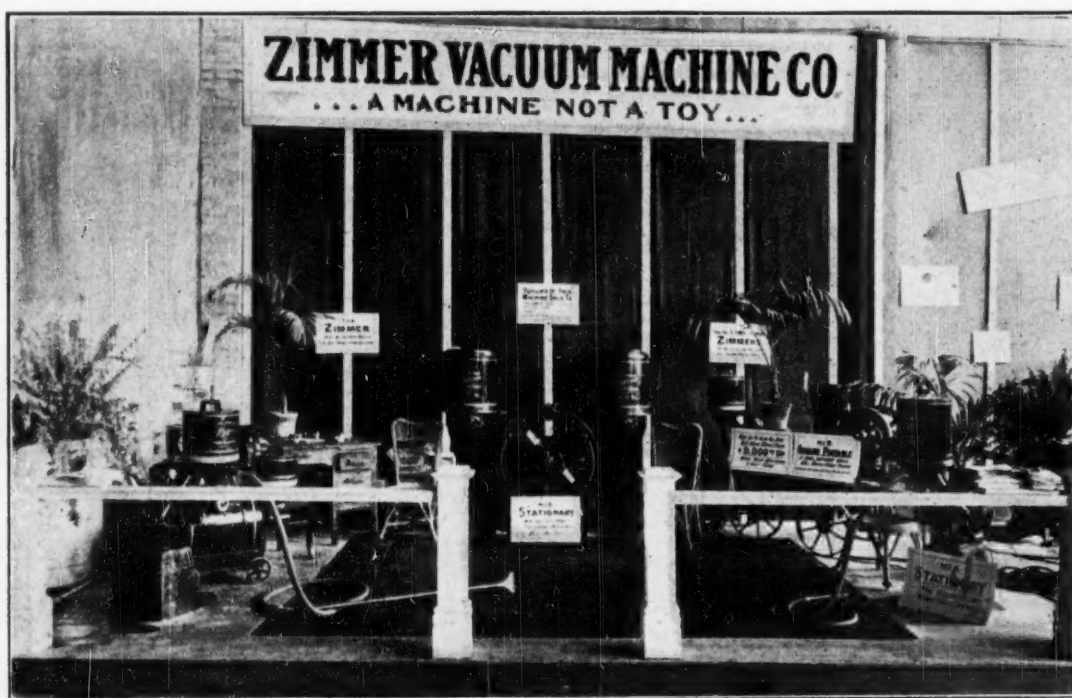
greatly impressed with the artistic appearance and fine tonal qualities of this firm's instruments. These qualities, when considered with the outstanding features which have been enumerated, should weigh heavily with intending purchasers, who would do well to thoroughly investigate the merits of the Newcombe before deciding on their purchase.

Cuts and full particulars regarding the points enumerated, will be sent free to all those writing to or calling on the Newcombe Piano Company, Richmond Street West, Toronto, Ontario.

lodged in carpets and furnishings were also scattered about the house with a reckless regard for good health and sanitary conditions.

Now it is important that dirt be cleaned in the most approved methods it is vastly more important, however, that germs be destroyed in the same process. Is it possible?

The ZIMMER VACUUM CLEANER accomplishes both feats. Equipped with the best devices and most modern improvements it provides a service which for



#### ZIMMER VACUUM CLEANER CO.

A CLEAN home should be the desire of every housekeeper. But good works should not end there. "Better be healthy than clean" has ceased to be an adage. Persons in this enlightened age may be both cleanly and healthy and their homes both clean and sanitary.

Primitive methods of house cleaning required hours of unnecessary labor—and it was futile, too, because the broom and duster merely stirred up dust from one spot to settle on every article in the house. Not only that, for disease germs which lurked in the dust and dirt which was

cleanliness is unequalled. Attached to it is a patent Germicide or Perfumigator, just below the dust receptacle, which marks the farthest stride yet made toward a perfectly sanitary home. All the air handled by this machine passes through this device before going back into the house, and whereas the ordinary machine allows the air to return laden with any germs that may be in it, this one effectually destroys them.

A catalogue descriptive of the cleaner, fully explaining its use and benefits, may be had by writing the Zimmer Vacuum Machine Company, 94 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario.



**MURRAY-KAY COMPANY, LIMITED.**

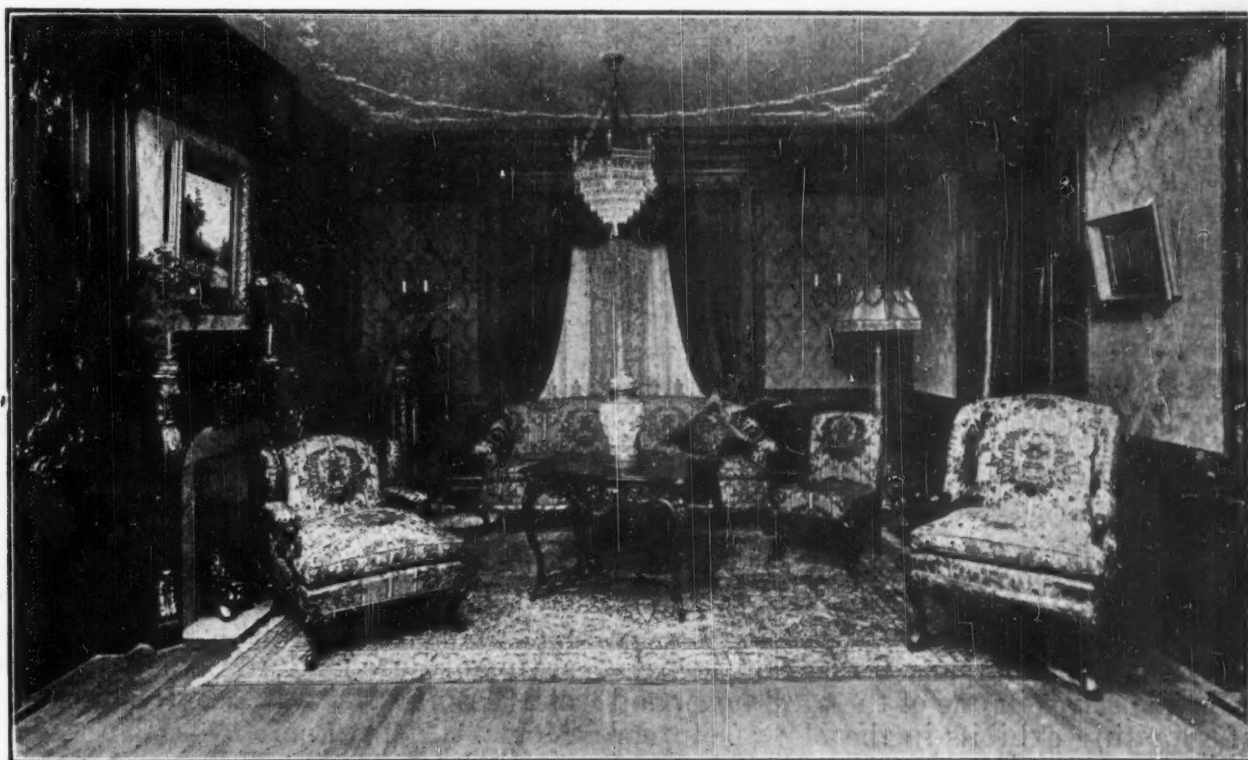
THOSE who have made a practice of visiting the Exhibition year after year, have no doubt acquired the habit of making an early call at the Murray-Kay display. We say "habit," for with many people of taste it has really developed into that, and it is a good habit, too.

One is always well repaid for an inspection of the Murray-Kay exhibit, for the Company sends of its best to Canada's great National Exposition. The display this year included several rooms artistically furnished and beautifully decorated.

tistic merit of the furnishings carried at the Company's store, 36 King Street West, Toronto.

Murray-Kay, Limited, undertakes the furnishing of rooms, suites of apartments and entire residences, hotels, clubs, etc., in any part of Canada. Among the big undertakings carried out of late, are: the furnishing of the Clifton House at Niagara Falls; the Royal Muskoka Hotel; the National Club, Toronto; the Lambton Golf and Country Club, near Toronto; the King Edward Hotel, and many of the principal rooms of the Chateau Laurier, Ottawa.

When necessary, Murray-Kay, Limited,

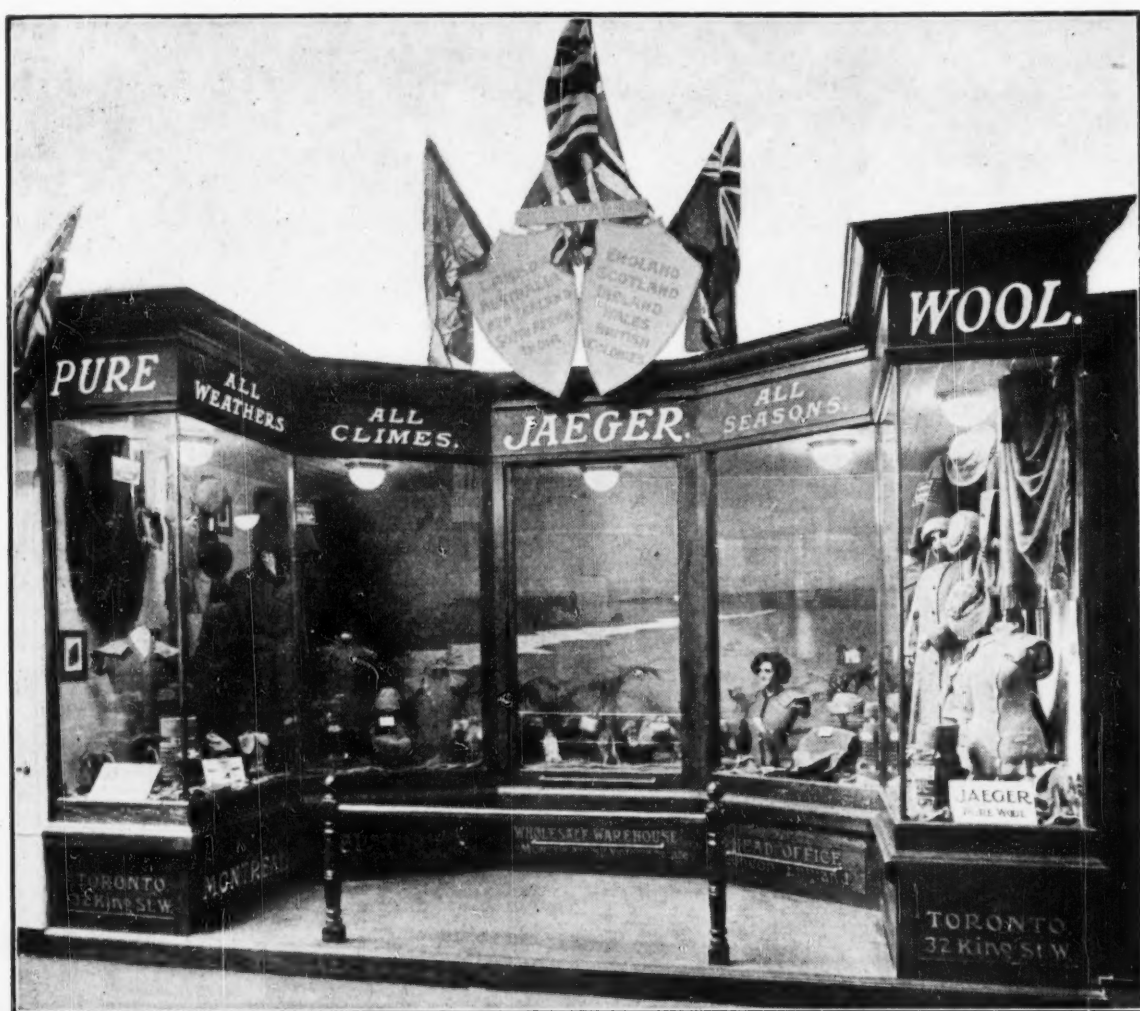


Possibly the sitting-room, a sketch of which is given, attracted most attention. The furnishings were designed or reproduced from those in the sitting-room of the Bewdley house in England. All the rooms, however, were greatly admired.

It might be noted in passing that the Company is performing a great educative service to the public in thus furnishing and decorating rooms in accordance with the best taste of various historic periods and in the pains it takes to make its exhibit perfect in every detail. The object, of course, is to give the public some adequate conception of the beauty and ar-

will send a representative anywhere in Canada to get the ideas of owners and will then prepare sketches suggesting schemes of decoration and furnishing and submit them for consideration. Such a system is a guarantee of satisfaction.

A handsome catalogue of over 170 pages (No. 6 V) will be sent postage paid on request. Readers of this magazine should take advantage of this offer. The book is illustrated with hundreds of fine half-tone engravings and colored plates and contains much information of value to home furnishers.



**DR. JAEGER'S SANITARY WOOLEN SYSTEM COMPANY LIMITED.**

THE Jaeger Company have again surpassed themselves in one of the most novel and fascinating exhibits in the Manufacturers' Building at the Canadian National Exhibition.

The exhibit this year was confined to their famous undyed pure Camel Hair and Camel Hair Shade garments.

As this was Imperial year at the Exhibition the handsome show cases of golden oak and plate glass were suitably decorated with two large shields bearing the names of the British possessions, the shields being bracketed together with the words "One Empire." Above the shields the Union Jack was displayed.

The background of the centre show case was a striking scene of the desert, having in front an oasis formed with palms and a train of model camels bearing bales of Jaeger raw material, driven by their Arab

drivers. Pure camel hair fleece was used on the floor to represent the sand, the effect being most realistic. Garments consisting of Pure Undyed Camel Hair Blankets, Sleeping Bags, Rugs, Dressing Gowns, Motor Ulsters, Polo Coats, Knitted Norfolk and Golf Coats, Caps, Slippers, Mufflers, etc., were artistically displayed in the side cases.

It was almost impossible to pass this exhibit without being attracted by the rich golden shade of the Camel Hair goods.

To be told by the Duke of Connaught that the display was both "artistic and novel" was indeed a high compliment, and to those who know the form and character of its goods, the opinion of his Royal Highness will come as no surprise. The Jaeger Company hold the Royal Warrant and have supplied H. R. H. with their goods on many occasions.

At the request of the Jaeger Company we publish the following statement for the protection of the public.

It is to your advantage to mention MacLean's Magazine.



No goods are entitled to the name Camel's Hair unless made from the genuine fleece of the camel. Examples of pure Undyed Camel Hair Goods can be seen in their range of Blankets, Rugs, Sleeping Bags, Ulsters, etc. For the production of knitted goods it is often necessary to introduce a mixture of sheep's wool into the yarn, such fabrics are always described by them as Camel Hair shade. The distinguishing features of Camel Hair are extreme softness, lightness and warmth, together with a beauty and richness of color all its own.

The Jaeger sanitary woollen system was founded upon the study which Dr. Jaeger made of the problem of hygienic clothing. The manufacturing of Jaeger garments is based upon the use of absolutely pure wool, camel hair, and other animal fibres; nothing goes into Jaeger garments but the very best material and workmanship obtainable.

Wool is the one material which keeps the body at an even temperature and protects it from sudden changes, because it allows a proper ventilation of the body, permitting the healthy operation of the pores. It does not absorb water readily,

and therefore does not become clammy and chill to the body but it assists the rapid evaporation of moisture and promotes healthy circulation. The product of the company are characterized by good taste, good fit and good workmanship.

#### WOLTHAUSEN HAT CORPORATION, LIMITED.

A FIRM that had particularly favorable comments expressed about their display at the Canadian National Exhibition was the Wolthausen Hat Corporation, Limited, Brockville, a view of whose exhibit appears herewith.

They showed a complete range of new styles for Spring 1913, as well as a large number of interesting novelties in hat wear for the immediate Fall trade. Their exhibit was in charge of Mr. J. T. MacLeod, Western Ontario representative of the firm, and of Mr. J. Yelland, representative for Central and Northern Ontario.

The Wolthausen people have been pioneers in placing on the market high grade men's hats of Canadian manufacture and they were greatly pleased with the enthus-



iasm which their exhibit aroused. Not only were visitors from all over Canada delighted with their showing but very favorable opinions were expressed by Americans who visited the big Fair.

"We had visitors here," said Mr. MacLeod, "from many states of the union and they made very pleasant comments about the good taste displayed in our shapes, colors and trimmings. Our novelties for the immediate Fall trade excited special admiration and we had difficulty in avoiding the taking of retail orders at the Fair."

pots were this year the first to strike the eye. They asserted themselves by their unprecedented size and richness. These were on show in the Manufacturers' Building with the other examples of the finished product. The newly decorated booth situated on the centre aisle was beautifully draped with heavy purple hangings relieved by the Canadian Coat of Arms in color, while the general effectiveness of the background was still further heightened by a well ordered arrangement of flowers. In such a setting the goods themselves, ablaze



#### GUNDY CLAPPERTON CO., LIMITED.

GUNDY-CLAPPERTON CO.'S exhibit, like the great exhibition itself, continues year after year to attract its interested and wondering crowds. The attraction of beauty is for all, including the uninitiated, while to the expert it offers ever new interests in the way of fresh achievements. Of the latter the immense pedestal flower

with reflected and refracted light created a ravishing spectacle.

Gundy-Clapperton Co.'s other exhibits in the Process Building were of more technical interest, but to judge from the never failing crowd congestion, of equal educative importance. Here the smooth glass in its untouched state, unbeautiful, too, except for its wonderful white clearness, could be watched from the beginning to



the end of its journey from skilled hand to hand towards the perfection of the finished article. And no detail, from the "roughing" of the first deep cuts to the delicate and decorative hair lines at the hands of the "smoother" seemed to escape the attention of the eager crowds.

But of those fresh achievements referred to above this was nothing to delight the eye of the expert like the gorgeous display of "Intaglio," or stone engraved work. This is an entirely new field of conquest in Canada which Gundy-Clapperton Co. have exploited with characteristic enterprise. In "Intaglio" we have the new feature of free hand design and the effects produced are of extraordinary beauty. There were wine sets decorated with bunches of grapes, and vases, lamps, etc., with butterflies, leaves and floral designs. More noticeable than the rest perhaps, was an elaborate plate-set executed especially for the Exhi-

bition and prominently displayed on a background of purple plush. This set comprised nine plates on each of which was engraved a reproduction perfect in every detail of the nine Canadian provinces and a tenth and larger plate bearing the still elaborate device of the Coat of Arms of the Dominion. In each the design was completed by a wreath of maple leaves. This feature of the display aroused a great deal of interest and favorable comment on the part of some of the Fair's distinguished visitors.

#### THE DENNIS WIRE & IRON WORKS CO., LIMITED.

In this advanced age, when so many improved devices are being put on the market, both for business and household uses, one is not surprised at the remark-



It will pay you to answer advertisements.

able stride which has been made in recent years in the application of metal to a variety of urgent needs. One of the finest displays which was made at the National Exhibition at Toronto this year was that of the Dennis Wire & Iron Works Co., Ltd., whose head office is located at London. The booth, which was most artistically fitted and arranged, presented a most attractive display of the products of the Company, notable among which were the metal lockers, steel shelving, and metal cabinets. It is not surprising that these were interesting to many classes of people, in the shop and in the factory. All who inspected the exhibit were most impressed with the merits of the articles and with the advisability of making a more general use of them.

A most modern variety of styles and finishes was shown in the lines exhibited. For instance, among the styles were: a cabinet for dumb bells and Indian clubs, which is used to great advantage in Y.M.C.A. and other gymnasiums, a cabinet of steel shelving, which is made in various types, so that it may be used either in stores, where comparatively light goods are carried, or in factories where the heaviest materials have to be placed on shelving; and again there were several very handsome cabinets or medicine chests, some of which are constructed with the idea of being installed on brick when a house is being completed so that the cabinet proper will be flush with the wall, while others are designed merely to be attached to the wall as are ordinary medicine cabinets; all were remarkably well

finished, and were fitted with handsome bevelled glass mirrors.

Apart from the great variety of lines shown, one could not but be impressed with the beauty of the designs and the exquisite character of the finish. In this latter connection the company has succeeded in effecting an entirely new idea in the way of finishing metal devices of this character. At the Exhibition, for instance, a number of metal lockers were shown for offices and banks which are finished to harmonize with the woodwork of the premises in which they are installed. One cabinet of three lockers was shown, the three doors of which were finished as panels of walnut. So perfectly was this done that many persons actually believed that the material was solid walnut. These cabinets were greatly admired—both by wood finishers and metal workers, and possibly represent the highest type of metal finished devices of the kind on the market to-day.

Apart from appearance, durability and service, the great advantages accruing from the use of these metal devices are economy of space, which is a vital consideration in all business concerns, and fireproof construction, which more and more is becoming a factor in the rearing of modern commercial establishments.

Particulars as to any of these lines, together with illustrated catalogs, information and quotations, may be had on application to the Dennis Wire & Iron Works Co., Ltd., London, Ontario. Toronto offices, 36 Lombard St.



## ANTI-DUST

Disinfectant Sweeping Powder

IS A

LIFE-PRESERVER

Because it Kills all Disease Germs

NO DUST WHILE SWEEPING

Ask Your Dealer

The SAPHO MFG. CO., Ltd., Montreal

MacLAREN IMPERIAL CHEESE CO., LTD.  
Sole Distributors for Ontario

## THE THANKSGIVING DINNER

will be incomplete

WITHOUT  
A  
BOX  
OF

*Auclair's*

WORLD  
FAMED  
CHOCOLATES  
and BON BONS

When near our Store a Glass of Soda, or a  
Cup of our Hot Chocolate will refresh you.

130-132 Yonge St. - Toronto, Ont.

Our Candies made on the premises.



Many New and  
Delicious Dishes  
Can be Prepared With  
**Ingersoll Cream Cheese**

"Spreads like Butter"

--but one of the most delicious is "Supper Dish." Try  
it! It's very simple, and a more delightfully tempting and  
appetizing dish could not be conceived.

Ingersoll Cream Cheese is soft and creamy—with a  
rich, distinctive flavor very pleasing to the taste.

Packed in two sizes: No. 1, 25c.—No. 2, 15c.

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS

Manufactured by

**The Ingersoll Packing Company, Limited, Ingersoll, Ontario**

Manitoba Agents: Mason & Hickey, Winnipeg

## Enquiry into the value of goods supplied to the Government

The Medical Times, London, comments on an enquiry  
made with the object of ascertaining whether a certain  
extract of beef (BOVRIL) supplied to the Government had  
any nutritive value or not, and after a lengthy description  
of the exhaustive tests says: "The results were startling.  
It was found that in all cases the administration of the  
extract 'BOVRIL' caused an immediate increase in  
weight."

"In subject C (human) it was found that after the use of 10 grams of Bovril the mean increase in weight was  
129 grams, whilst in subject S (human) the mean increase after the use of 10 grams of the same extract was no less  
than 216 grams."

There were two separate series of tests, one consisted in experiments on dogs, the other on human beings, and  
the Medical Times continues: "In each of the experiments on dogs it was found that the actual increase in weight  
varied from 10 to 20 times the weight of the dried solids added to the food in the form of Bovril, whilst in the human  
experiments the increase was even more marked."

When writing advertisers kindly mention MacLean's Magazine.

Efficiency and Economy  
are Realized wherever

# "King"

## Hot-Water Heating Systems

are Installed



Years of experience combined with the use of highest grade materials have produced The "KING" Boiler, which stands in a class by itself, embodying all known improvements that insure ease in operation and economy in fuel consumption.

The CORRUGATED Fire Pot, in the "KING" Boiler, increases its heating surface ONE-THIRD.

"KING" Boilers have specially arranged combustion chambers and staggered Flues which compel all gases to be burned inside the boiler, instead of escaping to the chimney.

The "KING" Grate burns ALL coal to a clean ash, and there are NO BOLTS, PINS OR NUTS to get out of order.

"KING" BOILERS are equipped with a shaking Apparatus, the mechanism of which is so simple that a child can operate it equally as well as an adult.

"KING" Radiators, installed in conjunction with "KING" Boilers, insure a comfortably-heated home.

Insist on having "KING" Boilers and Radiators specified.

WRITE FOR OUR DESCRIPTIVE HEATING BOOKLET,  
"COMFORTABLE HOMES." SENT FREE ON APPLICATION.

# Steel and Radiation, Limited

FRASER AVENUE, TORONTO

TORONTO SHOWROOMS:  
80 Adelaide Street East  
92 King Street West

MONTREAL SHOWROOMS  
AND SALES OFFICE:  
138 Craig Street West



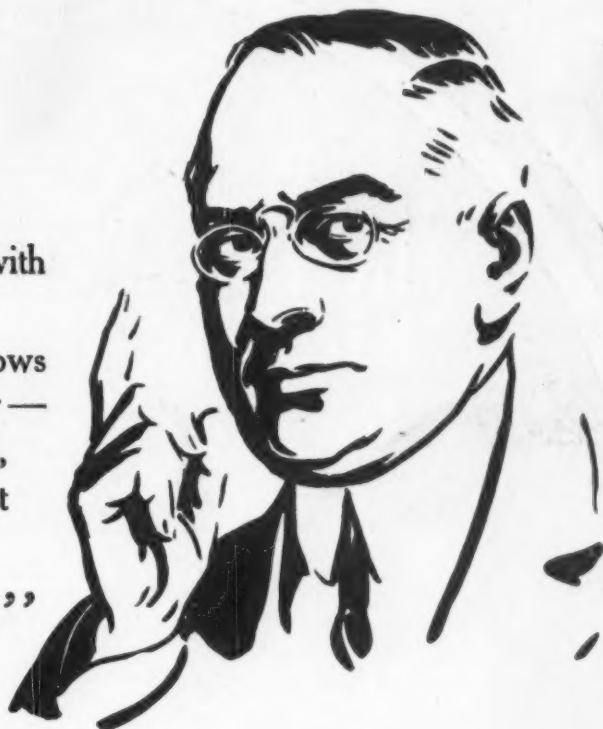
## Doctors Know

That coffee and tea disagree with many persons.

Sometimes the trouble shows in one form; sometimes another — such as headache, sleeplessness, nervousness or indigestion — but always

*“There's a Reason”*

Persons unpleasantly affected by coffee and tea, find it easy to change to



## INSTANT POSTUM

*and that it agrees with them perfectly*

It is regular Postum in concentrated form — made in the cup —

### No Boiling Required

Stir a level teaspoonful in a cup of hot water, add sugar and cream, and instantly you have a delicious beverage with a flavour similar to Old Government Java.

Instant Postum is sold by grocers in 100-cup tin 50c. Smaller size, 30c.

Coffee averages about double that cost.

**Sample sent for 2-cent stamp to cover postage**

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,  
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

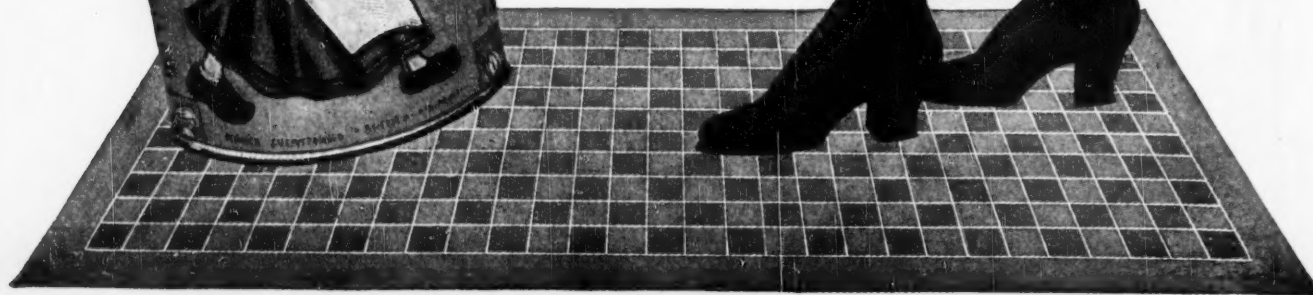
Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,  
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

In The  
Kitchen



Especially Good  
For Enamel and  
Porcelain Ware

Many Uses  
and Full  
Directions  
on Large  
Sifter-Can  
10¢





# For rising young men!

## Big Ben



**L**A SALLE, Illinois was named after a man who was always up early in the morning. — The men whose names go ringing past their century usually see the dawn before the rest of the world.

Robert Cavelier, Sieur de La Salle was always on the march towards the Golden West before 7 A. M.—And out at La Salle, the *Westclox* people design sleepmeters for

men who, like La Salle, will get under way while the East is still gray.

Big Ben is an admirable example of these clockmakers' skill.—Slender, handsome, yet massive, he stands 7 inches tall with clean-cut, well shaped hands and a frank, friendly face, distinctly visible in the dim morning light.

He rings just when you want and either way you want, *five straight minutes or every other half minute during ten minutes* unless you flag him off.—His keys are large, strong, pleasing to wind—his voice deep, cheerful, pleasing to hear.

Big Ben is sold by 5,000 Canadian dealers. His price is \$3.00 anywhere.—If you cannot find him at your dealer's, a money order sent to his designers, *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois*, will bring him to you attractively boxed and duty charges paid.

## Clark's Pork and Beans

The value of the many varieties of Beans as a readily digested and nutritive article of food is daily and increasingly attracting the attention of the various nations of the world.

The people of Canada need no education in this respect. Beans have always been to them a standard article of diet, and **CLARK'S PORK & BEANS** are an ever welcome dish on the Canadian table.



Prepared only from the highest quality Beans, flavored with the Purest and most piquant sauces, cooked by the best of methods. **CLARK'S PORK & BEANS** are unsurpassed for their delicacy and nutritive power.

**W. Clark : : : Montreal**



"Now taste them—notice that they dissolve instantly. And they leave no bitterness on the tongue."

"I am sure of Windsor Salt quality."

"Ma'am—it's the only salt we recommend for table use and for cooking."

65

# WINDSOR TABLE SALT





**"Waiter, some  
Post Toasties  
and be quick about it."**

You never see children play  
when they're not feeling well.

And how often they're sick  
when fed heavy, indigestible things.

Feed children

# Post Toasties

as often as they want them

Then note how much they feel like playing.

They'll eat Post Toasties, the crisp, delicately browned, sweet  
bits of corn, three times a day—if you let 'em—for

***"The Memory Lingers"***

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,  
Little Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,  
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

## V-A-C-M Vacuum Cleaner

### A BOON TO THE HOUSEKEEPER

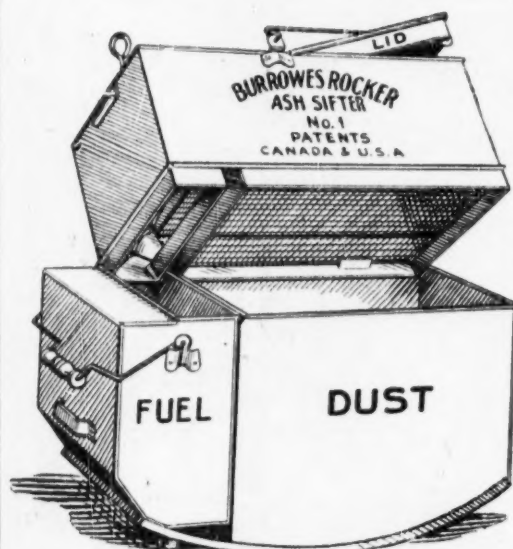
The best dirt and germ hunter. Is the most hungry, it being the most powerful of all suction cleaners. Its breath paralyzes all germs. Unequalled on carpets, bedding, etc., etc. Most simple construction. Mechanically perfect. Will last a lifetime. Can be operated by a child. Price within reach of all.

AGENTS WANTED THROUGHOUT CANADA  
DEALERS LOOK AFTER THIS

**W. BRIGG**

HAMILTON

CANADA



## Reduce Your Coal Bill 25 Per Cent.

with practically no work and no dust by using

### The Burrowes' Patent Dustless Rocker Ash Sifter

The most Perfect, Practical and Economical one on the market—BARRING NONE.

THE ONLY SIFTER with a Scuttle Made to Fit Dust-Tight.

THE ONLY SIFTER that cinders can be DUMPED FROM SCREENS TO SCUTTLE WITHOUT DUST ESCAPING.

THE ONLY SIFTER made with DOUBLE RIMS, thus making it DUST PROOF.

THE ONLY SIFTER with 2 screens, coarse and fine, saves more fuel without extra work.

THE ONLY SIFTER made to work on a PAIR OF ROCKERS—Rocks as easy as a cradle, full or empty—No weight, the floor carries it all—No clogging. The LARGE SPACE FOR ASHES and the VIGOROUS ROCKING MOTION both tend to make the ashes spread RAPIDLY and sift FREELY.

Stands only two feet high. Weight, 25 lbs.

Price \$5.50, express paid within 300 miles of Toronto.

IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT KEEP THIS SIFTER  
SEND TO US. WE WILL SHIP AT ONCE.

**THE BURROWES MFG CO.**

611 KING ST. W.

TORONTO, ONT.



## RAIN CANNOT SPOIL

**KANTKRACK** COATED LINEN  
Collars

They sit lightly and easily upon the neck and the weather has no effect on them. They are linen collars, just like the one you are wearing, but they are water-proofed. We make them in all the most stylish shapes, and can suit you, whatever your choice.

Made in one grade only, and that the best.

Ask your dealer for KantKrack collars in the style you like best, or send us 25c, with style and size.

**THE PARSONS & PARSONS CANADIAN CO.**  
104 MAIN STREET - HAMILTON, ONTARIO



# Wear Guaranteed Hose Send for Price List



**Y**OU ought to wear hosiery that really WEARS. Write for the price list on **HOLEPROOF HOSIERY**—six pairs guaranteed to wear without holes, rips or darns for six months.

A MILLION PEOPLE are wearing Holeproof Hose because of the wonderful service and comfort they give. These hose are so made that they wear longer than any other hose and yet they are soft and flexible. They are made in the lightest weights if you want light weights. No hose were ever more comfortable. Wear them this summer and your feet will be cool, yet the hose will wear **SIX MONTHS**. That is guaranteed. Think what it means!

## 6 Pairs Wear 6 Months Or NEW HOSE FREE!

That's what we do. If they wear out (one pair or all pairs) we give you new hose free. 6,650,000 pairs *outlasted* the guarantee last year. But we replace every pair that *does* wear out without any question or quibble.

Here's how we get the "wear" and the softness that have made "Holeproof" famous—

We use a yarn that costs an average of 70c a pound, while common yarn sells for 30c a pound. It is Egyptian and Sea Island cotton, 3-ply strands, the softest and strongest yarn that's produced.

We spend \$55,000 a year for inspection—just to see that each pair is perfection, capable of the guarantee.

Then we have had 39 years of hose making experience. We know *how* to make hose wear, and how to make them *stylish, too*. These are the original guaranteed hose—the whirlwind success—the most popular hose in existence. You ought to try them.



**Look  
for this  
Trademark**

**FAMOUS  
Holeproof Hosiery**  
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

**Send for Trial Box!  
Stop Darning! End Discomfort!**

Men need not any longer wear socks with holes in them. Children may now *always* wear neat-looking stockings. **WOMEN MAY SAVE ALL THE DARNING!** Think of the darning you do now; then order. Or send for the "Holeproof" list of sizes, colors and grades.

Don't pay out good money for hose that wear out in a week. Get this Trial Box of "Holeproof" and learn how hosiery should wear—even the lightest weights. Send the coupon and \$1.50 now while you think of it. (\$2 if you want them for women or children.) Remit in any convenient way.

**Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd.**  
19 Bond Street, London, Can.

***Are Your Hose Insured?***

### TRIAL BOX ORDER COUPON

**Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd.**

4 Bond Street, London, Can.

Gentlemen—I enclose \$1.50 (\$2 for women's or children's) for which send me one box of Holeproof Hose. Weight..... (medium or light?) Size..... Color (check the color on list below.) Any six colors in a box, but only one weight and one size.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City.....  
Province.....

### LIST OF COLORS

#### For Men and Women

Black Pearl    Light Tan    Dark Tan  
Lavender    Navy Blue  
Light Blue

#### For Children

Black and tan only, and medium weight only. (319)



*The basis of a  
Good Breakfast*  
**TRY IT!**

## UPTON'S Jams and Marmalades

are in high favor with particular housewives in all parts of the Dominion, because they retain to such a remarkable degree the natural flavor of fresh ripe fruit. They are perfectly pure, easily digested and very nourishing and will certainly please the palate of every member of your family.

Get the habit of specifying Upton's  
when giving the weekly grocery order.  
All reliable grocers handle this well-known line.

**The T. Upton Company, Ltd.**  
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

# UPTON'S

PURE

# ORANGE MARMALADE

It will pay you to answer advertisements.



# Can You Spare Restful Light

in your home



Eyes and nerves are just as much injured by glare as by insufficient light.

Your children and the rest of your family will enjoy their evenings more and sleep better afterwards if they are surrounded by soft, restful, and ample (but not glaring) light.

Such illumination, when the costs of shades and electric current are both considered, is apt to cost even less than the poor illumination found in the average home. This is mostly a matter of

## the right shades and globes

which get the most light from your current, and light that is easy on the eyes. The right shades and globes are also handsome, harmonizing with and bringing out the beauty of the other furnishings, and radiate a soft and pleasant glow to every nook and corner of your room.

One of the most elaborate of these is the Georgian combination of direct and semi-indirect illumination illustrated above. The whole shade is opalescent. The body delicately tinted, and the pattern deep-etched in pearl white. Others, equally elaborate or very simple, are shown in our catalogue.


Send for our Catalogue No 42 of Shades and Globes — Alba and the many other kinds we make for electricity and gas. Give us your dealer's name. He has, or can get, any Macbeth-Evans shade or globe you desire.

**Macbeth-Evans Glass Company**  
**Pittsburgh**

Canadian Sales- and Show-rooms  
70 King Street West, Toronto



Registered  
U. S. Pat. Off.

*The basis of a  
Good Breakfast*  
**TRY IT!** 



## UPTON'S Jams and Marmalades

are in high favor with particular housewives in all parts of the Dominion, because they retain to such a remarkable degree the natural flavor of fresh ripe fruit. They are perfectly pure, easily digested and very nourishing and will certainly please the palate of every member of your family.

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**The T. Upton Company, Ltd.**  
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

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# Restful Light

in your home



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Such illumination, when the costs of shades and electric current are both considered, is apt to cost even less than the poor illumination found in the average home. This is mostly a matter of

## the right shades and globes

which get the most light from your current, and light that is easy on the eyes. The right shades and globes are also handsome, harmonizing with and bringing out the beauty of the other furnishings, and radiate a soft and pleasant glow to every nook and corner of your room.

One of the most elaborate of these is the Georgian combination of direct and semi-indirect illumination illustrated above. The whole shade is opalescent. The body delicately tinted, and the pattern deep-etched in pearl white. Others, equally elaborate or very simple, are shown in our catalogue.

Send for our Catalogue No 42 of Shades and Globes — Alba and the many other kinds we make for electricity and gas. Give us your dealer's name. He has, or can get, any Macbeth-Evans shade or globe you desire.

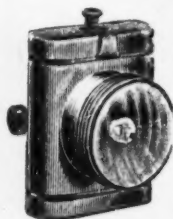
**Macbeth-Evans Glass Company**  
**Pittsburgh**

Canadian Sales- and Show-rooms  
70 King Street West, Toronto



Registered  
U. S. Pat. Off.

**B-E-R-E-C**  
Hand Lamp with  
Unspillable  
Storage Battery  
**\$9.00—\$15.00**



**B-E-R-E-C Electric**  
Cycle Lamp  
with Dry Battery  
No. 1550 \$2.00 com-  
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Weight packed, 2lb.

**The**  
Smallest  
Pocket  
Lamp in the  
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No. 1450. \$1.50 complete.  
Covered real lizard. Size 2 1/2  
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## PORTABLE ELECTRIC SPECIALTIES

for all purposes

*The handiest,  
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lamp on the  
... market ...*

Ask  
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Stores.

BRITISH  
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for our  
No. 18  
Catalogue.

SOLE CANADIAN AGENTS  
**SOLOMON AND SPIELMANN**  
22 ST. JOHN STREET, MONTREAL

**B-E-R-E-C**  
Electric  
Bedroom  
or  
Carriage  
Clock  
No. 867.  
\$9.00  
complete.  
Covered real  
leather.  
Press button  
and dial is illuminat-  
ed. Weight packed,  
3 1/2 lb.



**B-E-R-E-C**  
Electric Hand  
Lamp  
with Dry Battery.  
No. 61 Special.  
\$5.00 complete.  
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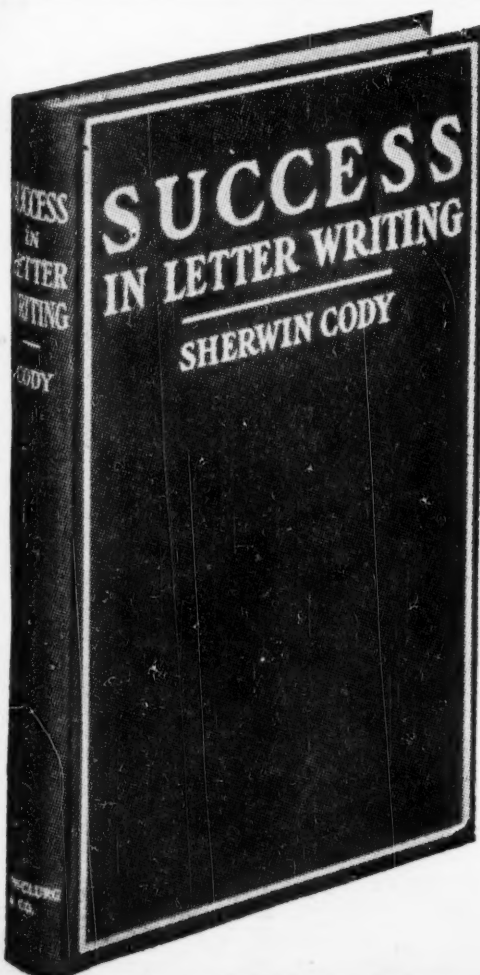
**B-E-R-E-C**  
Electric Torches  
with  
Dry Bat-  
teries.  
Various  
sizes.



Prices, \$2.50—\$6.50.  
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pattern at \$3.00 are re-  
commended for general  
use. Weight packed 2lb.



**B-E-R-E-C**  
Electric Candle  
with Dry Battery.  
Complete with shade,  
\$3.75



## Can You Write Good Letters?

Correspondence plays such an important part in modern business that people who can write really good business letters are enormously in demand at splendid salaries.

Letters are now used universally in creating business; following up advertising inquiries; helping salesmen. You can learn to write better letters; letters that dodge the waste basket; letters full of selling force, by studying Sherwin Cody's

## "Success in Letter Writing"

This book is the outgrowth of one of the most successful mail-order selling campaigns ever carried out. It embodies principles that are being successfully applied to the correspondence of the world's greatest business houses. Every young man and woman in business; every business and professional man, should read it.

Send us 75c. to-day and we will mail you  
"Success in Letter Writing" to-morrow.

**TECHNICAL BOOKS,** 143-149 University Avenue  
TORONTO



# Can You Spare An Hour a Day?

## Hundreds of Oliver Typewriter Local Agents Make Spare Time Work Pay Well

Hundreds of people at present employed are making handsome additions to their incomes by spare time work selling Oliver Typewriters.

*Most of our local Agents begin in that way.*

Then, as they develop in the art of salesmanship and their agency profits grow, they fall in line, giving *all* their time to The Oliver Typewriter business.

Our field force of more than 15,000 has thus been brought together.

Our branch managers and many of the important officers in the company have risen from the ranks.

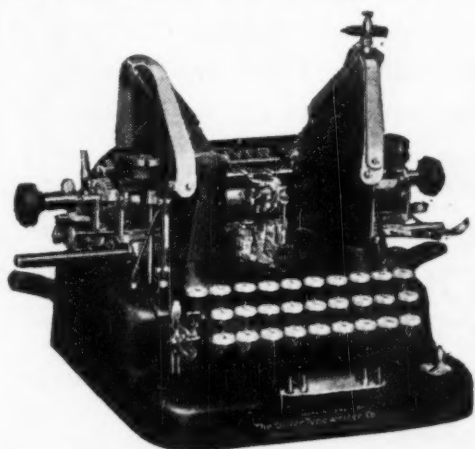
So, if you can spare *only an hour a day*, we may be able to offer you the Local Agency for

## The **OLIVER** Typewriter *The Standard Visible Writer*

Our liberal Local Agency Proposition opens up new avenues of profit to men in many different lines of business.

Booksellers and stationers, printers, druggists, insurance agents, real estate brokers, bankers and others already established find the Oliver Local Agency a profitable acquisition.

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We find our best Local Agents in the most unlooked-for places.

Experience has taught us that every application for a Local Agency is worthy of careful consideration.

Tell us who you are and *why you expect to succeed*.

You will hear from us promptly.

You will be interested in a book we have recently issued, telling more about the money-making possibilities of the Local Agency for the Oliver Typewriter.

Address Agency Department

## The Oliver Typewriter Company

405 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago

Reading advertisements is profitable to you.



# Williams'

PAT. ENTD.  
**Holder Top Shaving Stick**

Your fingers don't touch the soap, not even when you are using up the last quarter-inch of the stick. That is one point of its convenience. Another is that when you set the stick down it will stand firm and steady on its metal base, without toppling. How much these two points mean every shaver understands. And with all this convenience there is the same thick, creamy, soothing lather that has made Williams' Shaving Soap famous through three-quarters of a century.

## SPECIAL OFFER

### Men's Combination Package

consisting of a liberal trial sample of Williams' Shaving Stick, Shaving Powder, Shaving Cream, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Violet Talc Powder and Dental Cream. Postpaid for 24 cents in stamps.

A single sample of either of above articles sent for 4 cents in stamps.

Four forms of the same good quality:

**Williams' Shaving Stick** Hinged-cover  
nickel box

**Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick**

**Williams' Shaving Powder** Hinged-cover  
nickel box

**Williams' Shaving Cream (in tubes)**

Address The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.

It will pay you to answer advertisements.



## Beau Brummel's Ruffled Collar

—like his waistcoat or his breeches—set the mode in his day. He originated and the world followed. Today Fashion is the choice of the majority.

Today Fashion demands the closed-front collar. The newest is the Pembroke, with the improved LINOCORD "SNAP-ON" BUTTONHOLE.

### PEMBROKE



2 3/8 in.  
Pembroke

2 in.  
Chatham

The "SNAP-ON" buttonhole in the Pembroke and Chatham collars (same shapes, two heights) can't stretch nor break in laundering. Won't spread, pull apart, nor slip off the button. Simple to adjust, holds collar together in front and assures correct shape every time it's worn.

## Ide Silver Collars

Ample Scarf Space

1/4 Sizes—2 for 25c In Canada  
3 for 50c

Hundreds of impartial tests have proved that Ide Silver Collars last longest and keep their shape best in laundering.

Send for our **STYLE BOOK** and the name of the nearest Ide Silver Collar dealer. A postal will do.

**GEO. P. IDE & CO., 529 River Street, Troy, N.Y.**



Beau Brummel

Brummel had the secret of well dressing. Even Princes of the Royal Blood copied the turn of Brummel's cravat, the set of his waistcoat, the cut of his trousers.

How high above other articles of dress this Arbiter of Fashion placed a gentleman's neckwear—as the spotlight of attraction—is shown by these words to his valet:

"Am I quite correct? Are there creases in my cravat? I would not wish to make creases the fashion."

(From Clyde Fitch's "Beau Brummel")

Note:—The cravat of Beau Brummel's day was the ruffled stock collar.



**There's great satisfaction in making beds and bedding of such fine quality as to win compliments like this:**

"I rested so comfortably the other night at the — Hotel, Belleville, that I examined the bedding in the morning and found your label. .... Please let me know whether they are sold in Ottawa."

There's great satisfaction, too, in buying and using beds that are so much better than ordinary, especially when they cost no more. See that the IDEAL trade mark is on the bed you buy. Ask us for dealer's name nearest you.

Write for Free Book No. H. 18

**THE IDEAL BEDDING CO. LIMITED**

28 JEFFERSON AVENUE

MONTREAL

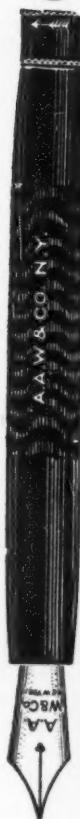
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WINNIPEG

30



## The Pen with the Magic Button



Has met with universal public approval! The "A.A." Pen will appeal to you. It is filled by simply twisting the button on the end of the barrel. There is no annoying filler need to keep the "A.A." always

### READY FOR SERVICE

It is the self-filling pen for which there is no substitute. It is guaranteed against leakage and structurally perfect. These pens are made in such a large variety of styles and sizes that a satisfactory selection is assured.

Ask your dealer to attach an "A.A." Clip, it is our latest achievement and excels by far any fountain pen clip yet produced, or write to us, Thames St., New York City.

Arthur A. Waterman & Co.  
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## MORTON

THE PIONEER  
FOUNTAIN PEN  
ESTABLISHED 1848



The MORTON is one of the oldest fountain pens made, and since the time of its first construction it has grown better with each year of pen experience.

**\$2.50 to \$50.00**

For sale by all good stationers in Canada

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of Husband, Friend, Brother or Sweet-heart. She is sound in body and mind; is efficient, well poised, with

### Perfect Health

and a

### Good Figure

(well carried)

She makes the most of herself.



I have helped

60,000 of the most refined, intellectual women of America to regain health and good figures and have taught them how to keep well. Why not you? You are busy, but you can devote a few minutes a day, in the privacy of your room, to following scientific, hygienic principles of health, prescribed to suit your particular needs. I have

### Reduced the Weight

of 30,000 women and have

### Increased the Weight

of as many more.

My work has grown in favor because results are quick, natural and permanent, and because they are scientific and appeal to common sense.

## No Drugs — No Medicines

You can—

**Be Well** so that everyone with whom you come in contact is permeated with your strong spirit, your wholesome personality—feels better in body and mind for your very presence.

**Be Attractive**—well groomed. You can—

**Improve Your Figure**—in other words be at your best.

I want to help you to realize that your health lies almost entirely in your own hands, and that you can reach your ideal in figure and poise.

Judge what I can do for you by what I have done for others. I have relieved such Chronic Ailments as

Indigestion  
Constipation  
Anaemia  
Sleeplessness  
Nervousness

Torpid Liver  
Catarrh  
Headaches  
Weaknesses  
Rheumatism

The best physicians are my friends—their wives and daughters are my pupils—the medical magazines advertise my work.

I have published a free booklet showing how to stand and walk correctly and giving other information of vital interest to women. Write for it and I will also tell you about my work. If you are perfectly well and your figure is just what you wish, you may be able to help a dear friend—at least you will help me by your interest in this great movement for greater culture, refinement and beauty in woman.

**Sit down and write me NOW. Don't wait—you may forget it.** I have had a wonderful experience and I should like to tell you about it.

**Susanna Cocroft**

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Miss Cocroft is a college bred woman. She is the recognized authority upon the scientific care of the health and figure of woman.

Look for the Name Yale on Locks and Hardware

# YALE



**T**HERE are just two ways of getting through a door guarded by a Yale Padlock:

Break down the door—or use the key that fits the lock.

Yale Padlocks are made in sizes for every need. Many can be master-keyed.

If you want a padlock that you can put on guard in the certain knowledge that it will stay on guard, go to the nearest good hardware store and pick out a lock marked with the name Yale.

#### Yale Hardware

The period designs in Yale Hardware permit of furnishing a house to the last detail in perfect harmony with its general architectural treatment.

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They shut the doors silently, but with a firm push which never fails. Made in sizes and styles to meet all requirements.

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The Yale Cylinder Night-latch No. 44 is a combination night-latch and dead-lock, offering in the most convenient form the highest security known.

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Makers of YALE Products in Canada

General Offices and Works: St. Catharines, Ont.

C-101





**Raglan and  
Chesterfield Novelties**

In light weight Overcoats for Autumn Wear.

The time has come for you to make your selection—How about it? We are showing the latest models made from Heather mixed Homespun Tweeds in pebble coloring effects, which are chic and seasonable.

Most popular lines are

**\$18.00, \$20.00 and \$25.00.**

OBTAINABLE AT TORONTO SHOPS:  
22 King St. W.; 102 Yonge St.; 426 Yonge St.  
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**P. BELLINGER, Prop.**

*And at shops of Fashion Craft  
throughout the Dominion.*

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**JAN-16** 28 DAYS  
**FEB-20** \$175 UP  
**MAR-27** 16 DAYS  
\$145 UP



**S.S. "Grosser Kurfürst"**

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South America

Write for Booklets Rates, Diagrams, Etc.

## INDEPENDENT AROUND-THE-WORLD TRIPS \$618

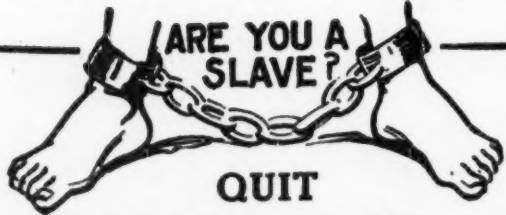
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**ITALY — EGYPT — INDIA**  
Modern Twin-Screw Steamers; Luxurious Surroundings; Unexcelled Cuisine; Light, Atry Cabins. Unusually Low Rates to Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania, via Europe and Suez Canal.

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Write for "Around the World" Booklet

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### QUIT THE DRINK HABIT

In three days we can remove all desire for drink. Don't let a degrading habit rule your life where you can so easily be rid of it. No Hypodermic injections. No ill after effects. Complete cure on money back basis. Send us a card, call or telephone.

**NEAL INSTITUTE, A. T. Wilson, Manager**  
78 St. Albans Street TORONTO, ONT.

*The reliable inexpensive  
cleaning device —*

## BISSELL'S

### "Cyco" BALL-BEARING Carpet Sweeper

Other cleaning devices come and go, but the Bissell Sweeper withstands all competition, always emerging with increased prestige and a broader measure of public favor. The reasons for this are very plain and simple. The Bissell Sweeper occupies a distinct field of usefulness that no other cleaning device covers, meeting a daily necessity of every home that cannot be practically compassed by expensive cleaning machines that are cumbersome to use; and beyond this, the "Bissell" gathers up miscellaneous litter that other devices cannot pick up—all of which is recognized by housewives generally. The dirt and dust problem has to be met every day in the year, not periodically; and the Bissell Sweeper is the only cleaning device which, on account of its lightness and efficiency, is practicable to use daily.

The very latest BALL-BEARING BISSELL costs but \$3.00 to \$4.75, and will last from five to fifteen years, according to care given it.

For sale by all the best trade. Write for free booklet, "Easy, Economical, Sanitary Sweeping."

**Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.**

Dept. 158

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Canadian Factory,  
Niagara Falls, Ont.


(20)

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expect to advance if you don't put forth an effort. You can become a first class Ad. Writer in three months by studying our lessons at home during your spare time

*The entire cost is only \$30, payable monthly.  
Shall we send you full particulars?*

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## VOL-PEEK

MENDS HOLES IN POTS AND PANS IN TWO MINUTES, WITHOUT TOOLS. MENDS Graniteware, tin, copper, brass, enamelware, etc. COST 15c per mend. A 15c package mends 30 holes. Sent prepaid anywhere on receipt of 15c.

**H. Nagle & Co. - Montreal**



## SUPERIOR

RUBBER & STEEL  
**MFG. CO. LIMITED** STAMPS  
93 CHURCH ST. STENCILS  
TORONTO. SEALS &



## Housewives Need Drudge No Longer

**LADIES, DID YOU READ WHAT BAILY MILLARD HAD TO SAY** in the August issue of this Magazine, on Page 159, PARTICULARLY THE LAST TWO PARAGRAPHS about the

# I.X.L. VACUUM CLOTHES WASHER

that **WASHES ANYTHING** from a Carpet to the **FINEST LACES** without injury? It only weighs  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lbs., and **WILL WASH** in ANYTHING that holds water (not necessary to have a washtub). Washes **NECKBANDS** and **WRISTBANDS PERFECTLY**—no Rubbing whatever Required.

**Washes a Tub of Clothes Perfectly in 3 Minutes**

**Not Only WASHES but RINSES and BLUES.**

You can also do all your **DRY CLEANING** of every description with this machine. A saving of **MANY DOLLARS** to you every year.

A **CHILD** can do any ordinary Family Washing and have it ready for the line in **HALF AN HOUR.**

Delivered to you all Charges paid on receipt of \$3.50 under **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE** if it does not do **ALL** we claim and **MORE.**

**SEND FOR IT TO-DAY.**

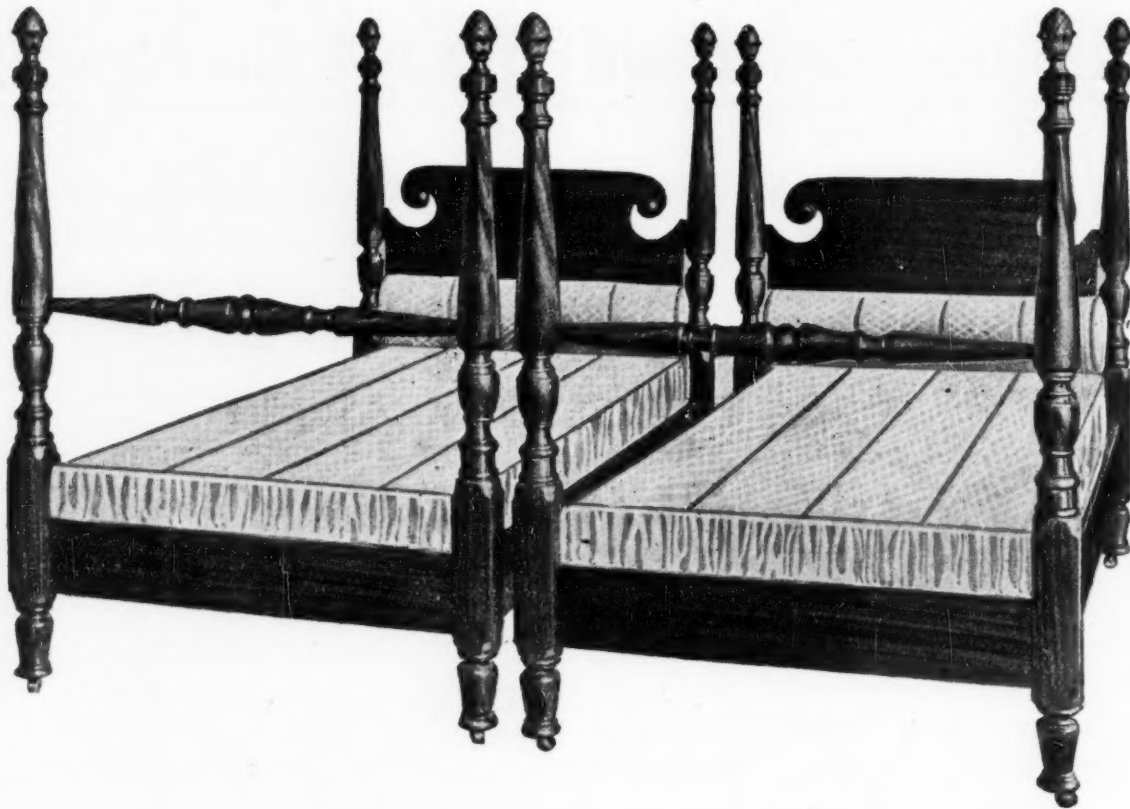
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Authorized Capital—\$100,000.00

Capital Fully Paid—\$55,000.00

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### Solid Mexican Mahogany

Four Poster Beds, at one time the envy of our master designers, are reproduced by us as near as consistent with modern requirements will permit. We make them both in single and double size and we also make the entire suite to harmonize.



For further information  
let us have your enquiries.



## THE TORONTO FURNITURE CO.

Toronto

∴

Canada

When writing advertisers kindly mention MacLean's Magazine.



# K-E-L-L-A-R-I-C

"The Mattress for Restful Sleep"



YOUR nightly rest is an important matter. On it depends your efficiency during the day and the condition of your health. Therefore let your mattress be of the best.

Cheap Mattresses are not economical. They are a waste of money, are not sanitary, and do not give proper satisfaction.

The Kellaric will last you a lifetime; the laced opening at the end proves the quality of the filling and a sleep on the Kellaric mattress is a real rest. A money back guarantee with each mattress.

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Write for Details and Prices to "Dept. K."

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**BERLIN BEDDING CO., Ltd.**  
BERLIN TORONTO

*This  
happens  
everywhere  
every  
day.*



**"I forget the name, but  
mother said it was pure  
gelatine."**

"Then, little girl, she must want Knox Pure Plain Sparkling Gelatine—but does your mother know about the Knox Pure Sparkling Acidulated Gelatine, that is also in great demand? It is the package with the separate envelope of pure lemon fruit juice and saves the cost, time and bother of squeezing lemons.

"This allows your mother the choice of using lemon jelly plain, or if she wishes it colored she can use the tablet of pink coloring that is enclosed in a separate envelope, or she can add any fresh fruit—which is always best—using the juices for coloring.

"With the Knox Acidulated as well as the Knox Plain Gelatine she can make desserts, salads, candles, ice cream and ices, and improve other dishes.

"Now, take this Knox Acidulated package home and I KNOW your mother will be more than pleased—the price is just the same as the Knox Plain Gelatine, and each package makes two quarts—one-half gallon of jelly."

### **Knox Recipe Book FREE**

Contains over 100 recipes for Desserts, Salads, Candies, Jellies, Puddings, Ice Creams, Sherbets, etc. Sent FREE for your grocer's name.

Pint sample of Acidulated Gelatine  
for 2c stamp and grocer's name.

**CHARLES B. KNOX CO.**

502 Knox Avenue      Johnstown, N.Y.  
Branch Factory: Montreal.



# **Chiclets**

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

**The Dainty Mint Covered  
Candy Coated  
Chewing Gum**

Chiclets are the refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. Served at swagger luncheons, teas, dinners, card parties. The only chewing gum that ever received the unqualified sanction of best society. It's the peppermint—the true mint.

Look for the Bird Cards in the packages. You can secure a beautiful Bird Album free.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores  
5c. the Ounce and in 5c.,  
10c. and 25c. Packets

SEN-SEN CHICLET  
COMPANY  
Metropolitan Tower  
New York







## Good For The Family

**St. Vincent Arrowroot** is an ideal food for family use. It makes the most delicious puddings, custards, blanc manges, etc. It is largely used by the best manufacturers of biscuits and chocolate confectionery. A nourishing wholesome food for growing boys and girls. A pleasing and easily digestible food for the baby, as well as for the adult.

**St. Vincent Arrowroot** is the solution to the oft repeated question. "What for dessert?" It lends itself with greatest ease to the preparation of dainty palate pleasing dishes.

Try it once and you will always use it.

Ask your grocer about **ST. VINCENT ARROWROOT**.

**SEND US YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS FOR OUR BOOK OF RECIPES, A USEFUL HAND BOOK FOR THE KITCHEN.**

**St. Vincent Arrowroot  
Growers' and  
Exporters' Association**

**Kingstown, St. Vincent, B.W.I.**

Or the Agents, Wallace Anderson, Toronto  
or L. H. Millar, Hamilton, Canada



which whets the appetite and precedes the enjoyment of a delicious meal accompanies every dish of

## Fearman's "Star" Bacon

the bacon with the sweet, satisfying flavor.

Made from the best Canadian hogs and sugar-cured under Government inspection, it is an excellent breakfast food of high nutritive value.

**ASK YOUR DEALER FOR FEARMAN'S**

**The F. W. Fearman Co.**

**Hamilton**

**Limited**

**Ontario**



## A Duplicate of Nature A PEMBER TOUPEE

Turns back the clock of life from ten to twenty years, can be parted anywhere and you cannot tell the difference from the human scalp. **WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.**

### THE PEMBER STORE

Next Yonge Street Arcade, 127-9 Yonge Street, Toronto

## MAY WE SEND YOU THIS BOOK FREE?

### "Why Man of To-day is Only 50% Efficient"

This book, written by a well-known physician, is a most interesting treatise on a subject of great importance; that of keeping up to "concert pitch" and securing that 100 per cent. of efficiency so necessary to meet successfully business or social requirements of the present age.

You will learn something about yourself that you never knew before by reading this book, which will be forwarded without cost if you mention MacLean's Magazine.

**CHAS. A. TYRRELL, M.D.**

Room 493, 280 College Street, Toronto



## When Giving a Party

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**WRITE FOR CATALOGUE "H" FOR STYLES  
AND PRICES. WE WILL FORWARD THE NAME  
OF THE DEALER NEAREST TO YOU, WHERE YOU  
CAN CONVENIENTLY SEE THE TABLE.**

## Hourd & Company, Limited

Sole Canadian Licensees and Manufacturers

London, Canada



When writing advertisers kindly mention MacLean's Magazine.





**NEW CENTURY WASHER**

**The Springs do most of the Work**

The New Century Washer is paramount. There is no other washer that will so lighten household labor. The oil-tempered steel springs do the greater part of the work and the balance of the effort required is very easy when compared to the old-fashioned methods.

The New Century features are exclusive and patented. No other machine can have the rust-proof steel spring on the INSIDE of the tub to offset the pressure of the hoops from the OUTSIDE and prevent warping.

See the New Century at your dealer's or write to us for full information.

**Cummer-Dowswell Ltd.**  
Hamilton, - Ontario.

**There Is Beauty In Every Jar**

**SENSITIVE** skin needs the protection of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Tan, sunburn, redness and chapping are overcome by its use, and dry or sagging tissues are toned and strengthened.

**Ingram's Milkweed Cream**

**50 cents—\$1.00**

Applied night and morning it softens, whitens and beautifies the skin. It is absorbed quickly by the skin, which is never sticky, shiny or greasy after its use, requires no rubbing, therefore does not enlarge or exaggerate the pores of the skin.

Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder is powdered perfection for the complexion; light and adhesive, yet without artificial effect. Price 50c at drug store or by mail postpaid. A handsome Vanity Box FREE, with Ingram's Souveraine.

Let us prove to you the value of Ingram's Toilet Specialties by a personal test; write us your druggist's name and address, and receive free, a box of samples. Or enclose 10c and we will mail them direct. Address

**7 Ouellette Ave. - Windsor, Ont.**  
**Frederick F. Ingram Company,**



**SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOME**

**The Invincible Junior**

**SAVES MONEY, TIME AND LABOR**

**IT EATS DIRT**



The Invincible Junior is really a household necessity and should be in every home where Health is desired. Air cleaning is the only healthful way. Brooms and dusters merely raise and scatter dust. Invincible Junior consumes it. Every particle of dust, microbes and insects are eliminated, none can escape, leaving the house sweet and clean.

Then its Economy recommends the Invincible Junior to thrifty housewives. With it you can have your home perfectly clean, with less cost, less labor and time than by the old unsatisfactory methods. Efficiency is also considered.

The Invincible Junior will give life-long service, is quite simple to operate, so simple that a child can operate. It is easily carried from room to room, and works silently. It is the perfect Machine for cleaning the house.

**WRITE FOR FULL PARTICULARS. SEE SOME OF OUR DESIGNS. OUR PRICES WILL PLEASE YOU. WRITE TO-DAY FOR CATALOGUE "R."**

**Invincible Renovator Manufacturing Co., Limited**  
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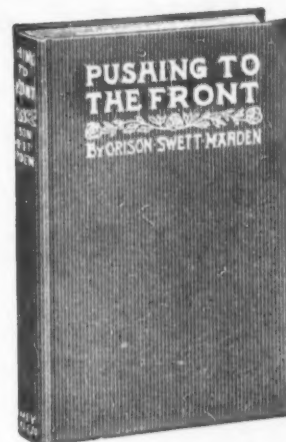
It tells the romance of achievement, and by anecdotes and concrete examples shows how successful men and women of all times and countries have in a discouraging environment, and in the face of formidable obstacles, struggled and won out.

Among its tonic chapter titles are:

What Career?—Victory in Defeat—Concentrated Energy—Nerve—Grit, Grip, Pluck—Cheerfulness and Longevity—The Triumph of Enthusiasm—The Man and the Opportunity—The Reward of Perseverance—Possibilities in Spare Moments—Self-Respect and Self-Confidence—Boys With No Chance.

President McKinley said: "I have read with unusual interest 'Pushing to the Front.' It cannot but be an inspiration to every one who reads it, and who is possessed of an honorable and high ambition."

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**M**ANY of the writer's most forceful and helpful "Talks to Young Men" have been gathered into this volume. It has been called "the most practical book the author has ever written." It deals with problems of practical life. It is a strong plea for self investment, an appeal to make the most of oneself. It shows a boy how to choose upward, how to find his right place, and how to keep it. Among its sixty-three chapter titles are:

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A Divine Hunger for Growth. Character Building and Mind Moulding through Reading.

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Avoid Misfit Professions. When It Is Right to Change.

The Value of Business Training.

How Shall I Get a Position?

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Promotion Comes from Exceptional Work.

Shall I Go Into Business for Myself?

The Importance of Self-Confidence.

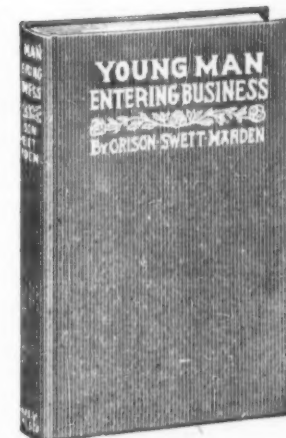
Wasting Our Energy—Capital. The Side-tracked Man.

Chronic Leaners. Trying Something "For a While."

Misers of Time. System and Order.

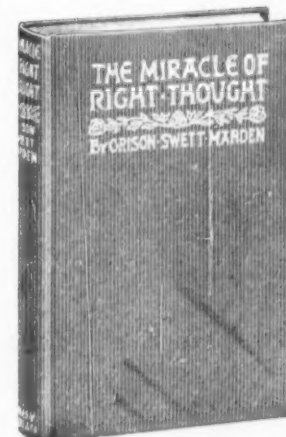
Other Men's Brains. What is the Matter with Your Help?

Sensitiveness and Success. Be Fair with Your Competitors.



## The Miracle of Right Thought

**T**HE wholesome creed of which this stimulating book is an exposition is in effect that "whatever the soul is taught to expect, that it will build. Our heart longings are prophecies. They measure the height of our aim, the range of our efficiency." As an example, if we seek to be prosperous, we should look forward to prosperity as an assured fact. Prosperity and success are impossible if the mental attitude is hostile to them. No one can become well-to-do while he expects to remain poor. This is only one application of the theory enunciated. The chapter headings indicate other points made: "Self-Encouragement by Self-Suggestion," "Change the Thought, Change the Man," "The Power of Suggestion," etc. The book is certain to strike a responsive chord among the multitude of readers of Dr. Marden's inspiring works.



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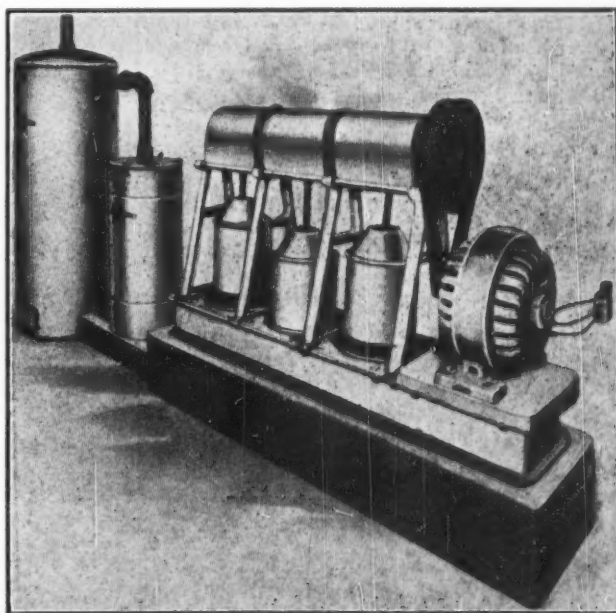
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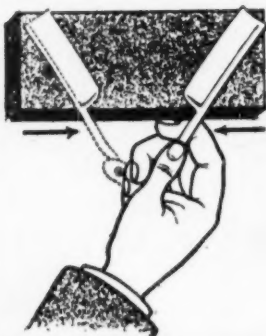
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and can play on the carpet without danger from disease germs. Germ-laden dust stirred up is dangerous to health. The Sunday Vacuum Cleaner rids the whole house of dust. It gathers up the dust instead of just scattering it around. You cannot try a better cleaner anywhere at any price.

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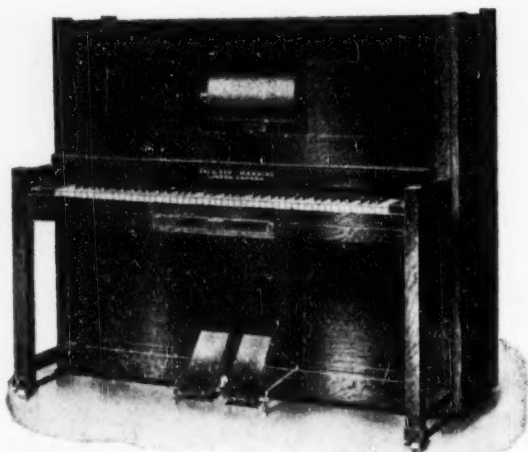
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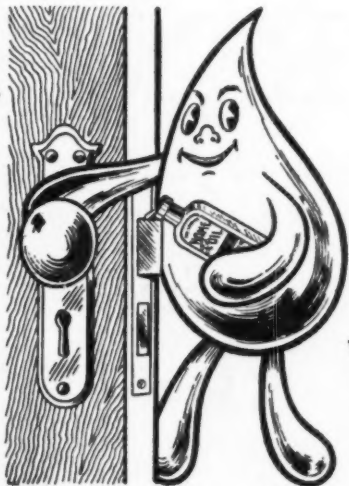
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Largest Manufacturers of  
Vibrators

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**Kills Rats  
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It mummifies them. No matter where they die, they simply DRY UP. Positively do not smell.

Will not kill cats, dogs or man.

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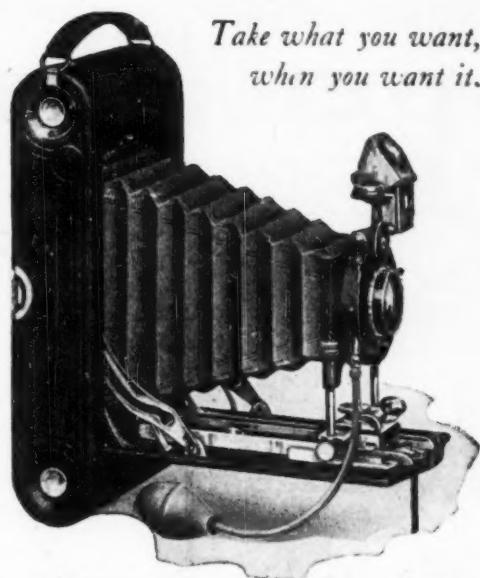
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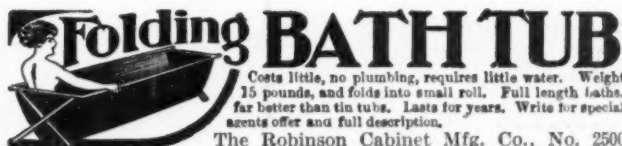
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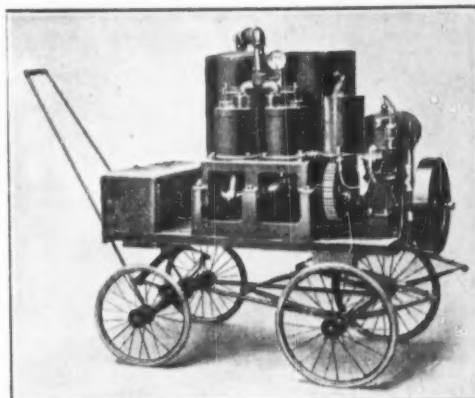
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Your Druggist will confirm our statement that they do not contain anything that can harm heart or nervous system. 25c. a box.

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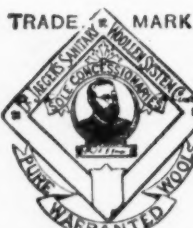
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25¢ TALCUM POWDER - 25¢  
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"I always drink 'Adanac' because it is the purest, most invigorating and delightfully refreshing water."

**AND REMEMBER**

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Don't use petty, unscientific treatments. Such things bring only brief relief, and the corn goes on forever.

The modern way is Blue-jay. It is used today on a million corns a month.



It stops the pain instantly. Then a wonderful wax—the B & B wax—gently undermines the corn.

Within 48 hours the corn lifts out, without any pain or soreness.

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A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.  
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.  
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.  
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

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Imitations  
Sold  
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A BIG BRACING TONIC

is heartily endorsed by leading medical practitioners for its wonderful health-giving, strength-imparting and invigorating qualities.

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I congratulate you on having filled with the greatest of care a time-honored prescription which is approved by the Medical Profession.

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ALL DRUGGISTS

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Absorbed into the system while you rest or sleep.

Revitalizing the human organism by Nature's own process.

Eliminating disease without drugs or medicines.

Safe, quickly and easily applied, and always ready for use for grown persons or children.

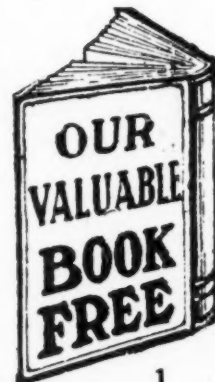
Oxydonor makes its possessor master of his or her own health all the time—a preventive of disease and destroyer of sickness, so simple a child can apply it. No expense after the purchase price, no drugs or medicines, pills, plasters, massage or batteries. But a rational, natural means for making sick people well, discovered and perfected by an eminent physician, and endorsed by physicians.

Write us if you value your health and that of your family and friends. Send 4 cents in stamps to-day for our wonderful free book.

The genuine is plainly stamped with the name of the discoverer and inventor—Dr. H. Sanche. Patented by the Canadian Government.

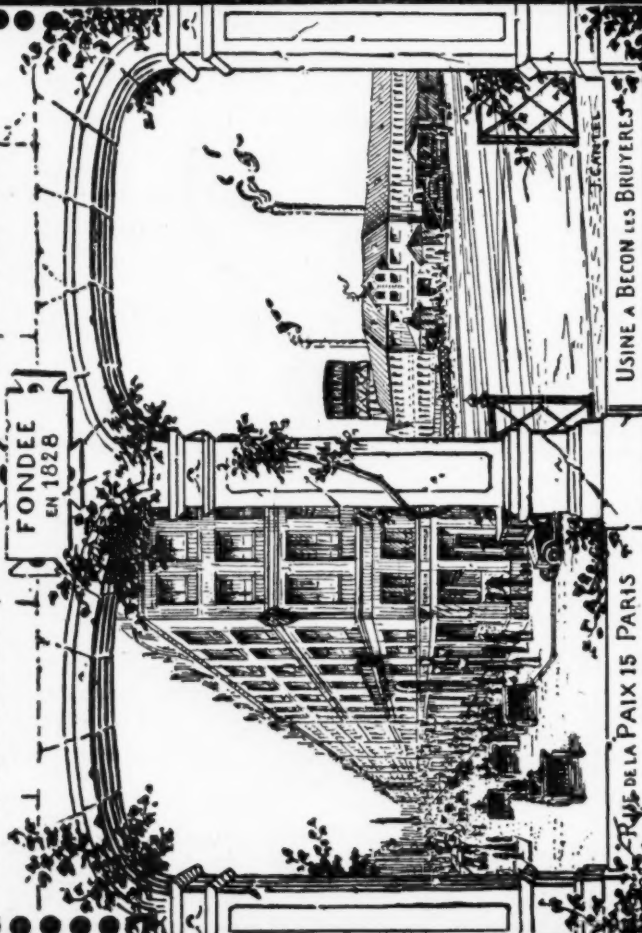
**DR. H. SANCHE & COMPANY**

Dept. 10 364 West St. Catherine Street, Montreal, Can.



# GUERLAIN

FONDEE  
EN 1828



RUE DE LA PAIX 15 PARIS

USINE A BECON LES BRUYERES

*With his most respectful compliments Guerlain calls the attention of his fashionable customers to the following list of his productions:—*

Parfums pour le Vapourisateur :

Quand vient l'été.

Rue de la Paix.

Après l'Onnée.

Sillage.

Bon Vieux Temps.

Jicky.

Chypre de Paris.

Tsao-Ko.

Eau de Cologne Hegemonienne.

Eau de Cologne Imperiale.

Eau de Toilette Gardénia.

Eau du Coq.

Sapoceti, savon pour la toilette.

Crème de fraises.

Crème Secret de Bonne Femme.

Poudre Ladies in all Climates.

Rose du Moulin (rouge pour le visage).





# BEAUTY

is only skin deep—BUT

who that can possess it would be without it? It is a gift endowed by nature and one of which care should be taken. Your skin may not be as clear as it might be, but we can remove moles, birth-marks, abrasions of the skin, cure acne or any non-contagious skin trouble. Your hair can be made bright, glossy and thick by our simple and scientifically safe methods. We have hundreds of pleased patrons who can recommend our methods.

Send for our catalogue "D," which is extremely interesting to any who care about their personal appearance. It will be sent in plain envelope.

**Hiscott Dermatological Institute**  
65 College Street, Toronto



*"Challenge"*

BRAND

**WATERPROOF  
COLLARS and CUFFS**

have banished Collar Trouble. Look like the best linen and wear far better. The Ideal Collar for hot weather. Are Waterproof, and can be cleaned instantly with a damp cloth.

**TRY THEM YOURSELF THIS SEASON.**

Collars—25c. Pair of Cuffs—50c.

If your dealer can't supply, write us  
**THE ARLINGTON CO. of CANADA**  
LIMITED

54-56 Fraser Avenue F54 TORONTO



**A Half Inch of Cream  
A Few Movements of the Brush  
A Perfect Lather**

**Mennen's Shaving Cream**

"The Perfect Shaving Medium"

Applied directly on the face—lathers freely and instantly. Contains no free caustic and absolutely will not dry on nor smart the face—breaks down the beard without the usual "rubbing-in"—extremely economical—100 shaves per tube

—no waste—sanitary—antiseptic.

Mennen's Shaving Cream is not the hasty product of a day, but the result of three years' careful investigation and experimenting. The name Mennen is behind the cream.

For sale everywhere, 25c.  
Sample Tube, Free

**GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY**  
Newark, N.J.



# Monarch Knit

## The Popular Blazer Coat



Ask your dealer for this line manufactured by the Monarch Knitting Co., Ltd. Also our full fashioned Shaker coats. We manufacture all kinds of Sweater Coats and Knit Goods novelties. MONARCH KNIT is the standard for style, quality and workmanship. Ask your dealer for MONARCH KNIT.



### The Monarch Knitting Co., Ltd.

HEAD OFFICE; DUNNVILLE, ONT.

Factories at Dunnville, St. Thomas, St. Catharines, Buffalo

It will pay you to answer advertisements.





# Pen Angle Hosiery

You have never before had any certainty of fit and wear when you bought hosiery. You had to take your chances.

You no longer need do that. For now, at some reliable store near you, you can choose the hosiery that is **GUARANTEED—Pen-Angle Hosiery.**

We can safely guarantee Pen-Angle Hosiery for several reasons. In our gigantic mills we knit this hosiery on machines for which we have the sole Canadian rights.

With these machines we fit the hosiery to the exact form of the leg, ankle and foot—without a seam!

You need no argument to see that seamless hosiery must be more comfortable than the seamful, foot-wearying kind. Don't forget the name or how the trademark looks.

## FOR LADIES

**No. 1760**—"Lady Fair" Black Cashmere hose. Medium weight. Made of fine, soft cashmere yarns, 2-ply leg, 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving strength where needed. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, 3.00.

**No. 1020**—Same quality as 1760, but heavier. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, 1.50; 6 pairs, 3.00.

**No. 1150**—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight, 2-ply leg, 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, cardinal. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

**No. 1720**—Fine quality Cotton Hose. Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn with 3-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$1.50.

**No. 1175**—Mercerized. Same colors as 1720. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

## READ THIS REMARKABLE GUARANTEE

We guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to fit you perfectly, not to shrink or stretch, and the dyes to be absolutely fast. We guarantee them to wear longer than any other cashmere or cotton hosiery sold at the same prices. If, after wearing Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery any length of time, you should ever find a pair that fails to fulfill this guarantee in any particular, return the same to us and we will replace them with TWO new pairs free of charge.

## ORDER THIS WAY

Ask at the store first. If they cannot supply you, state number, size of shoe or stocking and color of hosiery desired and enclose price, and we will fill your order postpaid. Remember we will fill no order for less than one box and only one size in a box. **BE SURE TO MENTION SIZE.**

## FOR MEN

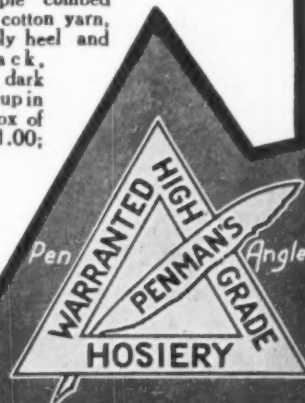
**No. 2404**—Medium weight Cashmere, 2-ply Botany yarn with special "Everlast" heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle, pearl gray, slate, oxblood, helio, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

**No. 500**—"Black Knight" winter weight black Cashmere half-hose, 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool, 9-ply silk splice heels and toes. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

**No. 1090**—Cashmere half-hose. Same quality as 500, but lighter weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

**No. 330**—"Everlast" Cotton Socks. Medium weight. Made from four-ply long staple combed Egyptian cotton yarn, with six-ply heel and toes. Black, light and dark tan. Put up in boxes; Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

**PENMANS LIMITED,**  
Dept. 67, Paris, Canada



# NEW FICTION

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## FALL 1912

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### THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND

By George Barr M'Cutcheon  
Cloth, \$1.25

### THE CLOSING NET

By Henry C. Rowland  
Cloth, \$1.25

### CEASE FIRING

By Mary Johnston  
Cloth, \$1.50

### THE INNER FLAME

By Clara Louise Burnham  
Cloth, \$1.25

### THE WILD COTTERS

By S. A. White  
Cloth, \$1.25

### THE LONG PATROL

By A. C. Cody  
Cloth, \$1.25

### THE BLACK CREEK STOPPING HOUSE

By Nellie L. M'Clung  
Author of  
"Sowing Seeds in Danny"  
Cloth, \$1.00, net

### GEORGE HELM

By David Graham Phillips  
Cloth, \$1.25

### CORPORAL CAMERON

By Ralph Connor  
Cloth, \$1.25; Cloth Gilt, \$1.50;  
Leather Yapp, \$2.00

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## Important Announcement

### "REMINISCENCES"

By The Right Hon. Sir Richard Cartwright  
Cloth, \$2.75, net postpaid

The record of the life work of this grand old statesman.  
The most important book of the season.

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At all Booksellers or from

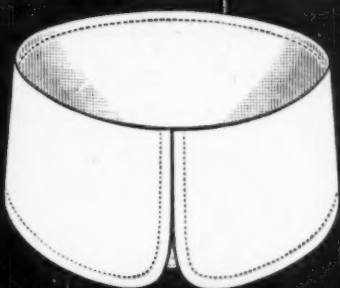
## WILLIAM BRIGGS

Publisher

29-37 RICHMOND ST. W.

TORONTO





RED-MAN BRAND  
BAYWOOD

Trade *EW* Mark

A high close front collar. Same model as our famous "Graywood," only higher. The swellest high close front collar made in America. This model made the Red-Man brand famous in one season.

SOLD IN BEST STORES IN CANADA.

EARL & WILSON,

New York

\$10

Send for new catalog

\$10

DIAMONDS  
RINGS. WATCHES,  
ETC.

\$10

United Watch & Jewelry Co.  
3 Bay St., Toronto



**BIG VALUE FOR 10 CENTS.**

20 Popular Songs with words and music, 20 Stories of Adventure, 25 Pictures of Pretty Girls, 20 new Games for young folks, 25 Pictures of the Presidents, 50 Ways to Make Money, 1 great Joke Book, 1 Book on Love and Courtship, 1 Book on Magic, 1 Book on Letter Writing, 1 Dream Book and Fortune Teller, 1 Cook Book, 1 Base Ball Book, gives rules for all popular games, 100 Conundrums, 50 Verses for Autograph Albums. Cut this out and return to us with ten cents and we will send all the above by mail at once.

No stamps taken. George Grattan, New Glasgow, Que., Can.



**DON'T WORRY  
OVER LITTLE THINGS**

Don't let a contrary tie wear your nerves out. It is a waste of time and a damage to the tie. Get the Oxford Tie Holder. Costs only 25c, but saves dollars' worth of irritation and worry.

Ask your dealer  
to write to us.

THE OXFORD  
Novelty Mfg. Co.  
Owen Sound, Ont.



LOOK FOR THE SHEEP  
ON EVERY GARMENT



**CEETEE**

**PURE WOOL  
UNDERWEAR**

**YOU CAN FACE ALL SORTS OF WEATHER**

with immunity if you are properly clothed.

The basis of all clothing is, of course, the underwear.

The only material that will protect you against the sudden changes from heat to cold or from cold to heat, without harm, is pure, clean wool.

All medical men advise woolen material to be worn next the skin. It absorbs the perspiration rapidly and evenly, and does not get clammy and damp, as does any material which is made from vegetable products.

**"CEETEE" PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR**

is manufactured from only the finest of the finest Australian Merino Wool.

This wool is combed and scoured and combed until every particle of foreign matter is taken out and every strand of wool is as clean as it is possible to be made. It is put through process after process on expensive and exclusive machinery, and when finished each garment is in such a state of perfection that it has earned a reputation of being unequalled the world over.

Each garment is full fashioned and made to fit the human form. Every join is carefully knitted together, not sewn, as with ordinary underwear.

**WORN BY THE BEST PEOPLE—SOLD BY THE BEST DEALERS.**

Made in all sizes and weights for men, women and children.

**THE C. TURNBULL CO. OF GALT, LIMITED**  
Manufacturers, GALT, ONTARIO

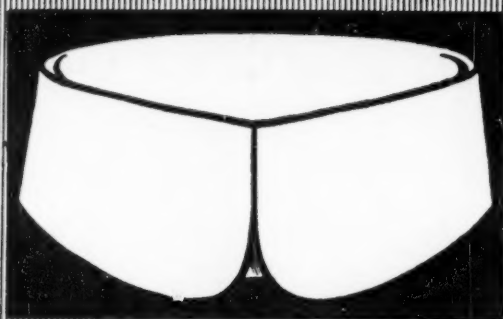
Also manufacturers of Turnbull's high class ribbed underwear for ladies and children and Turnbull's "M" Bands for infants.

544

When writing advertisers kindly mention MacLean's Magazine.

# Tooke

## COLLARS



The most  
successful collar  
idea we have ever

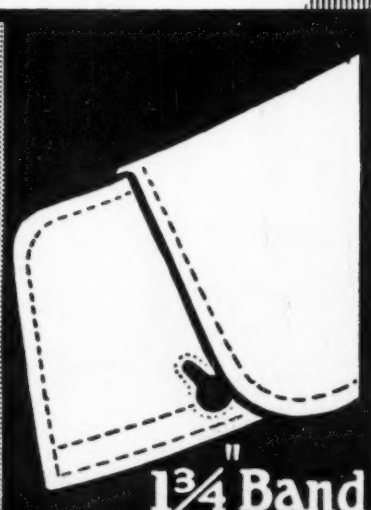
brought out is the new

### Tooke Lock Buttonhole

It is easy to button, and gives the very  
close front effect so much desired.

$\frac{1}{4}$  Sizes—They Fit

**S**AKTA  
MADE WITH  
THE LOCK  
BUTTONHOLE  
**2** for **25** ¢



$1\frac{3}{4}$ " Band



## A MAN MUST BE PUZZLED

when choosing a razor with so wide a range to choose from. To be certain of procuring a Razor that will give absolute satisfaction look for the Barrel Brand. It is your safeguard against dissatisfaction. Insist on getting Barrel Brand Razors. Sold where quality is demanded.

**GREEFF-BREDT & CO.,**  
TORONTO  
Canadian Agents



*Charmeuse* by Lejeune  
Folio size, 45 cents,  
Painted in Oil Colors,  
\$3.25.

With nice frame \$4.25, post free.  
Sample collection of Photos and Post Cards at \$1, \$2, \$3, \$5, \$10, etc. Views of France, 20 cards, 55c; 20 celebrated Cathedrals, 20 Castles, 55 each set. Switzerland, 25 superior color views, \$1. Postage to France, 5c.

ER. WEISS, PUBLISHER,  
23 Rue d'Engliem, Paris, France.

### Parisian Fine Art Photos

Paintings, Gravures, Statues for Collectors, Artists Framing, etc. **SPLENDID CATALOG** with 600 illustrations is sent for 50c in money order or 55c in stamps. Beautiful collections of Illustrated Postcards of every kind, sup. children series at 30c the set.

Art Studies, Miniature Portraits in Semi, Real Enamel and Ivory. Enlargements of portraits in black and colors. Reproductions of all European Art Galleries.



## Don't Lose Your Hair

Your hair requires attention. Give it a chance to grow. Danderoff will keep your hair in a clean, glossy, healthy condition. It removes danderoff and helps the hair to grow.

Try it at the barber shop. Money refunded if no benefit.

C. Hughel & Co. 417 Queen St. E. Toronto

# Y.S.C.

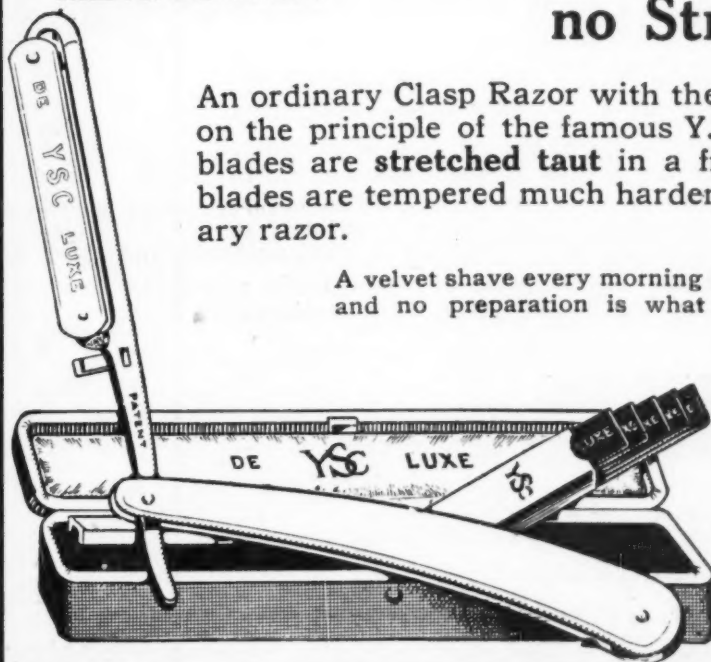
RAZOR DE LUXE.

JUST  
AN

# ORDINARY RAZOR

that needs

## no Stropping or Setting



An ordinary Clasp Razor with the convenience of a Safety. Made on the principle of the famous Y.S.C. Safety. Thin double edged blades are **stretched taut** in a frame by a powerful lever. The blades are tempered much harder than is possible with an ordinary razor.

A velvet shave every morning of your life, with no trouble and no preparation is what this razor means to you.

### PRICES:

In pull-off Case and 6 Blades - - \$3.75

Silver Plated, in Leather Case, and 8 Blades - - \$6.00

Extra Blades, per packet of 8, 75c.

**YORKSHIRE STEEL CO., LTD.**

9 Dept.

132 Bay Street

Toronto

Say you saw the ad. in MacLean's Magazine.

# A NEWSPAPER ROMANCE

## Fact Not Fiction

"First in War, First in Peace,  
First in the Hearts of Its Countrymen."

### Ch. No. I. FACT NUMBER ONE

The circulation of the "Montreal Witness" has been increased over 70 per cent. above that of the preceding twelve months—and that, without the offer of prizes, premiums or commissions—its friends taking that method of expressing their affection for it. And since the circulation has been secured on the intrinsic merit of the "Witness" as a great, independent and national newspaper, and through the introduction of its friends to their friends of like tastes, the increased circulation is naturally permanent.

### Ch. No. II. FACT NUMBER TWO

We have secured the services of a most successful Canadian circulation manager—a man with large experience first in this country and later for years in the United States. A man who abhors tricks as we do, and who, confidently depending on the intrinsic merits of the "Witness" and his own large experience of circulation promotion, enters upon his duties in September assured of success. He will, of course, require a large appropriation to provide for rapid organization and development.

### Ch. No. III. FACT NUMBER THREE

The publishers have decided to expend an additional hundred thousand dollars a year in securing experts for all departments, for increased equipment, and for improving and enlarging the "Witness" itself.

### Ch. No. IV. FACT NUMBER FOUR

Contractors are at the present moment pushing forward with all possible speed an addition to the present building, which will provide nearly ten thousand feet more floor space, and arrangements have been made for a large increase of electric power to drive the increasing machinery.

### Ch. No. V. FACT NUMBER FIVE

But where is the enormous amount of money coming from for all these improvements, enlargements and unprecedented development? The property on which the "Witness" buildings stand belongs personally to Mr. Dougall. This property has suddenly and quite recently come into the limelight as one of the most valuable and largest available properties in the centre of the Canadian metropolis. This gives Mr. Dougall a financial position that he has never had before, and he is prepared, if necessary, to devote every available dollar to building up the "Witness." In devoting this large amount of new money, Mr. Dougall is assured of the further devotion and increased co-operation of the friends of independent journalism everywhere. And he will surely have this continued co-operation.

### Ch. No. VI. FACT NUMBER SIX

We are preparing a new advertising tariff which will go into effect before long. Enough said—and it is all true.

**JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS**

WITNESS BLOCK, MONTREAL

(Experts of good character wanted in all departments. Address, with full particulars, the General Manager, P.O. Box 3116, Montreal.)

WATCH  
THE

W  
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Growing  
Better





The Remington Cubs find that they will shoot where you hold.

Shoot to Hit

More—Their Use Guarantees the Life—the Continued Accuracy of Your Gun.

96 years of gun-making—50 years of cartridge-making have taught us

To make cartridges noted for straight-shooting—hard-hitting—sure-fire. To attain *ammunition accuracy* without impairing *gun accuracy*. To make for each kind of arm the cartridge it requires to *shoot its best*—and to keep *shooting its best*.

There is a **Remington-UMC** cartridge specially made for *your rifle—your pistol*. Every **Remington-UMC** cartridge is tested in the arm for which it is made.

Our Guarantee is behind these cartridges—and behind any standard arm, to the full extent of the maker's own guarantee, when these cartridges are used.

Shoot the cartridges that shoot straight. Shoot the cartridges that keep your gun shooting straight. Shoot **Remington-UMC** cartridges.

**Remington-UMC** Hollow Point Cartridges in several calibres for various makes of arms are unequalled in shocking power—they cost only a trifle more.

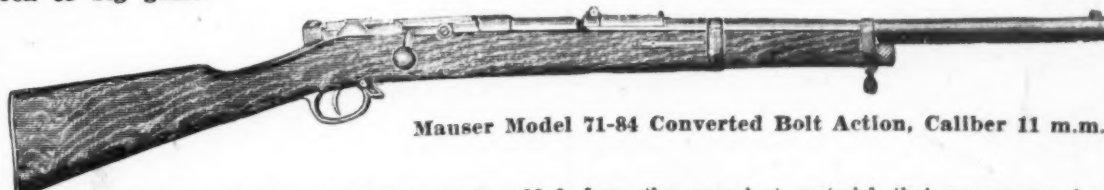
**Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co.**

299 Broadway

New York City

**THIS HIGH-GRADE FIVE-SHOT REPEATING RIFLE AND 20 CARTRIDGES FOR \$11.00**

Just the rifle to take with you on your hunting expedition, handy around the farm, in the bush, or in Search of big game.



Mauser Model 71-84 Converted Bolt Action, Caliber 11 m.m., or 43.

It is a rifle which originally cost \$25.00 to make. Made from the very best material that money can buy, has the Mauser type bolt lever repeating action, one of the strongest bolt actions made. Carries four cartridges in the magazine, and one in the chamber, making it a five shot repeating rifle. Guaranteed satisfactory and entirely unused. Length, 42 inches. Length of Barrel, 24 inches. Weight, 18½ lbs. Correctly sighted. Perfect safety device. Easily kept in order and preferable to many other repeating rifles of same calibre. Sent all charges paid to your nearest express office on receipt of price.

**McGILL CUTLERY CO., Reg'd., P.O. BOX 580, MONTREAL**

It will pay you to answer advertisements.

# Hotel and Travel Directory

WHEN IN DETROIT

STOP AT

## HOTEL TULLER

New and Absolutely Fireproof

In the centre of the  
Theatre,  
Shopping and  
Business District

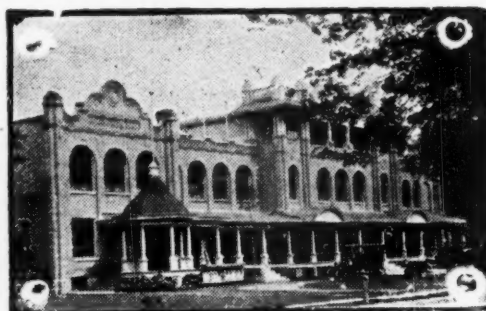
Has Large  
Convention Hall

"Grand  
Roof Garden  
Cafe"

Music from 6 p.m.  
to 12 p.m.



Every room has private bath  
European plan. Rates \$1.50 per day and up  
L. W. TULLER, Prop.



## Get a Fresh Start

You cannot do justice to your daily work in your run down condition of health and energy. Come to the Hotel Sanita and enjoy the mineral baths, excellent cuisine and homelike comfort and quietness. Especially desirable for grip men.

Send for our illustrated and descriptive booklet and let us tell you about the attractive scenery and pleasures in the vicinity of the Hotel Sanita.

**CHATHAM  
MINERAL SPRINGS HOTEL**  
CHATHAM, ONTARIO

## HOTEL CUMBERLAND

NEW YORK

Broadway at 54th Street



Near 50th St. Subway  
Station and 53rd St.  
Elevated.

"Broadway" Cars from  
Grand Central Depot  
pass the door.

New and Fireproof

Best Hotel Accommodations in New York  
at Reasonable  
Rates.

\$2.50 with bath  
and up.

European Plan  
All Hardwood Floors  
and Oriental Rugs

Ten minutes' walk  
to thirty Theatres

Excellent Restaurant. Prices Moderate.

Send for Booklet.

HARRY P. STIMSON, Formerly with Hotel Imperial.  
Only New York Hotel window-screened throughout

## THE Continental Hotel

CHESTNUT STREET, CORNER OF NINTH

Philadelphia

Remodeled. Refurnished.  
400 Rooms, 200 with bath.  
Rates, \$1.50 to \$5.00.  
European Plan.

The Best Cafe in the City.

FRANK KIMBLE, Manager



## HOTEL LENOX

BUFFALO, N.Y.



### BUFFALO'S LEADING TOURIST HOTEL

Hotel Lenox is modern, fireproof and beautifully located. It is popular with tourists because of its fair rates, courteous treatment and complete equipment. The cuisine and service are the best obtainable.

**EUROPEAN PLAN**—\$1.50 per day and up  
**Special Weekly and Monthly Rates**

Write for complimentary "Guide of Buffalo and Niagara Falls." also for **SPECIAL TAXICAB ARRANGEMENT.**

**C. A. MINER, Manager.**



### WINDSOR HOTEL

New Westminster, B.C.

P. O. Bilodeau, - Proprietor  
Phone 188. P.O. Box 573

Rates: American Plan, \$1.50 to \$2.50.

European Plan, 75c. to \$1.50.

**WHEN IN REGINA, SASK.,  
STOP AT  
"THE WASCANA"**

Opposite C.P.R. Station. **RATES, \$3.00 up.**

## HOTEL PLANTERS

CHICAGO

John P. Harding, Directing Manager,  
CLARK and MADISON STREETS

Phones :- Randolph 4804 Auto 44-380

A new and strictly modern European plan hotel. Absolutely fireproof. Unsurpassed equipment and service. In the business district, centrally located to all theatres and railway stations. Rates reasonable.

One of Chicago's foremost restaurants in connection, offering unexcelled service at moderate prices.

*In the Heart of the City's Activities.*



### RATES

Rooms, one person  
bath detached  
\$1.00 to \$1.50

Rooms, one person  
with private bath  
\$1.50 to \$3.00

Rooms, two persons  
bath detached  
\$2.00 to \$3.00

Rooms, two persons  
with private bath  
\$3.00 to \$4.00

## Canadians In the Mediterranean

I am open for engagements to take tourists into any part of Spain, Portugal, Morocco. Have taken some Canadians to interesting parts seldom seen by even experienced tourists. By arranging in advance can meet the steamer and take parties.

**JOSEPH BUZAGLO, Family Courier, GIBRALTAR**

## Hotel Normandie

CONGRESS ST., NEAR  
WOODWARD AVENUE  
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

GEORGE FULWELL, Proprietor

European Plan \$1.00  
to \$2.50 Per Day

150 Rooms, 50 With Private Bath

Hot and Cold Water and Telephones in all rooms. A High Grade Cafe, Restaurant and Buffet in connection. Prices Moderate.

# 50 SWITZERLANDS IN ONE

## Emerald Lake.

One of the most exquisite gems of scenery on the American Continent. Situated near Field in the Canadian Rockies. Its waters are of an emerald hue, and the ever changing lights and shadows produced by the reflections from the surrounding mountains create rare and vivid pictures.



## Emerald Lake.

To see this marvellous lake is to view nature's loveliest handiwork. A Chalet is located at the Lake and from here can easily be reached the celebrated Yoho Valley.

Write for copy of  
"The Challenge of  
the Mountains."

EMERALD LAKE  
CANADIAN ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Reached by the  
**CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY**

C. E. E. USHER, PASSENGER TRAFFIC MANAGER, MONTREAL

Reading advertisements is profitable to you.



For Your Vacation

## Go To BERMUDA

Tours Inc. Hotels, Shore Excursions, Lowest Rates.

Twin Screw S.S. "BERMUDIAN," 10,518 TONS displacement.

Bilge keels; electric fans; wireless telegraphy. Fastest, Newest and only Steamer landing passengers at the dock in Hamilton without transfer. Temperature cooler than in the Middle Atlantic Coast Resorts. Tennis, Golf, Fishing, Bathing, Sailing and Cycling.

## WEST INDIES

NEW S. S. "GUIANA" and other steamers fortnightly for St. Thomas, St. Croix, St. Kitts, Antigua, Guadeloupe, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbadoes and Demerara. For illustrated pamphlets apply to A. E. OUTERBRIDGE & CO., General Agents, Quebec S.S. Co., Ltd., 29 Broadway, New York.

Canadian Agents:

MONTREAL, P.Q., W. H. Clancy, 130 St. James St.; W. H. Henry, 286 St. James St.; Thos. Cook & Son, 530 St. Catherine West; J. G. Brock & Co., 211 Commissioner S.; Hone & Rivet, 9 St. Lawrence Boulevard.

TORONTO, ONT., A. F. Webster & Co., Cor. King and Yonge Streets; Thos. Cook & Son, 65 Yonge St.; R. M. Melville, Cor. Adelaide and Toronto Sts.; or any Ticket Agent, or QUEBEC S.S. Co., Ltd., Quebec.

### Carter's Bulbs and Carter's Grass Seeds

You are now arranging your fall gardening operations.

We are sole Canadian agents for the leading firm of scientific growers in the British Empire—James Carter & Co., London, England.

Carter's splendidly illustrated catalogues are always helpful and we want to have your address on our lists; send us a postcard by to-day's mail for particulars of Carter's Bulbs and Lawn Seeds.

**PATTERSON, WYLDE & CO.**

65 Front St. East, Toronto

Phone North 5749

And at Chamber of Commerce, Boston, Mass.

## Cure that Bunion

No need to suffer bunion torture another day.

**Dr. Scholl's Bunion Right**

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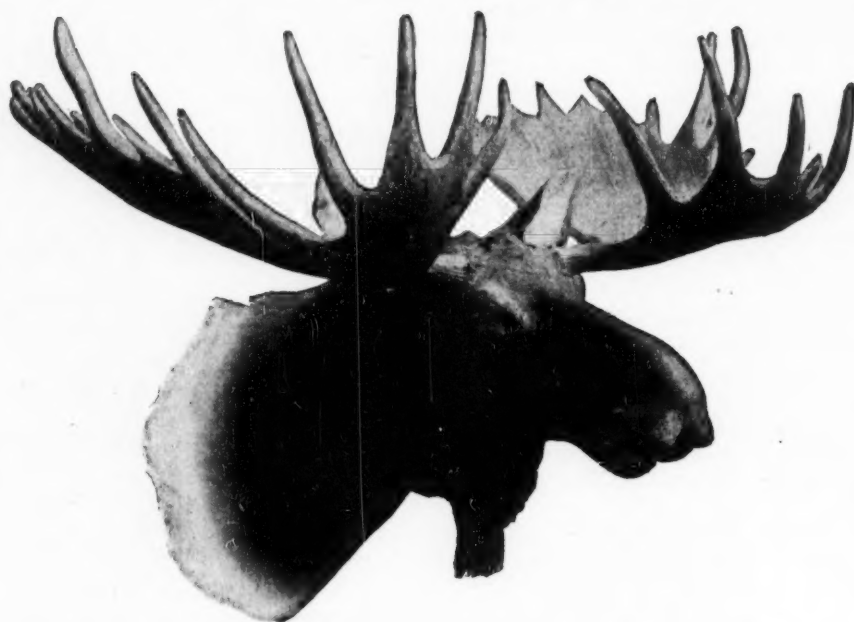
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## FOR BIG GAME



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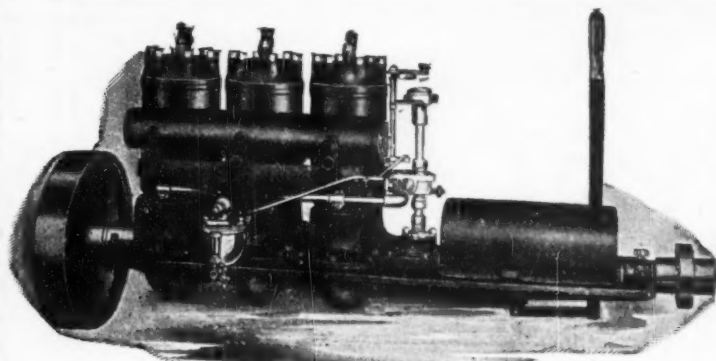
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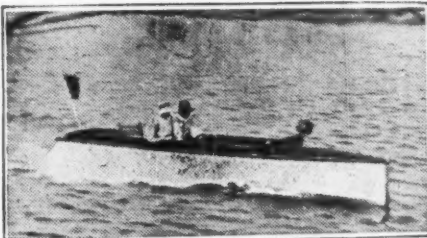
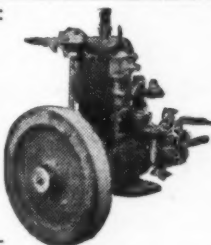
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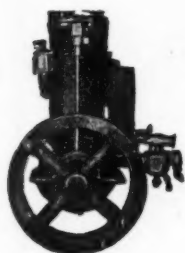
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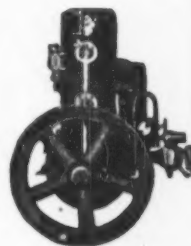


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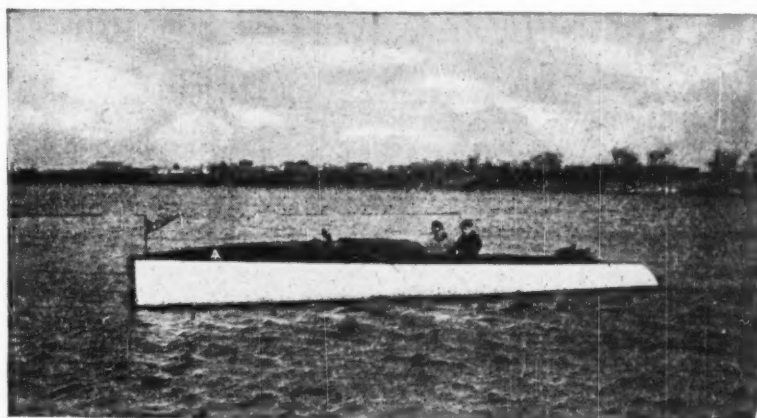


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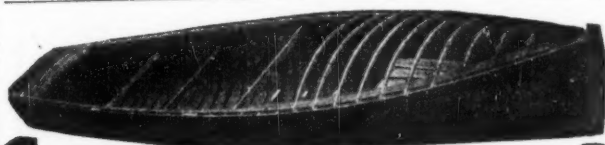
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17th Original Size

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## THE "SOVEREIGN" Hot Water Boiler For Winter Comforts

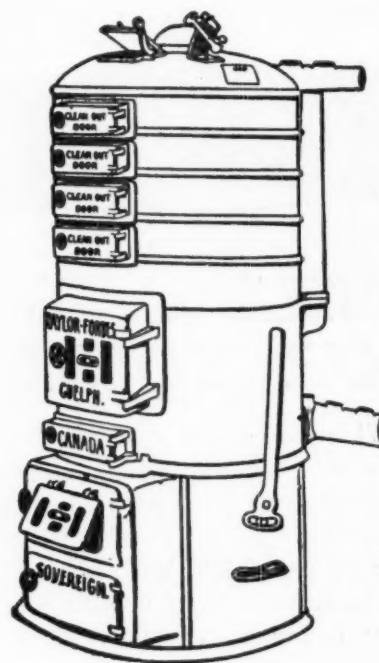
**T**HERE may not appear to be any very noticeable exterior difference between the "Sovereign" and other standard makes of hot water boilers—but there is a great difference, nevertheless, in heating capacity and coal consumption.

The difference is mainly in the Larger First Section of the "Sovereign," an improvement in the proportions of structure that quickens the circulation of the heating medium and increases the heating capacity of the boiler.

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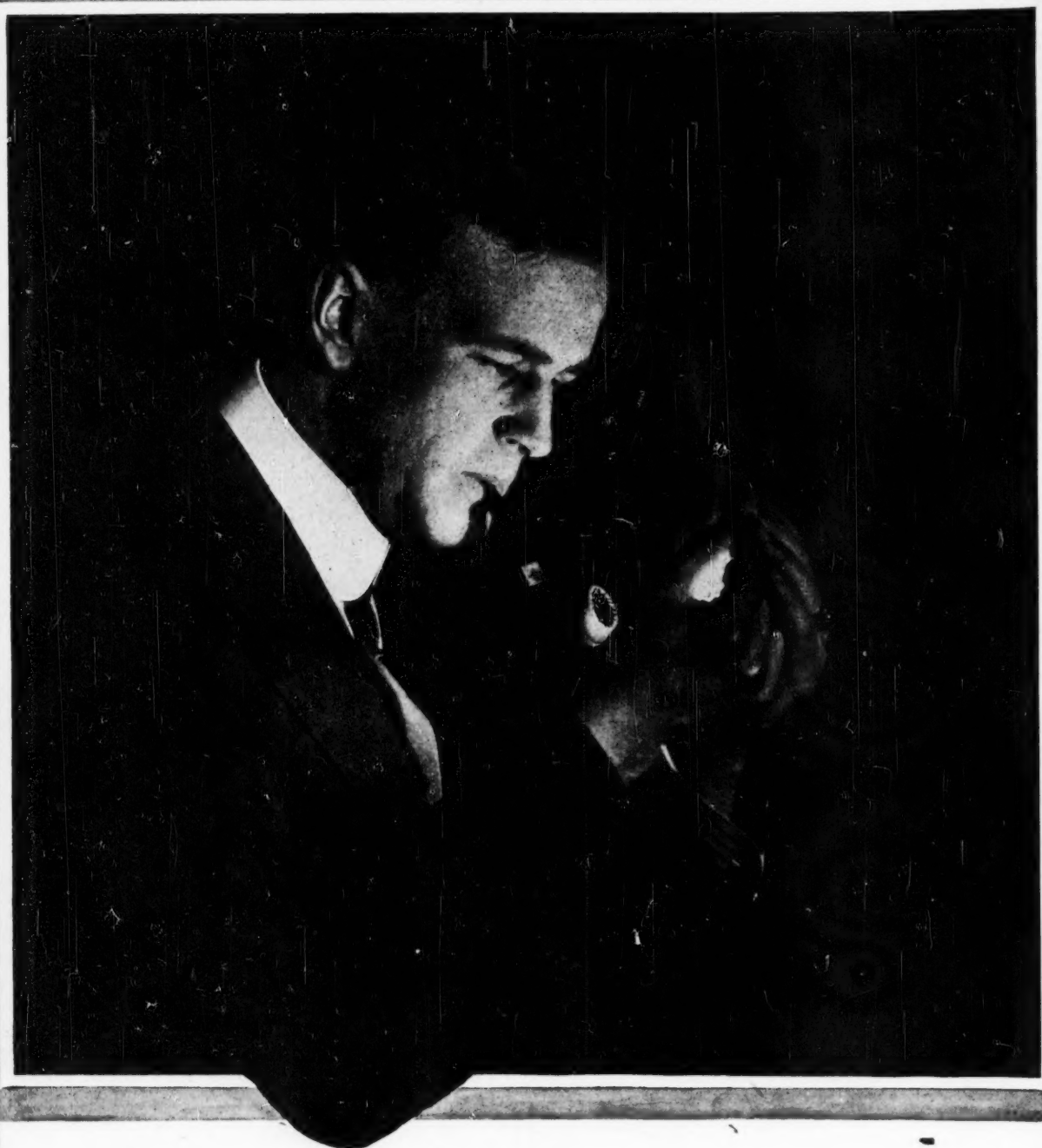
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Cast Iron and Steel Ranges to suit every taste and purse.  
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**USE**

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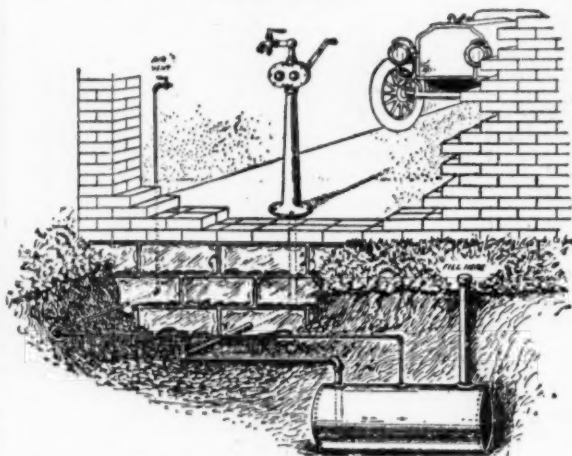
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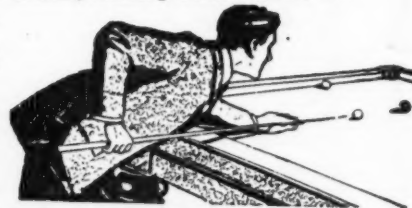
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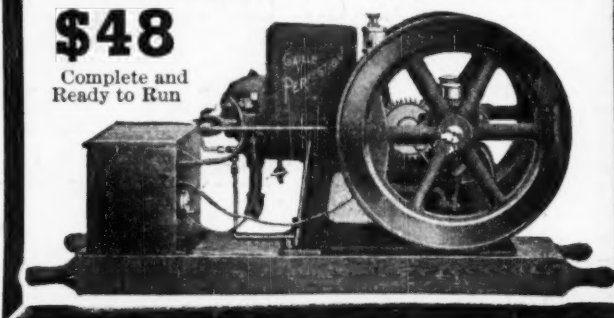
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**\$48**

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The Ideal Car is the one in which all of these qualities are combined.

Such a car is the 1913 Russell "30."

It has every known feature that has yet been designed or invented to improve the comfort and simplicity of automobiling.

And it is made in Canada, by Canadians, for Canadians, and is, essentially, a Canadian's car.

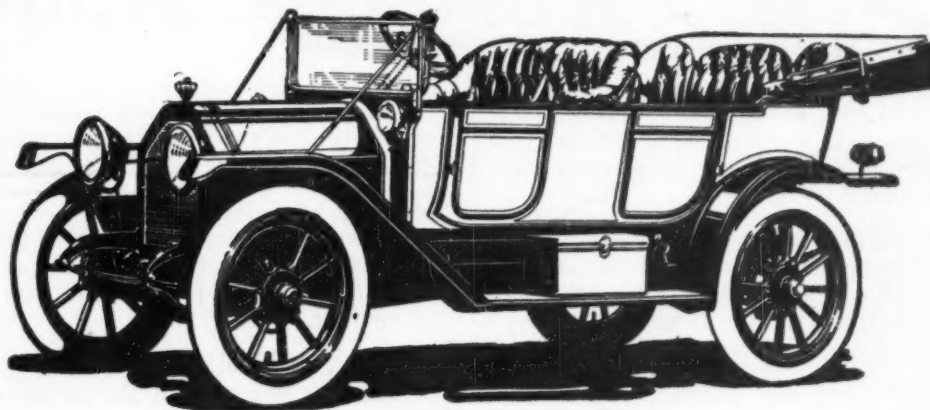
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Russell "30" Model "R" 1913 Touring Model	- -	\$2,500
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We are also makers of the Famous Russell Knight Car.

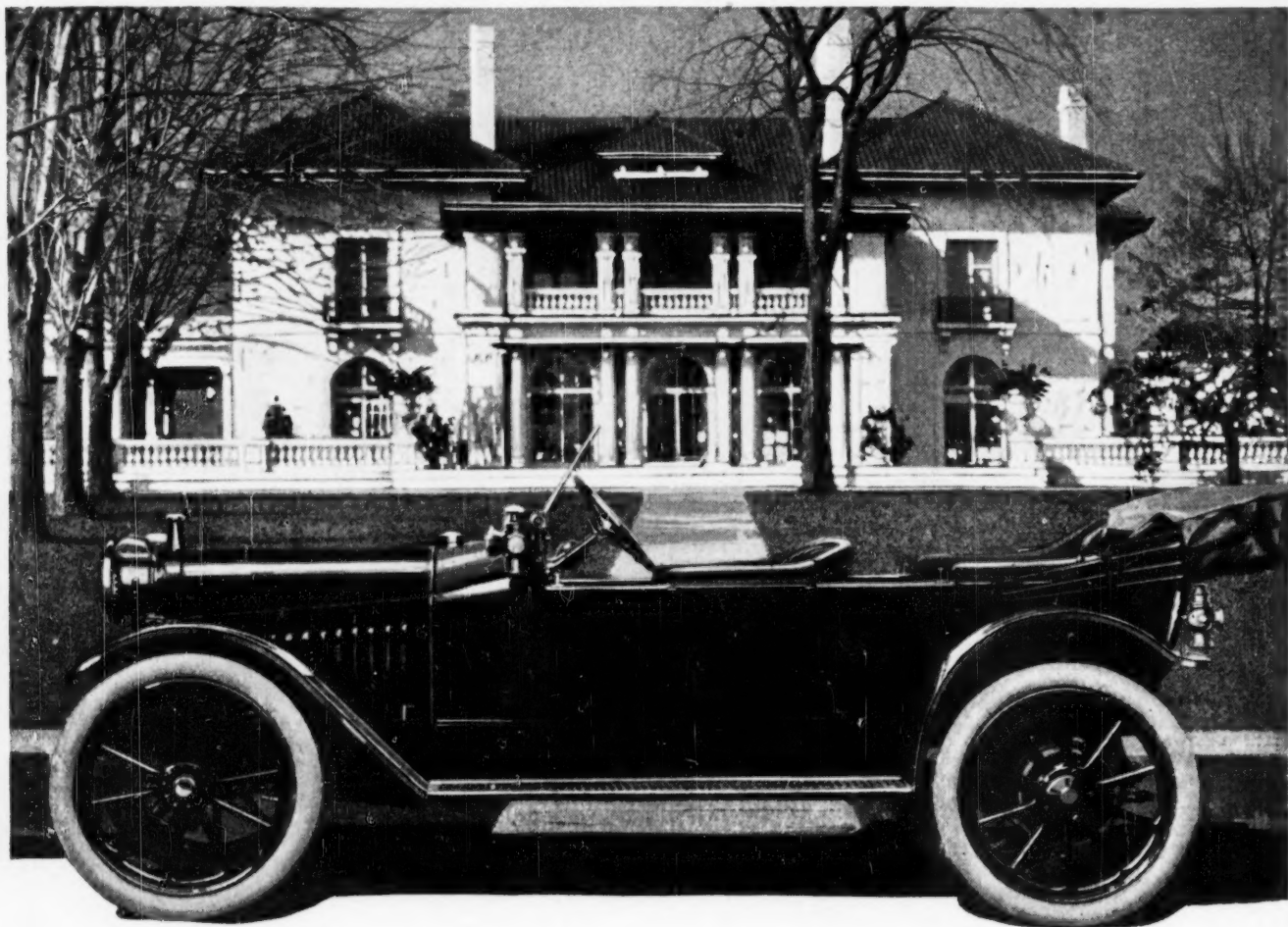
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WEST TORONTO

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1913 Russell "30"

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Long stroke motor,  $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$  inches.  
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It claims close relationship with those cars—not in size, because it is a car of lesser dimensions, of course—but in all of the ingredients which constitute integrity of construction.

It asks to be set apart and judged, not by the standards its price would suggest, but by

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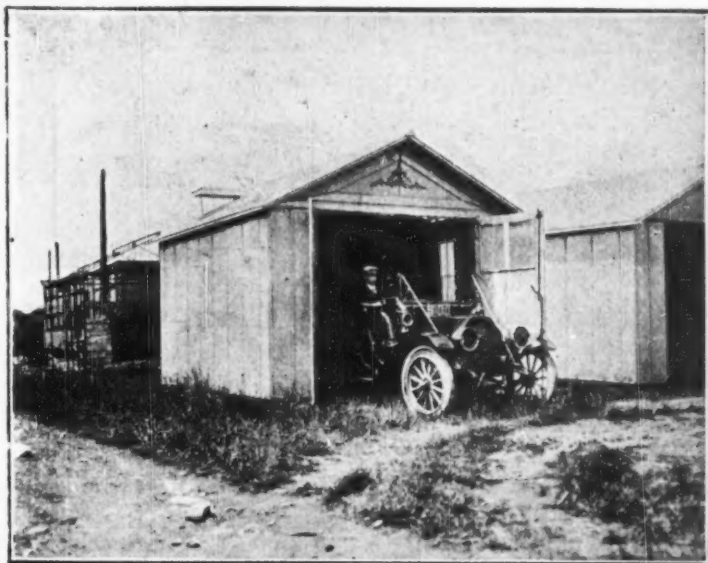
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We also want you to see and ride in the car—samples are now in the hands of Hupmobile dealers.

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1913

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*Complete Electric Light-  
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Storage Battery  
Self Starter  
45 Horsepower  
Timken Bearings*

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This model was designed to meet the requirements of those wanting a much larger family touring car.

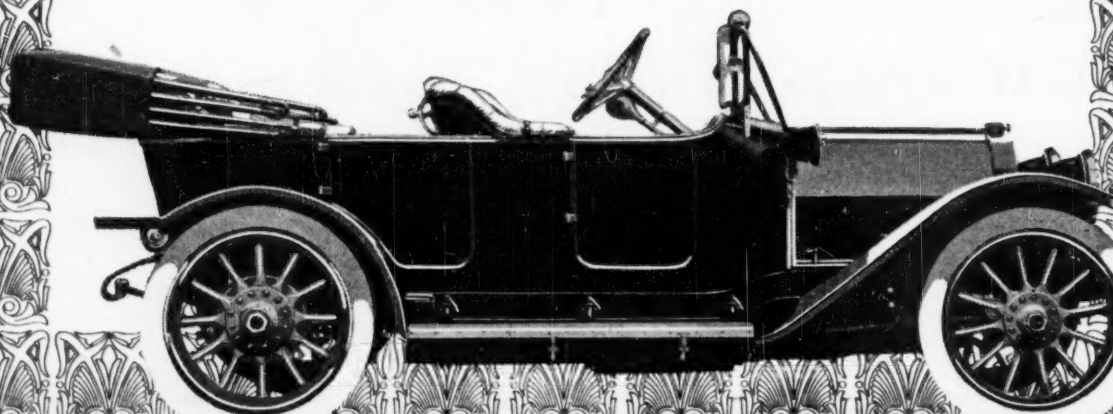
We have incorporated into it every modern, practical and advanced convenience and comfort. It is fully equipped with the very best of everything. This means top — windshield—starter — gas tank — speedometer—in fact, every practical accessory made for automobiles. Nothing is lacking. It is electrically lighted throughout. This means all lights—head, side and tail. It has a very long wheel base—a remarkably powerful forty-five horsepower motor—and big tires.

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The spark across the gap in the bullet-shaped nose of this plug explodes the gas in the secondary combustion chamber, which in turn fires the gas in the cylinder. The gas in this enclosed chamber is always heated above the temperature of the gas in the rest of the cylinder, and is the last to cool when the engine is at rest. As a result the Sharp Spark Plug, more than any other plug on the market, helps you to avoid the nuisance of long cranking and bothersome priming.

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Contains a complete guide for locating and remedying ignition troubles and a full description of the construction and self-cleaning qualities of this plug. Pocket size. USE THE COUPON BELOW.

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They eat it in preference to all other Food  
IT DRIES THEM UP  
NO ODOR

Common Sense Mfg. Co.  
381 Queen St. West,  
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## E. PULLAN

Most reliable junk dealer in the city, king of waste paper business, buys waste paper of all grades in any quantity, also rags, metals, etc. Orders promptly attended to. Best service guaranteed.

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ECONOMY  
HEALTH  
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# KELSEY

## ZIG-ZAG HEAT TUBES HEAT EVERY ROOM ALIKE

## Talk It Over With Us.

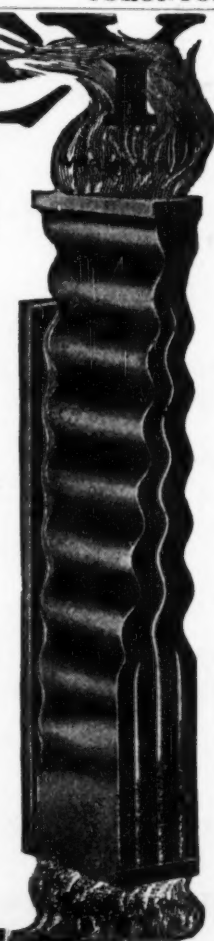
To have one room stifling and another room scarcely warm is very unsatisfactory, besides being unhealthy; yet how many homes have not experienced this annoyance? The Kelsey Warm Air Generator gives even heat all over the house, making a saving on fuel that will astonish you. There are many points of superiority in the "Kelsey" besides its economy, healthfulness and comfort. 40,000 homes are enjoying its advantages. They investigated and were convinced.

Join the happy 40,000.

There are reasons for Kelsey superiority.

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE "S" WHICH  
DESCRIBES THE SYSTEM IN DETAIL.

THE JAMES SMART MANUFACTURING CO.  
WINNIPEG, MAN. Limited BROCKVILLE, ONT.





# WAINWRIGHT

200 to 300% better crops than they expected is the report we have from Wainwright. Being a divisional point on the G. T. P. with large and extensive building operations of a substantial class now going up, and a monthly payroll by the G. T. P. of \$18,000, makes Wainwright a real live town.

SEND FOR OUR BOOKLET AND PLANS. THE PRICES ARE LOW, AND THE TITLE IS DIRECT FROM THE GOVERNMENT.

**MONTREAL & WESTERN LAND CO.**

518 Transportation Building, MONTREAL

## "Knowing One's Way About"

When we go abroad, we reveal in a hundred different ways whether or not we are experienced travelers—whether we "know our way about."

One important point that surely reveals experience or the lack of it, is the manner in which money is carried. The seasoned tourist always provides himself with

## Dominion Express Company Travellers' Cheques

He knows that this is the only practical, common-sense way to keep himself supplied with funds at all times, in all countries. For, everywhere you go, these Travellers' Cheques are accepted as readily as gold; no need to have yourself "identified," no need to hunt up a friend in a strange town, no chance of dispute over discounts—you know just how many "pounds," "francs," "kroner," "marks," "lire," etc., each \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100 or \$200 cheque is worth.

Find the nearest Dominion Express Agent, and ask him for full particulars before you go on your next trip in Canada, United States or abroad.



## Yorkton is young but growing

In 1894 Yorkton had a population of only 215, with a tax roll of \$114.61. To-day it has a population of over 3,500, with an assessment of \$3,500,000.

There are to-day some of the finest private and public buildings found in the West located in Yorkton, as well as many manufacturing concerns employing large staffs of employees. The town owns and controls its waterworks and sewerage system, electric light plant, and enjoys the production of a well-organized and equipped fire department.

Invest some of your capital in Yorkton, and you will be assured of profitable and quick returns.

Yorkton is growing by leaps and bounds, owing largely to its admirable location, surrounded as it is by a veritable natural park, and to the fact of its great expanse of beautiful farming territory to draw from without the magnetic trade drawing influence of the larger cities to detract business. Yorkton is the commercial distributing centre for Eastern Saskatchewan, and is bound to grow. Come and watch it grow and profit thereby.

**WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET**

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Secretary Board of Trade,  
Yorkton, Sask.



THE "KALAMAZOO" Binder has practically overcome every objection that has ever been offered against the loose leaf idea.

There is no comparison between it and any other binder now known.

Its capacity is greater than any other.

It requires no padding with unnecessary sheets.

The writing surface is firm and flat.

Sheets are easily inserted and removed.

Leaves are kept in perfect alignment.

There are no exposed metal parts to injure the desk.

Don't remain dissatisfied with Loose Leaf Systems. Let us show you what the "Kalamazoo" binder will do.

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"W." IT WILL TELL YOU ALL  
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**Warwick Bros. & Rutter**  
Limited  
Loose Leaf & Account-  
Book Makers  
Toronto



King & Spadina





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The city where no man is out of employment.  
LOCATED in the Heart of the World's  
Granary.

INDUSTRIES locating at the rate of one  
per month.

Fourteen distinct railway outlets.

SUCCESS of new industries a certainty with  
Moose Jaw's great advantages.

ASK US FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET AND  
THIS CITY'S ACTUAL FIGURES.

**Moose Jaw Board of Trade**

R. PATTON, Secretary

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With good soil, well watered,  
close to railways. Splendid  
climate—in

**WESTERN CANADA**

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Display your goods on an Essex Display Rack, and they  
will practically sell themselves.

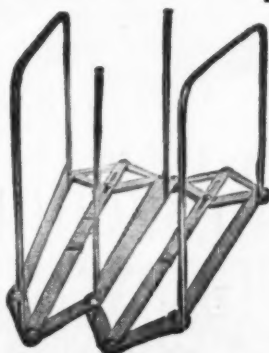
This rack is made in many different  
styles to suit all purposes, and wherever they are  
used they increase your sales.  
Try one and you will be satisfied  
with the result.

Send for our catalog and  
let us show you the other  
styles and the uses they  
can be put to.

**JOSEPH R. WILSON**

204 STAR BUILDING

TORONTO ONTARIO



## Why Swift Current Is Good Buying

No city's growth has been more rapid  
in the last year—no city of less than  
10,000 population to-day has such a  
promise of being double that in five  
years—no city has greater reason to  
expect big things than

## SWIFT CURRENT

It is an important divisional point  
of the C.P.R.

It is a great wheat-shipping place  
to-day.

It has the unique distinction of hav-  
ing more incoming freight per  
capita than any other town in  
America.

It has a Dominion Lands Office that  
led all offices for homesteading last  
year.

It has prosperous, progressive citi-  
zens, who are building a fine city—  
the permits to date this year ex-  
ceed the half million mark.

J. L. Doupe, late Commissioner  
C.P.R., says: "Swift Current will be  
the biggest city in Southwestern  
Saskatchewan."

Argyle Crescent is a choice residential  
sub-division inside the town—let us tell  
you all about it. Lots now selling at  
\$150 to \$200 (1/4 down). May be worth  
double that in less than a year—write  
now.

**Western Canada Realty  
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169 Dundas St.

London, Ont.

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This is our Office Tilter No. 106, and we would like you to see it. It is at any good office furniture dealer's, and is the best value made in an office chair. Designed on comfortable lines, made from the finest quartered oak, and upholstered in leather. Lasts a lifetime.

WRITE FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED FOLDER, WITH PRICES OF OUR OFFICE CHAIRS AND STOOLS.

**BALL FURNITURE CO., LIMITED**  
HANOVER - - - - - ONTARIO

## You Can Hear So Distinctly

In these days of big business, where noisy typewriters, adding machines, and the general confusion of the large office, raise a perfect din, something is needed to shut out the other sounds from your ear when you use the telephone. The Goodrich Telephone Receiver Cushion solves the problem. Fits any standard receiver. Conforms readily to the ear. Made of soft, pliable rubber, fits snugly, excludes all other sounds. Sanitary; just a plain rubber disc; no pneumatic part to crack and fill with dirt; easily detached and cleaned. Made to match your receiver; dark rubber, never discolors.



Price 60 Cents

WE WILL MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS IN CANADA ON RECEIPT OF 60c. WRITE FOR CIRCULAR.

### SANITARY CONDITION AT YOUR DESK

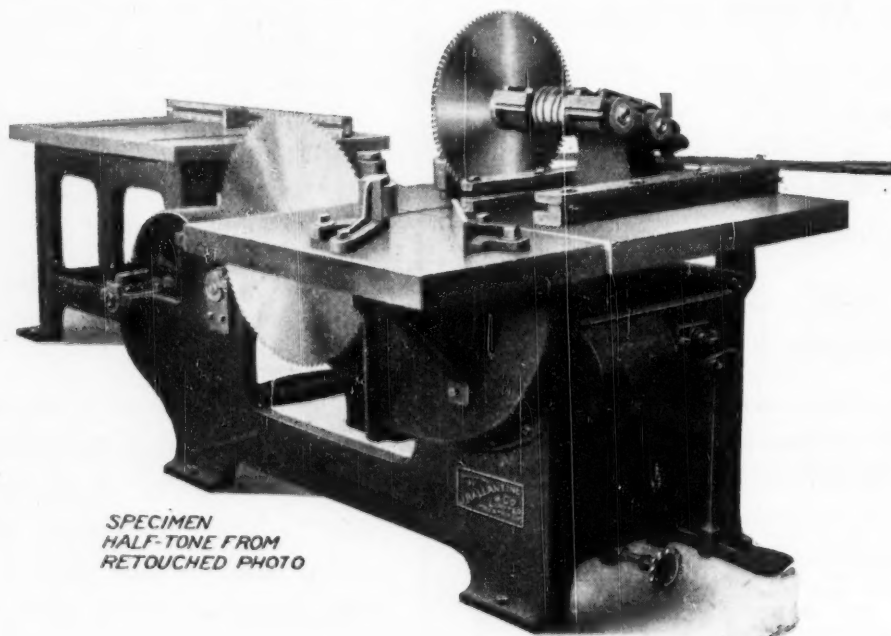
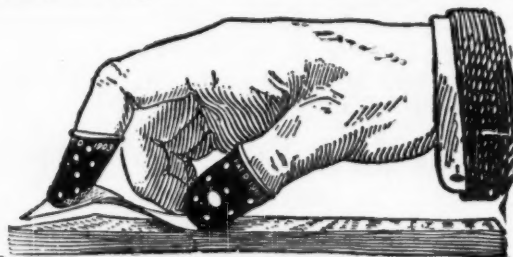
Have you ever realized what a large number of germs are circulated by the use of sponges, wetting the finger on the lip, etc.?

Try the MARSH RUBBER FINGER PAD. It requires no moisture and is cleaner and quicker.

SAMPLES SENT FREE ON REQUEST.

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HALF-TONE FROM  
RETOUCHED PHOTO

**WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF WASH DRAWINGS  
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**THE ALEXANDER ENGRAVING CO. LIMITED**

352 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO



## The American Lens Electric Sign Saves 80%

Manufactured in Canada and  
protected by patents.

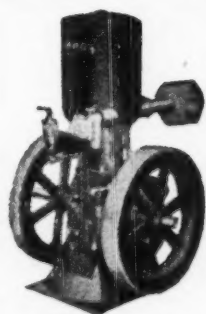
WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED AND  
DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULARS

Office and Works:  
121 Brock Ave., Toronto



12' long, 3' deep, double side; costs only  
8c per night to operate on an 8c rate

*The Macey*  
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So common to small Gasoline Engines. In the manufacture of the "London" we have succeeded in producing an engine so simple in construction, so reliable in action, that a boy or girl can use it. Our perfect cooling system makes over-heating impossible, while on the other hand, no harm can come to engines from freezing. "The London" is a little wonder.

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WHY IT IS SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER MAKES

LONDON GAS POWER COMPANY, Limited, LONDON, ONTARIO



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Good taste and good judgment go further in the building and furnishing of an artistic home than a large bank account. Given the two former and a limited amount of money, the results will be more satisfactory from an aesthetic viewpoint than if each article that went into the making of that home was purchased with the sole idea of being the most expensive that money could buy. The selection of the roofing material used on the home above illustrated indicates taste and good judgment, together with a far-sighted sense of economy in regard to the cost of maintenance. The building is covered with

**ASBESTOSLATE CEMENT  
SHINGLES**

THE ASBESTOS MFG. CO., Limited, E. T. Bank Building, MONTREAL

FACTORY AT LACHINE, QUE.

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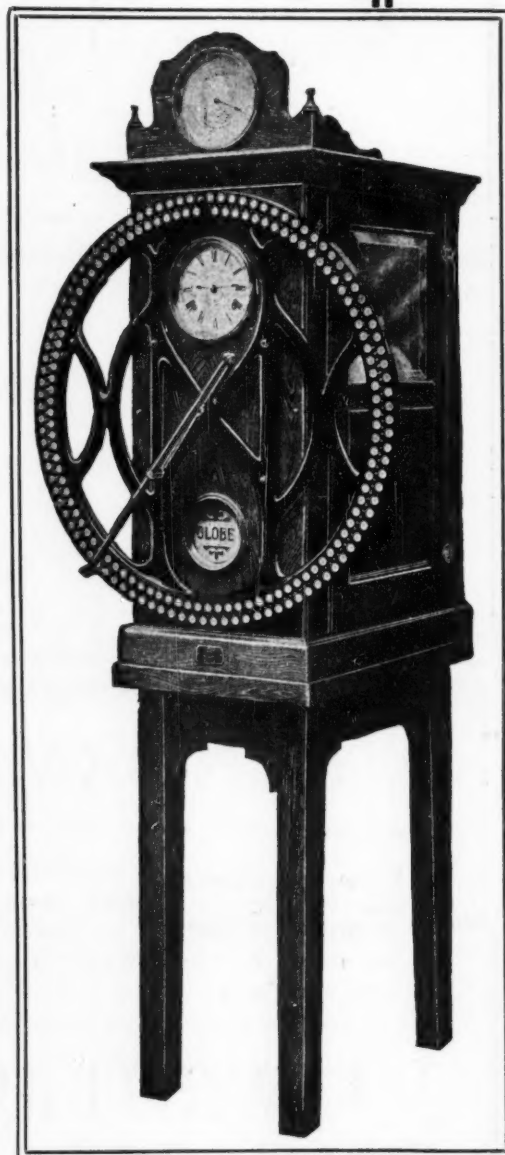
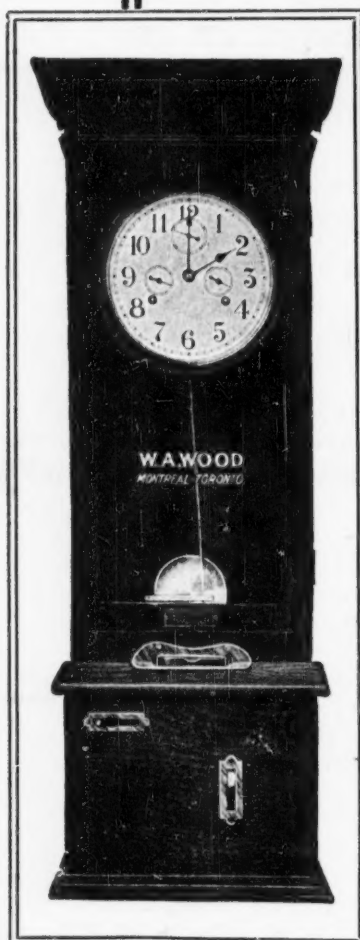
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Our system is used by the largest manufacturers throughout Canada, and there are more of our Time Recorders in use throughout Canada than all other makes combined.

Our system of time keeping insures you against any loss of time, and it is guaranteed to be absolutely accurate. We have a system to suit your business, and will be pleased to send you our illustrated catalog with specimens of work done, etc.



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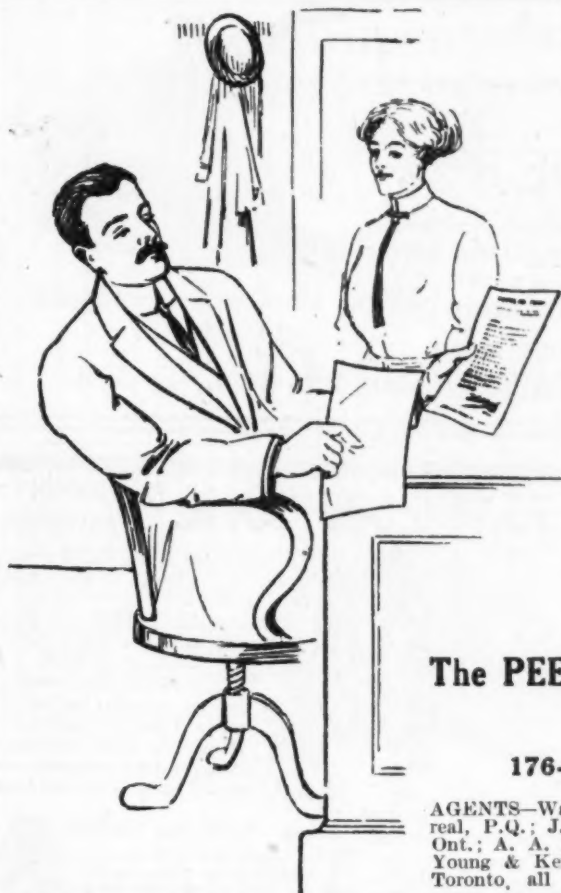
**19 BLEURY ST. - - - MONTREAL**

Branch Office:  
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Factory:  
40 ST. GEORGE ST., MONTREAL

Don't fail to mention MacLean's Magazine when writing advertisers.





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The successful business man is careful as to the appearance of his correspondence. You may have desired a more refined quality in your letters, a sharper, cleaner and more legible writing. You can get it with Peerless materials. They cost no more than the ordinary kinds, but give you fifty per cent. better and longer service.

**SEND FOR SAMPLES OF OUR "KLEAR KOPY" AND PEERLESS CARBON PAPERS. THEY WILL CONVINCE YOU OF THE QUALITY OF OUR GOODS WITHOUT COST TO YOU.**

**The PEERLESS CARBON & RIBBON MFG. CO.,  
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**176-178 RICHMOND ST. W., TORONTO, ONT.**

AGENTS—Walter Hall, Sydney, C.B.; Quebec, O. H. Manning & Co., Montreal, P.Q.; J. R. C. Dobbs, Kingston, Ont.; Federal Typewriter Co., Ottawa, Ont.; A. A. Langford, London, Ont.; Willson Stationery Co., Winnipeg, Man.; Young & Kennedy, Calgary, Alta.; Webster, Hanna & Co., Vancouver, B.C.; Toronto, all dealers.

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Write your letters yourself with the Writerpress. "Make them strong, interesting, personal." See that your circulars are business pullers.

As many as 5,000 complete personal form letters with name and address in on each one—that is what one boy or girl in an office can accomplish in a single day on

## THE WRITERPRESS

In addition, by means of a direct inking carriage you can do all your office printing yourself at a saving of one-half the amount you now pay your printer.

**WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLES OF WORK.**

**The Canadian Writerpress Co.**

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**ONE IN EVERY OFFICE!**

The demand for an efficient binder that will perforate and bind in one operation has been met by the

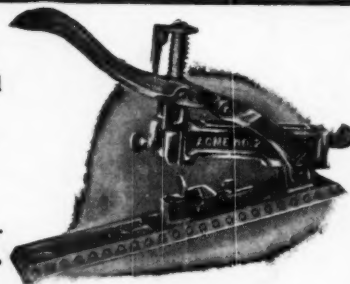
**ACME No. 2 BINDER**

It is the best binder for filing papers, letters or vouchers, for fastening pay roll envelopes and for backing statements or legal documents. Easy and convenient to work and cannot get out of order.

Will not tear the thinnest paper and easily penetrates the thickest and toughest.

GET FULL DETAILS FROM

**THE ACME STAPLE COMPANY, LIMITED, Camden, N. J., U. S. A.**



*No Spluttering*  
with  
**JOHN HEATH'S  
TELEPHONE PEN 0278.**  
Registered in Canada.  
To be had of the leading Stationers  
in Canada.

**75,000,000 "O.K." PAPER FASTENERS**

SOLD the past YEAR should convince YOU of their SUPERIORITY.

They Add TONE to Your Stationery in the OFFICE, BANK, SCHOOL or HOME.

There is genuine pleasure in their use as well as Perfect Security. Easily put on or taken off with the thumb and finger. Can be used repeatedly and

"they always work." Made of brass in 3 sizes. Put up in brass boxes of 100 Fasteners each.

Handsome. Compact. Strong. No Slipping. NEVER!

All stationers. Send 10c for sample box of 50, assorted.

Illustrated booklet free. Liberal discount to the trade.

The O. K. Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A. NO 1 B

**FACTORY STOOLS THAT NEVER WEAR OUT**

How often do you have to renew the supply of stools for your shop or factory? Those ordinary stools are a constant expense.

Our stools are made from angle steel, and the seats are finished in polished hardwood. They are indestructible.

One of our many pleased customers writes as follows:—"The two stools you supplied us with last July have given excellent satisfaction, and we will replace all our wooden stools with your goods as our requirements demand. In the meantime enter our order for two dozen 18 inch."



Send for our illustrated catalogue, with descriptions and prices. Get furniture that lasts a life-time.

**Canada Wire & Iron Goods Company**  
Hamilton, Ontario

**THE CANADIAN  
OFFICE & SCHOOL  
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ONTARIO**

**MANUFACTURERS  
OF HIGH GRADE BANK & OFFICE  
FURNITURE, SCHOOL LIBRARY &  
COMMERCIAL FURNITURE, OPERA  
& ASSEMBLY CHAIRS & INTERIOR  
HARDWOOD FINISH GENERALLY.**



## Ornamental Railings



Have your architect write us or write direct for our catalogues and estimates.

### FOR BANKS AND OFFICES

THE handsome ornamental iron railing shown above was installed by us in the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Regina. Scores of banks and offices have had us design and install ornamental railings for them. We would like to show you what we can do for your institution, no matter whether a neat inexpensive counter railing or one of the most elaborate styles desired.

3

**DENNIS WIRE & IRON WORKS LIMITED, London, Canada**

## FOR HOME-BUILDING

Milton Fireflash Brick is Particularly Desirable

# MILTON BRICK

"A Genuine Milton Brick Has the Name 'MILTON' on it."

are of two distinct styles—red fireflash and buff fireflash. The colors—being natural to the shale—are permanent and not affected by climate or weather.

**MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO., Dept. D.**  
**MILTON, ONTARIO**

Agents for Fiske Tapestry Brick

**TORONTO OFFICE,**

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**OUR GUARANTEE**—We will install a system of Our Carriers in your store. After ten days' test, if they have not proved their superiority to all other makes of Store Service, we will remove the equipment without cost to you.

It will pay you to investigate our modern improved Electric Cable Cash-Carrier and Pneumatic Despatch Tubes.

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**GIPE-HAZARD STORE SERVICE CO., LTD.**

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## BE SURE YOU GET

**GENUINE**

***Luxfer***

**PRISMS**

Don't let any one persuade you that any mere piece of corrugated glass is a Luxfer Prism.

## Calling an Onion a Rose

does not take away the odor peculiar to the vegetable. An onion's always an onion, possessing well defined limitations of usefulness.

In the same way, corrugated glass is a very useful thing in its own field—but calling it a Luxfer Prism cannot endow it with qualities that are peculiar to real Luxfer Prisms.

The prism lights manufactured by this company in Canada are the only genuine Luxfer Prisms possessing all the well known Luxfer powers of light refraction.

Various forms of corrugated glass masquerading under various names are often offered as substitutes for the genuine Luxfer Prisms on the ground of cheapness.

But, instead of being cheaper, they are infinitely dearer; because they can never serve the real purpose of the real Luxfer Prism and when subjected to hard wear (as in sidewalk lights) they soon become absolutely useless.

It will pay you, in visible dollars and cents, to insist upon genuine Luxfer Prisms—the only scientifically accurate, time-tested prisms made in the world.

**ANY GOOD ARCHITECT WILL  
CONFIRM THIS—ASK YOURS.**

**LUXFER PRISM COMPANY, LIMITED**

**MONTREAL**

**TORONTO**



## Save Your Eyes

**Bookkeepers**, your eyesight is valuable to you. The reflection of the light and the lines on the paper you use is gradually destroying your eyesight. At the end of the day you are tired and jaded. That is partly the result of the action of the paper on the nerves of your eyes.

### Security Sight Preserving Ledger

EVERY SHEET WATER MARKED

is made in a pale shade of green which the most noted surgeons agree is the most restful to the eyes, and on which the writing appears clearly and distinctly. Once marked on with ink this paper retains the mark and it cannot be erased by any process without the erasure being plainly visible. It is secure.

Send for a sample and try it yourself. The sample costs nothing, and it will be a revelation to you.

**Business Systems Limited, Toronto**

Exclusive Agents for Canada

## LADIES' HAND BAGS



*We are now showing  
all the latest designs  
and newest colorings  
for Fall Wear.*

**BROWN BROS.**

LIMITED

51 WEST WELLINGTON ST.

**TORONTO**



**The Underwood** is the result of concentrated effort to achieve the ideal. It embodies in *one* machine all that is of value in a typewriter.

**A** WONDERFULLY efficient organization, the highest inventive genius, a capital of fourteen million dollars—all are constantly focused on this single objective—the production of one perfect writing-machine.

**THE** Franklin Institute, in awarding to the Underwood the Elliott-Cresson Medal for "ingenuity, skill and perfection of workmanship" say in their report—"We find in Underwoods having more than five years' usage, no detrimental wear."

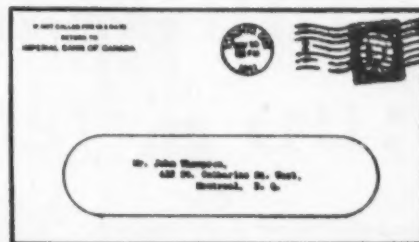
The Underwood is sold at the price which should be paid for a machine of its quality.

**United Typewriter Co., Ltd.**  
Everywhere in Canada  
**HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO**



# 4 A Fourth Use for Window Envelope

- 1—Statements
- 2—Invoices
- 3—Circular Letters



**R**EGULAR CORRESPONDENCE is being more and more generally mailed under cover of the B-E WINDOW ENVELOPE. For three good reasons: So that circular letters cannot be distinguished from regular letters; to save time and money now spent in addressing ordinary envelopes; and, most important, for SAFETY. ¶ There is not a business man of any lengthy experience in Canada who has not had some deal collapse through a clerk's mixing of envelopes in the hurry of a late mail. ¶ It is so easy for the office boy to put Brown's letter in Smith's envelope. And it's so difficult to straighten the mix-up and keep the business and friendship endangered by so human an error. ¶ Moral: Use the B-E WINDOW ENVELOPE---saves trouble, time and money.

Send for samples and prices of this new Envelope. We will see you are supplied, either through regular dealer or direct.

**BARBER-ELLIS, Limited, 62 Wellington St. W., Toronto**

The David Williams Company, the publishers of "Iron Age," who preach efficiency to the iron, steel, machinery and allied industries, practice it in their own offices by using



**Our book:  
"Splitting the other  
Four-fifths"**

explains what the Edison Dictating Machine is, what it is doing in offices of every kind and size, and what it will do in yours. Send for this book to-day, using your business stationery and stating your position with the firm.

## The Edison Dictating Machine

A recent letter from the David Williams Co. tells how machine dictation was first tried out by one of the editors, whose dictation is necessarily studied and technical, and how it made good to such an extent that the Edison Dictating Machine has been generally adopted by both editorial and business departments.

The result is a degree of concentration, convenience, speed and accuracy never before attained—and this at a decided reduction in cost.

*Thomas A Edison*  
INCORPORATED

213 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N.J., U.S.A.

J. M. Lemieux, 26 Notre Dame E., Montreal, Que.; R. S. Williams & Sons Co., Ltd., 143 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.; R. S. Williams & Sons Co., Ltd., 421 McDermott Ave., Winnipeg, Man.; M. W. Watt & Co., Ltd., 558 Granville St., Vancouver, B.C.



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WITH

## JAMIESON'S PREPARED PAINTS AND VARNISHES



IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE FOR WHAT PURPOSE YOU WANT THEM YOU  
WILL FIND ONE OF OUR PRODUCTS THAT WILL GIVE HIGH CLASS RESULTS.

BRANDS: CROWN and ANCHOR—ISLAND CITY—RAINBOW

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Owning and Operating P. D. Dods & Co., Limited

**MEDITERRANEAN CRUISES**

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AND EGYPT**

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**"ADRIATIC"** 24,541 TONS

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Sailing From New York  
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PANAMA CANAL  
SOUTH AMERICA**

THE NEWEST STEAMERS  
TO THE WEST INDIES

**"LAURENTIC"** 14,892 TONS

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Sailing From New York  
**JANUARY 8, JANUARY 22,  
FEBRUARY 8, FEBRUARY 22  
28 AND 29 DAYS, \$175 AND UPWARDS**

ASK FOR PARTICULARS

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NINE BROADWAY, NEW YORK

OFFICES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE



# What Does Each Minute Cost You?



**I**F each man who works for you loses only five minutes of your time every day, you suffer a large loss at the end of a year.

If you have fifteen men, each of whom loses five minutes a day, your loss may be counted in hundreds of dollars. What a waste of profits. Hundreds of dollars gone and nothing to show where or how.

The **INTERNATIONAL TIME RECORDER** will show you how much time you receive for the amount you pay in wages and the **INTERNATIONAL JOB RECORDER** will show you how much your work has cost you, so that you know exactly the lowest price at which you can afford to sell it to make a reasonable profit.

---

**SEND FOR OUR BOOKLETS ON  
TIME KEEPING AND JOB COST-  
ING. THEY ARE FREE AND WILL  
SHOW YOU HOW TO KEEP RE-  
CORD OF YOUR PROFITS.**

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**International Time Recording Co. of Canada, Ltd.**

**19-23 Alice Street, Toronto**

**30 Querbes Ave., Outremount, Montreal, Que.**

**518 Somerset Bldg., Winnipeg, Man.**

# You Cannot Afford to Lose

those customers who know the time or expense that is required to replace the cases which get broken in transportation. This often happens unless you are using H. & D. Packing Cases. We are experts at packing and shall be glad to solve your difficulties. You have only to tell us the nature of your product, its size and the number you ship in one package and we will send prepaid a **SAMPLE BOX** exactly suited to your needs. We save your time in packing. Save damage in transit. Save money in freight bills.



H. & D. corrugated boxes have all the advantages over the old style heavy wooden boxes, not only in weight, but for strength and durability, and 1000 collapsible H. & D. boxes require no more space than 10 of your wooden boxes now occupy.

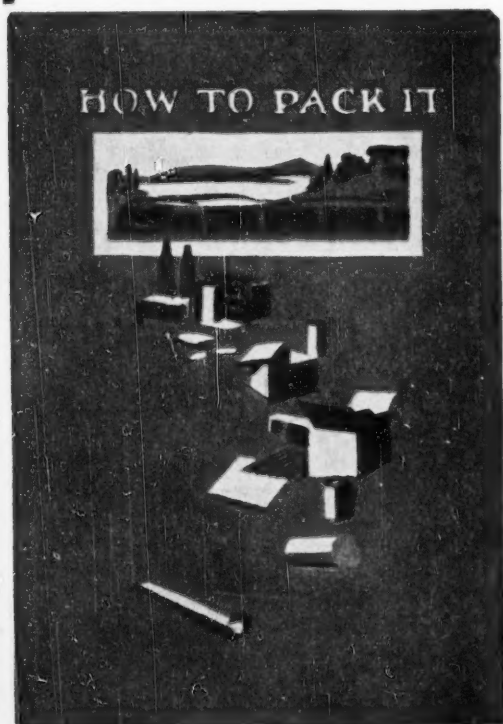
Investigate to-day without any cost or obligation on your part.

OUR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET, "HOW TO PACK IT," HAS VALUABLE INFORMATION FOR EVERY SHIPPING HOUSE, SEND FOR IT—IT COSTS YOU NOTHING.

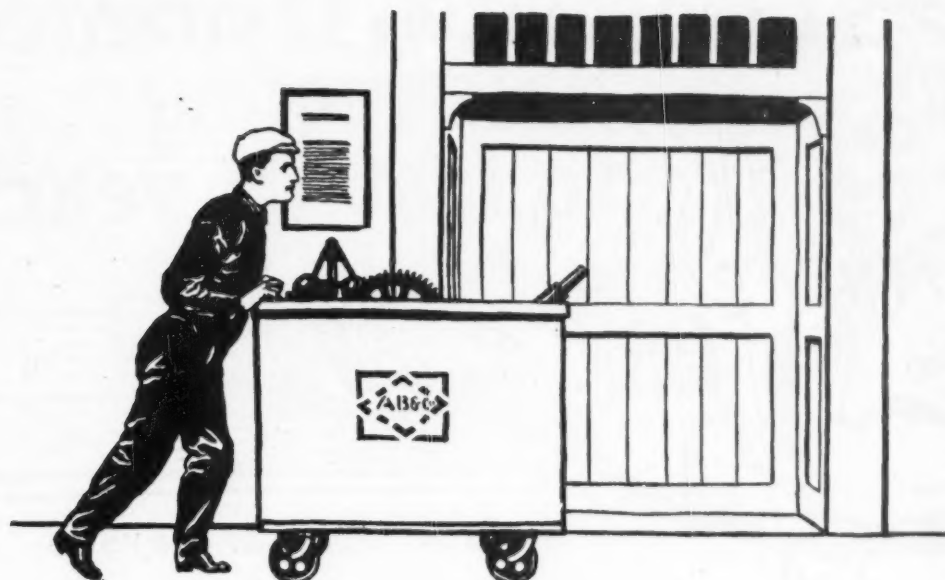
**The Hinde & Dauch Paper  
Co. of Canada, Ltd.**

Toronto

Ontario







## A freight elevator is a great cost saver

**T**HOUSANDS of orders are placed on the "price basis" every day. In machinery lines, quality is important, but the price counts equally as much. Success lies in keeping prices down, while keeping quality up. Economies pay the profit.

In handling heavy materials, the heavy cost of shifting and hauling about the shop either eats into the profits, or boosts selling prices.

In handling all kinds of goods, an Otis Fensom Freight Elevator will save you dollars every day. It cuts out unnecessary labor. It enables you to arrange your tools and stock

so as to work most efficiently—without lost motions. You can store stock conveniently. You save money every way.

If you have more floors than one, it puts them all on the same level — makes the top floor as accessible as the ground floor for all kinds of purposes.

An Otis Fensom Freight Elevator costs you very little. It saves a great deal. Probably you can have an equipment for much less than you think. Send for "Freight Elevators and Their Uses." It tells the story.

Use the coupon—NOW.

### OTIS FENSOM FREIGHT ELEVATORS

**OTIS FENSOM  
ELEVATOR COMPANY**  
Limited

Traders Bank Building, Toronto

Send me  
your book  
on Elevators.

Name .....

Address .....



**I Absolutely Guarantee  
this roofing  
to last 15 years.**

**The General Says:**

"If I could show you through my three enormous mills you would then readily see why I can manufacture highest grade, durable Roofing at a low cost and do not hesitate to guarantee it to you for 15 years. That's why I call it **Certain-teed** Roofing, Quality Certified, Durability Guaranteed."

# Certain-teed

## Rubber Roofing

**Quality Certified      Durability Guaranteed**  
**Comes in shingles or rolls**

The quality of the asphalt used in roof coverings is important because **roofs don't wear out, they dry out.** The real life of the roofing is in the saturating and waterproofing compound used. Only the best grades of raw materials are used in the manufacture of **Certain-teed Roofing.** These are selected as the result of a quarter of a century's experience and kept up-to-date by the General's Board of Expert Chemists.

**Look for the Certain-teed label when you buy Roofing—quality and durability guaranteed.**

On each and every roll of **Certain-teed** Rubber Roofing or bundle of **Certain-teed** Rubber Shingles you buy from your local dealer you will find a **Certain-teed** label of quality—a 15 years' guarantee. Insist on this **Certain-teed** label and take no substitutes—it is for your protection, and gives you the benefit of the low manufacturers' cost. **Certain-teed** Roofing is sold throughout the provinces of Canada by local dealers and is distributed by wholesale jobbers in St. John, Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, London, Winnipeg, Calgary, Saskatoon, Edmonton, Regina, Moose Jaw, Brandon, Vancouver, Victoria. Write to-day for our new book, B-H-5, "**How to Build for LESS Money**"—it takes you on a picture trip through one of our big mills—it's free for the asking.

**GENERAL ROOFING MFG. CO.**  
Largest Roofing and Building Paper Manufacturers in the World  
WINNIPEG - - - MANITOBA





1 - 2 - 3 - 4 - 5 - 6 - 7 - 8 - 9 - 10 - 11 - 12 - 13 - 14 - 15 - 16

## THE BARR DOES AT LEAST 16 THINGS IMMEDIATELY

The good effect of the Barr Register is felt immediately you install it in your store. It immediately begins to save money, save bookkeeping and save customers, and within a short time it has more than paid for itself and becomes an absolute money-earner for you. Here are some of the things the Barr Register will do for you in your store:

- (1) It gives your customer a bill of his current purchase.
- (2) It gives your customer a statement of his account to date.
- (3) It does all your bookkeeping with one writing.
- (4) It keeps your accounts always posted up to the minute.
- (5) It prevents mistakes in bookkeeping.
- (6) It prevents clerks from forgetting to charge items.
- (7) It does away with the cumbersome, inefficient system of running monthly accounts.
- (8) It prevents customers loading your books with bad debts.
- (9) It prevents customers from running a bill beyond their financial ability to pay.
- (10) It handles credit sales as fast as cash sales.
- (11) It enables settlement of accounts to be made at any time.
- (12) It enables you to set a credit limit upon all your customers and to know immediately when that limit is reached.
- (13) It tells you immediately what your customers owe you.
- (14) It establishes the confidence and respect of your customers.
- (15) It has an immediate effect in reducing your outstanding accounts.
- (16) It decreases the cost of running your business.



Is not a machine that will do this in your store worth while? Isn't it more—isn't it a necessity? Don't you see that every day you are without such a machine you are absolutely losing money. Every day you neglect to use the coupon below you are just throwing away so much money. You are neglecting to add to your store equipment something that will surely, without a shred of doubt, greatly increase your earnings at the end of the year. Act NOW. Use the coupon NOW

### Barr Registers

Limited

Trenton,  
Ont.

**BARR REGISTERS, LIMITED.** (MacLean's)  
Trenton, Ont.  
We would like to know more about how the Barr Register can save money in our business.  
Please send full particulars, price, terms, etc.

Name .....  
Street and Number .....  
City .....  
Province .....

16 - 15 - 14 - 13 - 12 - 11 - 10 -



## The most VITAL part of BUSINESS

is MONEY and ACCOUNTS. Customers are lost or offended by inaccurate statements through careless mistakes. The McCASKEY SYSTEM OF KEEPING ACCOUNTS eliminates mistakes, thus saving the loss of customers, more than that it abolishes the old-time clumsy System of day book and ledger bookkeeping, saving your time, worry and expense. Statements are rendered unnecessary; your customer knows to the cent what he owes. The SIMPLICITY of the McCASKEY SYSTEM wins the favor of all merchants who have made investigations.

WRITE TO US FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. YOU CAN THEN JUDGE WHETHER OR NOT IT IS IN BEST INTERESTS TO BE WITHOUT THE McCASKEY SYSTEM.

**DOMINION REGISTER COMPANY, Limited**

92 ONTARIO STREET, - TORONTO, ONTARIO

TRAFFORD PARK, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND

## Be Economical and Modern—Use ERROR PROOF SPEED KEYS on Your Typewriter Machines

and eliminate errors, corrections, delays and corresponding waste of stationery. They save ribbons, machine mistakes, carbons and stationery and

**GREATLY INCREASE THE AMOUNT AND IMPROVE THE  
APPEARANCE OF THE WORK TURNED OUT**

They also minimize the noise and are so much easier on the fingers and eyes.

THE COST IS SMALL  
LET US SEND YOU A SET ON TRIAL  
A FEW GOOD AGENTS WANTED

**SIMPLEX DEVICES, Ltd.**

220 King St. West

TORONTO, CAN.

### COUPON

Please send us booklet and further particulars re your two weeks trial offer.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....



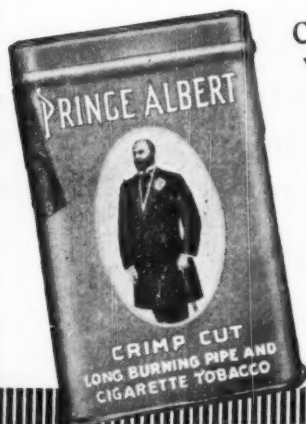


## Here's tobacco that sure strikes 13 every time you fire up!

Yes, sir, Prince Albert smashes the big joy gong whether you jam it into a jimmy pipe or roll up a cigarette! You don't have to mix up Prince Albert with eight other brands to make it taste and smell like tobacco! No, sir, you go right to it—why, as the little ducks beat it to water—*natural like!*

## PRINCE ALBERT

*the inter-national joy smoke*



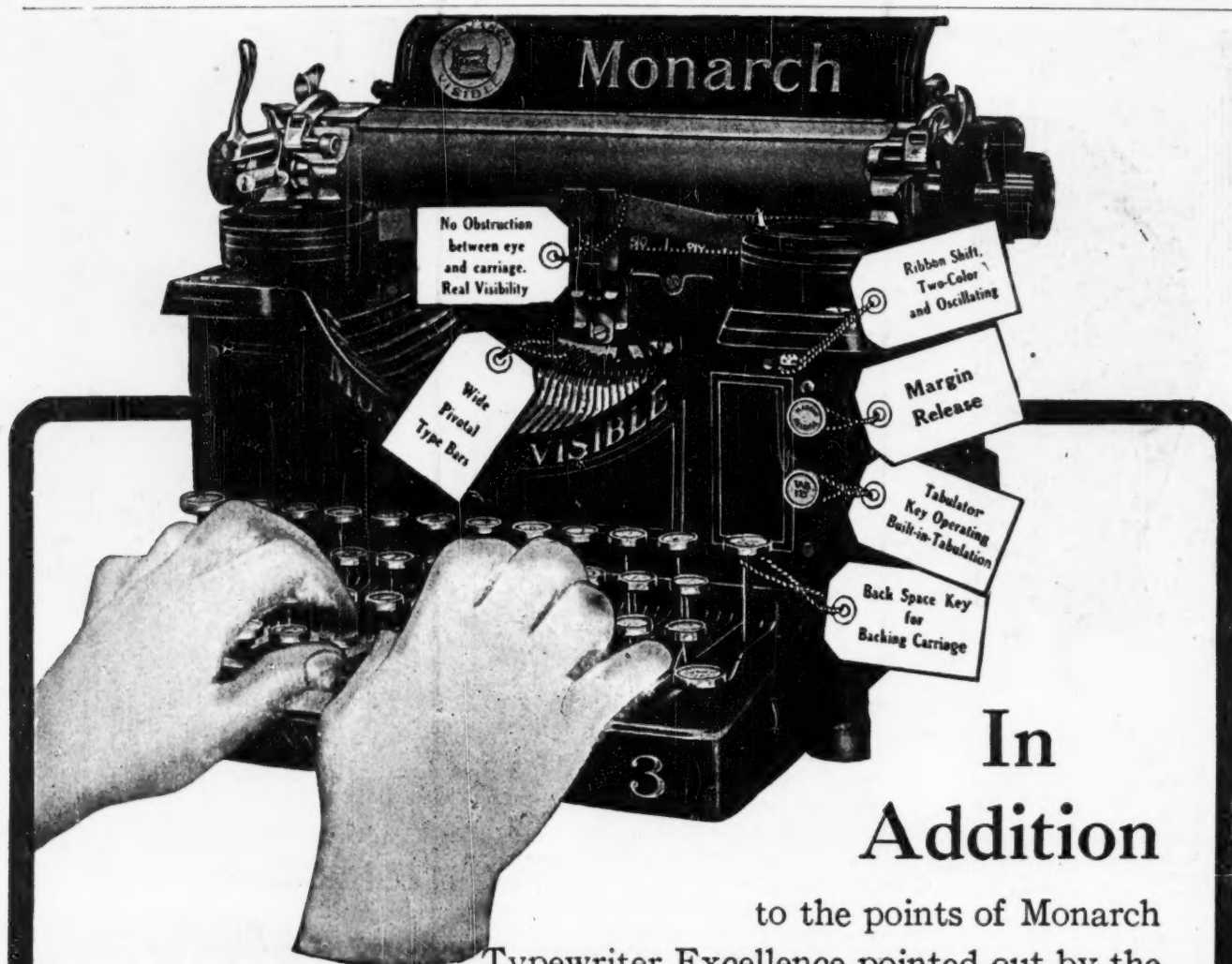
Can't bite your tongue! Never did have teeth! Take it straight, that's why all the pipe-shy boys are swinging their old T. D.'s into action.

Listen: You can't tell from where you're sitting how your picture's going to look. Nor can you tell how bully "P. A." is until you fire up. Beat it while your shoes are good to the nearest tobacco store.

All Canadian dealers are not yet supplied. If your dealer doesn't sell it, tell him he can *now* order Prince Albert from his jobber.

*Sold in tidy 2 oz. red tins, handy for the pocket.*

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N.C., U.S.A.



## In Addition

to the points of Monarch Typewriter Excellence pointed out by the tags shown above, every owner and every operator should be keenly interested in that great typewriter advantage of the Monarch, the

# Monarch *Light Touch*

which is a wonderful saver of human energy. More work and better work with greater ease is the net result of this feature of the Monarch machine.

To the operator it means "No 3-o'clock Fatigue," but steady work with ease right up to closing time. To the employer it results in more work accomplished, therefore a distinct saving.

FOR CATALOGUE AND FULL PARTICULARS ADDRESS

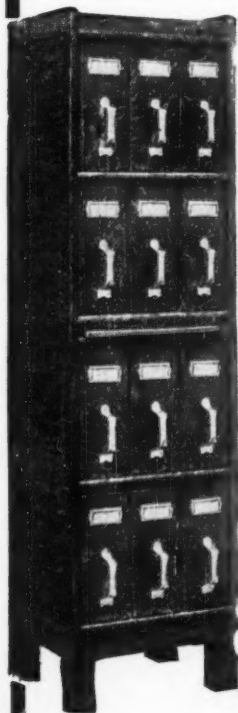
**Monarch Department**  
Remington Typewriter Company

New York and Everywhere





**No. 421  
LETTER SIZE**  
Holds 20,000 papers. Dust proof. Drawers roll on roller bearings. Solid Oak, as substantially constructed as wood can be glued and screwed together.  
Golden, Natural or Weathered Oak and Birch Mahogany.  
Drawers have follow blocks.



**FOR FOLDED  
LEGAL PAPERS**

## Genius is a matter of accessible knowledge

You needn't KNOW—but you must know where to look it up—instantly.

Its the ease of access to *any* paper which makes your file valuable.

*Weis* Files hold letters or legal papers—on edge—for instant reference.

### FOUR(4) COMPLETE LINES! OFFER

an assortment of styles, sizes [and qualities] at a wide range of price.

You may have any capacity file for almost any size of business papers.

The two cabinets shown above (Nos. 421 and 414) are the best values the market affords.

They provide everything that is required of any file at any price.

Roller bearing drawers make reference easy.

We sell the required guide cards and folders to equip the files. These segregate your papers and keep them in accessible, compact form—for quick reference.

Booklet "Filing Suggestions" explains the various practical ways to file and find papers, transfer correspondence, etc. You need this booklet and our catalogs if you have an office.

### *Weis* COMPACT FILING SECTIONS

are made in 28 styles—one for every filing requirement. They provide maximum filing space in smallest floor space. All Quartered Oak, hand-somely finished, or Birch Mahogany. Brushed brass trimmings. See the line in Catalog "D."

*Weis* "1220" LINE FILES are solid sections of 2, 3 or 4 drawers each. Solid, substantial files for all sizes of business papers. Drawers on roller bearing supports. Dust Proof. Paneled ends and back. Quartered Oak front and top. Make a comparison before you buy.

Filing Device and Stationery Supply Catalog "D" sent free with "Filing Suggestions."

Two lines Sectional Bookcases shown in Catalog "E."

Write now—while you think of it.

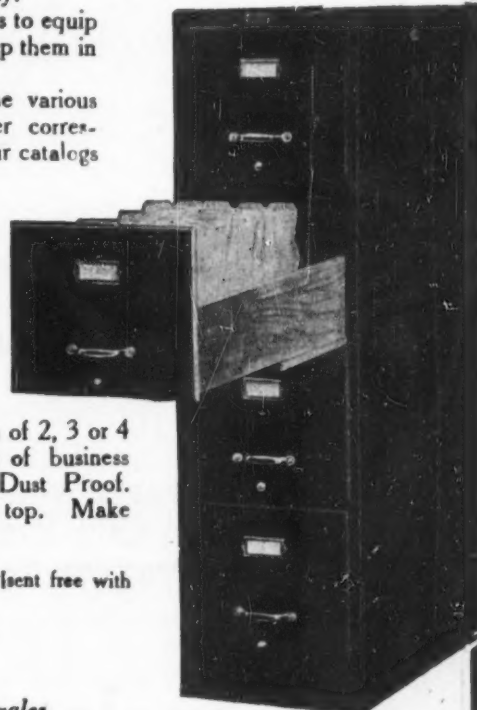
*Write us for name of nearest Canadian Dealer*

**The *Weis* Manufacturing Co.**  
**85 Union St., MONROE, MICH.**

*New York Office, 108 Fulton St.*



**No. 414  
LEGAL CAP. SIZE**  
Drawers 10x15 1/8 inside, capacity 20,000 papers.  
Saves annoyance of smoothing folded papers. Full sized sheets filed without folding.  
Constructed like No. 421.  
Made also in two and three drawer heights.



**No. 1220  
LETTER SIZE**

Don't fail to mention MacLean's Magazine when writing advertisers.

# Modern Business Methods of Efficiency for Service

are all embodied  
in



**COPELAND  
CHATTERSON  
SYSTEMS**

Twenty years' experience in devising Loose Leaf Systems and manufacturing and installing them has made our product the standard which others try to follow. Leading business men of Canada have adopted our Systems because the most practical and time-saving.

WRITE FOR INFORMATION TO OUR HOME  
OFFICE, CORNER OF RICHMOND AND YONGE  
STREETS, TORONTO.

**The Copeland-Chatterson Co., Ltd.**

**FACTORIES:**  
Brampton, Ont.  
Stroud, Glos., Eng.

**TORONTO**  
HEAD OFFICE

**OFFICES:**  
Montreal, Winnipeg,  
London, Eng.

When writing advertisers kindly mention MacLean's Magazine.





*Greatest Visibility  
at Least Effort*

\$325.

## The Carriage—A Vital Part of the Wonderful Burroughs Visible

Don't be misled by generalities in adding machine advertising or selling. Get specific facts and comparisons on specific points.

Particularly notice the carriage construction, for the carriage *makes or mars* adding machine convenience and visibility.

The carriage of the Burroughs Visible is so arranged that it gives *greater* visibility of printing with *less* effort by operator than any other adding machine in the world.

It brings the printing point at just the proper distance from the eye and at the proper angle.

It is the only adding machine that gives the same convenience of seeing *all work at a glance* as the most approved visible typewriter.

In the Burroughs Visible carriage every lever and key is arranged for easy and direct manipulation. The carriage is only three inches from the keyboard—no stretching nor shifting necessary.

The paper drops into place in the carriage automatically—like a typewriter. A twirl of the platen nob and you are ready for work!

The carriage is on *top* of the machine, not back of it—absolutely protected against damage. It leaves the whole sheet exposed to view; no danger of coming to end of paper roll without knowing

it. Construction permits quick interchangeability from narrow to wide carriage and *vice versa*.

Automatically adjusts itself to any thickness of paper without interference with uniformity of feed. A unique friction-stop locks carriage in any position. Others have a few *set* positions only.

These are *important points*—exclusively Burroughs. Burroughs Visible machines are built in the Burroughs factory, of the same material, with the same wonderful machine tools, and by the same workmen who have built a reputation for lifetime service into other Burroughs machines.

The Burroughs factory is not a new one, built just to make this one type of machine. It has been running 20 years and even the first adding machines turned out are still in use.

The Burroughs reputation and prestige are being built into every one of these machines and every word of the Burroughs *guarantee* and of the Burroughs *Service* pledge goes with it.

*Write for valuable systems literature applying to your own business.*

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY  
232 Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan

Canadian { Toronto Branch: 146 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.  
Addresses { Montreal Branch: 392 St. James Street, Montreal, Que.

① Paper roll always available for listing, when forms are not wanted.

② Printing Point at scientifically proper distance and angle from eye.

③ Accessible ribbon spools. Change ribbons instantly without removing case.

④ Friction stop locks carriage in any position.

⑤ Paper drops in to place as in typewriter. Two rows of rubber friction rollers hold paper to very last line.

⑥ Easy, handy arrangement of various shifts and levers for spacing, etc.

⑦ Carriage on top of machine, only three inches from keyboard.

⑧ Carriage automatically adjusts itself to any thickness of paper, or any number of carbons. Carriage removable in one minute—3½, 12½ or 20-inch width as desired.

Not merely  
Points of  
Merit—but  
Points of  
*Superiority.*

# ¶ The Bookkeeping Machine

¶ Will do your bookkeeping.

¶ Will give you the results you want.

¶ Makes all entries in plain machine type.

¶ Does all the adding as it goes along.

¶ Checks the work of the human element and proves the accuracy of every entry.

¶ Posts the standard loose leaf ledger without removing the pages from the binder, or makes entries on card records with equal facility.

¶ Makes monthly statement or bill while posting to either loose leaf or card ledger, if desired.

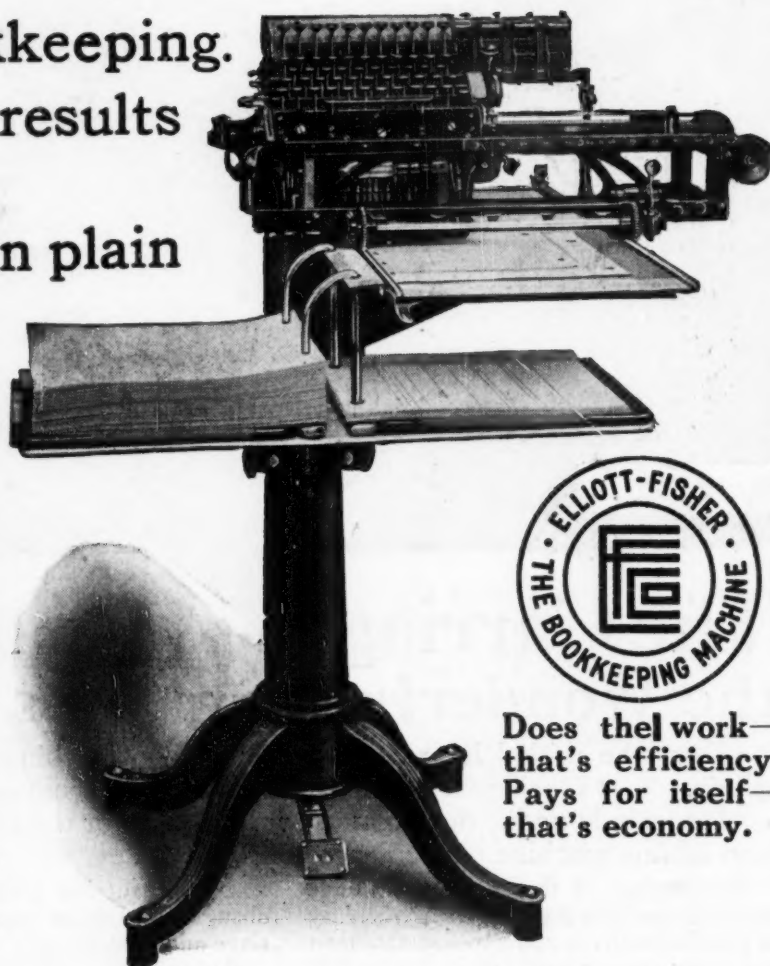
¶ Provides a separate proof sheet of all entries for auditing or other purposes, if wanted.

¶ Does the work twice as fast as it can be done the old fashioned way—by hand.

¶ Eliminates all the worry and bother.

¶ No hunting for mistakes at the end of the month. Proven (trial) balance always waiting to be taken off whenever wanted.

¶ Send your name and address for full particulars of Bookkeeping by Machinery and copy of that new and interesting illustrated magazine, "BOOKKEEPING TO-DAY."



Does the work—  
that's efficiency.  
Pays for itself—  
that's economy.

## Elliott-Fisher, Limited

106 Cedar Street

Harrisburg, Pa.

### CANADIAN ADDRESSES:

513 Power Building,  
Montreal,

123 Bay Street,  
Toronto.

415 Ashdown Block  
Winnipeg.

Reading advertisements is profitable to you.



# Any Varnish is GOOD—if it Bears this Label

**Y**OU should be interested in good varnish only. Plenty of "cheap," inferior varnish will be offered you. The market is full of it.

But if you are looking out for your own self-interests you will have none but the good—none but the best—none but Berry Brothers'.

## You Can Afford the Best Varnish

The better the varnish, the less frequent your need to re-varnish. That is what makes Berry Brothers' Varnish the best "buy" for the man economically inclined.

That is why a little saving in the gallon-cost of cheaper varnish is really no saving at all—but an added expense in the end.

And you cannot measure in dollars and cents the dissatisfaction and annoyance that come with the use of cheap varnish.



# BERRY BROTHERS' VARNISHES

**I**T will pay you to take a personal interest in the selection of varnish—whether you wield the brush yourself or hire some one else—whether you have one floor or an entire building to be varnished.

Let the well-known trade-mark label on Berry Brothers' can be your guide.

No matter what you want the varnish for, there is a Berry Brothers' product to meet your need.

All of your most frequent needs are met by one of the five listed below:

**Liquid Granite**—For finishing floors in the most durable manner possible.

**Luxeberry Wood Finish**—For the finest rubbed or polished finish on interior woodwork.

**Elastic Interior Finish**—For interior woodwork exposed to severe wear, finished in full gloss.

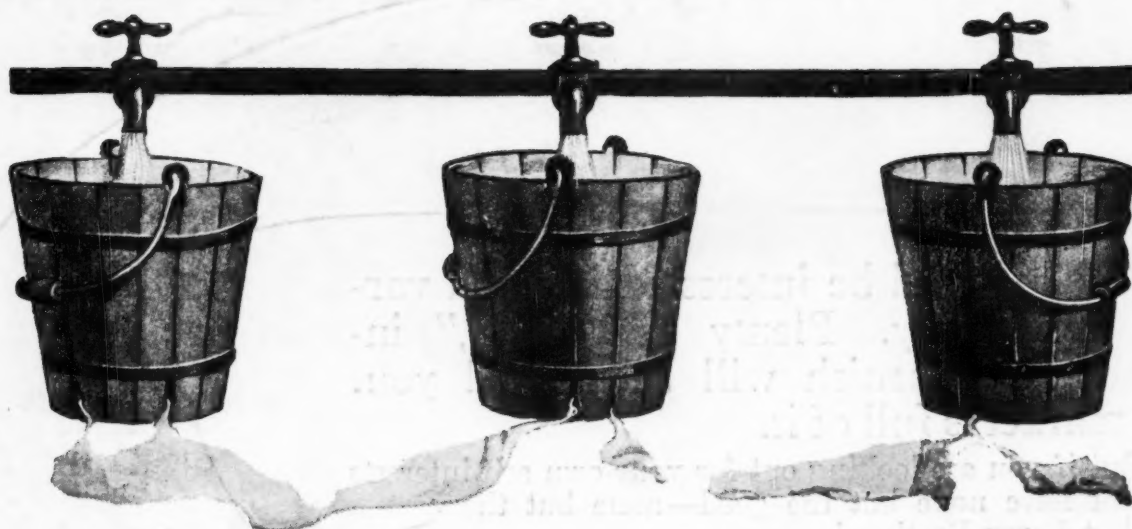
**Elastic Outside Finish**—For all surfaces, such as front doors, that are exposed to the weather.

**Luxeberry Spar Varnish**—For yachts, ships, small boats, canoes and other marine uses, outside or inside. Won't turn white under water.

Any dealer or painter can supply Berry Brothers' Varnishes. If you have any difficulty in finding them write us and get the name of a dealer who believes in Berry Brothers' standard of quality.

Start your active interest in Varnish by sending to-day for a copy of "Choosing Your Varnish Maker."

**BERRY BROTHERS, Limited**  
The World's Largest Varnish Makers  
WALKERVILLE, ONT.



# Leaky Buckets Are Never Filled

Leaks in business are caused by carelessness, thoughtlessness, laziness, inaccuracy and temptation.

A National Cash Register stops these leaks and enables the merchant to get all his profits.

It forces the proprietor and employe to be accurate and careful.

It makes accurate, unchangeable records of every transaction occurring between buyer and seller.

It enables the honest, ambitious clerk to prove his worth. It fixes responsibility for all concerned—it's a guardian of morals, of money and of good names.

**The National Cash Register Company, Dayton, Ohio**

**Headquarters for Canada: 285 Yonge Street, Toronto.**

**Factory: Toronto**